

*Eiley*


THE

SCOTCHMAN'S DAUGHTER

Dunbar and Hyde Families

SCOTTIE R. MUNNS





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2025

<https://archive.org/details/eileyscotchmansd00scot>



# Permission to Duplicate Form

Copyright Owner/Agent <b>Scottie Rappleye Munns</b>	FamilySearch use only TN:
Address and Phone Number	

**FamilySearch, International (FamilySearch)** is an incorporated, non-profit institution dedicated to providing access to recorded genealogical data for use by family historians, genealogists, and others who have interest in such information. In order for FamilySearch to increase the volume of genealogical information FamilySearch makes available to the public for free, FamilySearch requests permission to use all past and future volumes and versions of the materials described herein ("Materials").

**Materials** (list titles) (additional materials/titles may be listed on the appendix which must be attached or printed on reverse side of this form.)

## PERMISSION REQUESTED

You are asked to grant FamilySearch permission to use and sub-license (i.e., allow others to use) your Materials for an unlimited period of time, including, but not limited to, permission to (a) reproduce digital copies of your Materials; (b) prepare derivative works based upon your Materials, including permission to reformat, extract data, index, create research aids, edit, incorporate, and/or translate your materials; (c) distribute copies of your Materials to the public, including permission to circulate or lend copies of your Materials; and (d) perform or display your Materials publicly including by means of broadcast or digital transmission on an unlimited number of computers and computer workstations.

☐ (mark only if applicable): Do not allow familysearch.org users to print and/or download Materials

## YOUR RIGHTS

Please note that the permission you grant FamilySearch does not in any way limit or change the rights you own in your Materials. You may, therefore, continue to use your Materials in any way you choose.

## JURISDICTION

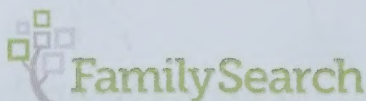
This Agreement will be construed and interpreted exclusively according to the laws of the State of Utah, U.S.A.

## YOUR AGREEMENT

By your signature, you grant FamilySearch permission to use your Materials as described in this document. You understand that your permission does not obligate FamilySearch to use your Materials. You also represent that you have the authority to allow this use of your Materials and that this use does not conflict with any other agreement or understanding or infringe on the rights of any third parties, in particular, that living persons included in your materials have consented to this use. You acknowledge and agree that FamilySearch, as a matter of policy, does not accord credit in connection with its use of creative works. Accordingly, neither the owner nor the creator will receive a credit on or in connection with FamilySearch's use of the Materials.

<u><b>Scottie R Munns</b></u>	<u><b>1-21-25</b></u>
Name (signature)	Date
<u><b>SCOTTIE R MUNNS</b></u>	<u><b>SCOTTIE MUNNS @ YAHOO.COM</b></u>
Name (printed)	E-Mail

- ☒ You are the copyright owner  
☐ You are an authorized representative of the copyright owner (name) \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Your title or relationship to the copyright owner \_\_\_\_\_





## Permission to Duplicate Form --- Appendix

Please return this form to: FamilySearch: FamilySearch Library—Donations, 35 North West Temple Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84150, United States of America, E-mail: [books@familysearch.org](mailto:books@familysearch.org)

06/2019

	Titles	TN (FamilySearch use only)
1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		
7		
8		
9		
10		
11		
12		
13		
14		















**E I L E Y**

**THE**

**SCOTCHMAN'S DAUGHTER**

**Dunbar and Hyde Families**

**Complied by Scottie Rappleye Munns**  
**P.O. Box 4522**  
**Antioch, CA 94531-4522**  
**1992**



Copyright 1992 Scottie R. Munns

Printed in the United States of America  
Library of Congress Catalog Card Number 92-073765

Eiley, The Scotchman's Daughter  
Dunbar and Hyde Families  
Printed October 1992

Dedicated to my Mother,

Eiley Dunbar

On her eightieth birthday

November 4, 1992



*Eiley Dunbar*



## FORWARD

I could not sleep one night in June 1991...something very unusual for me. I kept thinking of my Mother's journal which I had been reading that day. What a marvelous job she has done in recounting the events in her life! Mother is always an upbeat happy person with a positive outlook. Little did I know of many of the tribulation which she wrote about.

I wanted my children, grandchildren and other family members to know about her life...one of trials, endurance and courage. Despite the many heartaches and hardships she experienced, she is always able to have an optimistic attitude.

Because of her interest in genealogy and family history, she has collected many records and journals of our ancestors plus cherished family writings, letters and poems. These too, I wanted to preserve and share with family members living today and also future generations. I wanted them to know their family and be proud of their heritage.

So long into the night, as I lay in bed, the plan came into my mind of how I would compile this information. The title came to me: "Eiley, The Scotchman's Daughter", using her own words of how my Dad referred to her. The cover would have her signature in gold lettering, and be repeated as a logo throughout the book. It was her hand which spent many years in researching and collecting family documents. It would include her journal, her father's journal, her grandfathers' journals and the tragic story of her Scottish grandparents. Of course it would have to include her posterity.

She would be the center of the book...it would feature HER ancestors and HER descendants.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Without the love and support from my husband Clifford Spence Munns, this book would have never been compiled. He was my sounding board, consultant, and computer technician. He has given of his time and resources and he was always available to help and gave encouragement when I doubted I could do it.





# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## SECTION ONE: JOURNALS & BIOGRAPHIES

JOURNAL OF EILEY DUNBAR .....	1
BIRTH AND FAMILY .....	1
PARENTS .....	2
WHOSE BIRTHDAY !! .....	3
CHILDHOOD .....	6
OUR HOUSE .....	8
SLEIGH RIDE .....	11
SUMMER GARDENS .....	11
LUMSDEN SCOTLAND .....	12
LOGAN FARM .....	12
STORE AND CHURCH .....	13
CANDY STORE .....	14
MOTHER AND KIDS .....	14
RED BANKS .....	18
HOUSEWORK .....	19
WORLD WAR I .....	21
MY DEPRESSION .....	21
SWIMMING .....	22
GREAT DEPRESSION 1929 .....	23
KITCHEN EXPLOSION .....	24
ELEPHANT JUMP .....	25
CARS AND KIDS .....	26
DATES .....	26
SALT LAKE - GRADUATION .....	27
GEORGE & LAMAR .....	27
ALTA AND HAZEL'S WINE .....	28
COW PIE .....	28
FARM AND HOME SALE .....	29
LORRAINE CAME HOME .....	29
FAIR .....	30
THOUGHT - CHURCH .....	30
DIVING TRAINING 1932 .....	31
FRIENDS .....	31
FRIENDS LOST AND FOUND .....	32
BABY SITTING - CORAL .....	32
JAY RAPPEYE .....	33
JAY AND STOVE CLEANING .....	35
THE HATCHERY .....	36
BILL HEMMING .....	36
JAY AND EILEY .....	37
WEDDING MARCH 17, 1933 .....	37
BOOTLEGGING .....	39
PREGNANCY #1 .....	40
FIRE .....	40



"JAY'S PLACE" RESTAURANT .....	41
JAIL .....	43
UNCLE DAVE'S SHANTY .....	44
WOOD CUTTING .....	45
MISCARRIAGE .....	46
SELLING SHOES .....	47
PREGNANT AGAIN .....	47
W.P.A. ....	49
BRYCE'S BIRTH .....	49
OLD COATS .....	50
PEA PICKING AT VICTOR .....	50
TO CALIFORNIA .....	51
SAN BERNARDINO AND COLTON .....	52
OLIVE PICKING .....	53
LAS VEGAS, SANTA CLARA AND ST. GEORGE .....	54
IDAHO FALLS .....	55
JAY IN HOSPITAL .....	55
VEGETABLE TRUCK GARDEN .....	56
WORLD WAR II .....	56
KODIAK AND BACK TO LOGAN .....	57
DEATHS - MOTHER, DAD & CHRISTINE .....	57
SHIPYARDS .....	58
RAPPLEYE ADDITION .....	60
ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS .....	63
TETONIA WINTER OF 1948-49 .....	65
FARMING .....	65
JAY IN HOSPITAL .....	67
JAY'S DEATH .....	69
PROBATE .....	71
HAY SALES, LAMBING & SPUD SALES .....	72
SUMMER 1951 .....	72
CHARLES LARSEN .....	73
HOSPITAL JOB & JIM GROVER .....	74
SWIMMING & NATIONAL AQUATIC SCHOOL .....	74
LIFE SAVING JIMMY MEYERS .....	76
DON NEWELL .....	77
MARRIAGES .....	78
MOVE TO CALIFORNIA & THE JENSEN'S .....	79
YUBA CITY FLOODS .....	80
OROVILLE .....	81
MARY AND SPENCER NEWELL .....	82
NEWELL'S CONSTRUCTION .....	84
FOREST FIRE .....	85
HUNTING AND DOGS .....	86
GRAND-KIDS .....	87
IDAHO TRIPS & FRIENDS .....	87
GOLD MINING .....	88
LAST HUNT .....	88
ANOTHER HURDLE .....	89
TRAVEL- OREGON, IDAHO & UTAH .....	90
SALT LAKE CITY .....	91
HOME AGAIN TO OROVILLE .....	92

MARRIAGE TO DWIGHT .....	93
WEST JORDAN & NEW FAMILY .....	94
MELISSA GLOVER .....	95
CHURCH ACTIVITIES .....	96
FAMILIES .....	96
DWIGHT'S RETIREMENT .....	97
TEMPLE .....	97
GENEALOGY .....	99
PETER DUNBAR .....	99
CAMILLA KIMBALL .....	100
GOLDEN WEDDING .....	101
CHRONOLOGICAL EVENTS 1984 .....	101
BRYCE RAPPLEYE & FAMILY 1984 .....	104
SCOTTIE AND CLIFF MUNNS FAMILY 1984 .....	109
DWIGHT LOOSLI FAMILY 1984 .....	113
 DUNBAR ROOTS SUMMARY .....	 115
 GEORGE DUNBAR'S OWN STORY .....	 119
 GEORGE DUNBAR'S MISSIONARY JOURNAL .....	 123
 GEORGE DUNBAR'S 90TH BIRTHDAY .....	 139
 THE SEARCH FOR PETER DUNBAR .....	 143
 PETER DUNBAR INDICTMENT .....	 147
 HYDE ROOTS .....	 155
 JOURNAL OF J.E. HYDE'S UTAH EXPEDITION .....	 159
 JOSEPH EDWARD HYDE BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH .....	 181
 NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT OF JOSEPH EDWARD HYDE .....	 183
 ANNIE LORAIN FARRELL HYDE OBITUARY .....	 185
 SECTION ONE INDEX .....	 226
 SECTION TWO INDEX .....	 237



## ILLUSTRATIONS

EILEY DUNBAR..... iii,	1
GEORGE DUNBAR .....	5
LILLIE ANNIE HYDE .....	5
IRENE DUNBAR.....	6
GEORGE LYLE DUNBAR .....	7
WALLACE EUGENE DUNBAR .....	7
DUNBAR HOME .....	9
MARVIN WILLIAM DUNBAR .....	11
EMMA, MARVIN & EILEY DUNBAR .....	13
DORIS HYDE DUNBAR .....	15
EMMA GAYLE DUNBAR .....	22
CLARICE DUNBAR.....	26
ANNIE LORRAINE DUNBAR .....	29
V. JAY RAPPLEYE .....	34
EILEY DUNBAR.....	35
JAY'S HAWAIIAN CHINKS .....	42
FINANCIAL RECORD .....	48
ELIZABETH J. WADSWORTH .....	58
BRYCE & SCOTTIE RAPPLEYE.....	59
HOUSE FOR SALE AD .....	60
RAPPLEYE ADDITION PLAT.....	61
RAPPLEYE ADDITIONS FLOOR PLAN .....	62
JAY, "SCOTTIE" & RUSTY .....	66
JAY & ELIZABETH J. WADSWORTH .....	69
DON & "SCOTTIE" NEWELL.....	77
CLIFFORD & SCOTTIE MUNNS .....	78
BRYCE & MYRLEEN RAPPLEYE .....	79
DWIGHT & "SCOTTIE" LOOSLI .....	93
BRYCE & JEAN RAPPLEYE .....	106
DANIEL & AUDRY RAPPLEYE .....	107
DALE & KIM RAPPLEYE .....	107
DONALD & DENAE RAPPLEYE & FAMILY .....	107
WAYNE & ANNETTE RAPPLEYE.....	108
JOEL & LORRIE MANLEY & FAMILY .....	108
ERIC & LYNN MILLIS & FAMILY .....	108
SHANE RAPPLEYE .....	109
DERRIC MUNNS .....	109
JOHN & JANAN WILLMAN & FAMILY .....	110
CLIFFORD & SCOTTIE MUNNS .....	111
STEVE & KAYCEE SAWYER & FAMILY.....	112
KADE & LEISA MUNNS & FAMILY.....	113
GEORGE DUNBAR .....	118
GEORGE DUNBAR CARICATURE.....	141
PETER DUNBAR.....	142
PETER DUNBAR INDICTMENT SAMPLE PAGE .....	146
JOSEPH EDWARD HYDE JOURNAL SAMPLE PAGE.....	160
JOSEPH EDWARD HYDE .....	182
ANNIE LORRAINE FARREL HYDE .....	186

## SECTION TWO: GENEALOGY

PEDIGREE CHART OF EILEY DUNBAR .....	189
EILEY'S ANCESTORS .....	197
DESCENDANT CHART OF EILEY DUNBAR .....	217
EILEY'S DESCENDANTS .....	219
SECTION ONE INDEX .....	226
SECTION TWO INDEX .....	237

#### ABOUT THIS SECTION.....

Notes, footnotes and brackets [...] have been added by the editor from time to time throughout the text to clarify or give added information. Original text and paragraph format has been adhered to with few exceptions.



SECTION ONE

JOURNALS & BIOGRAPHIES

---





*Eiley Dunbar*

# JOURNAL OF EILEY DUNBAR

---



## BIRTH AND FAMILY

Behold! I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former things shall not be remembered (Isaiah 65:17). The sun rises with no memory in his heart of what happened the day before!! So it is with me!! I was born into this life with no memory of where I was the day before. In my heart I feel I came from a very special place and I came for a reason. I came alone; a new-born! A new beginning! And when I go back I will go back alone. Between birth and death is my life's history. I am starting this history 21 February 1982. I am past 69 years, and there are many experiences to remember. I was born 4th of November, 1912 and weighed 4 1/2 pounds. I was named Eily (Eiley<sup>1</sup>). It was suggested to my parents by my Mother's sister, Emma. My parents were George Dunbar and Lillie Annie Hyde Dunbar. We lived at 207 South First West in Logan, Cache, Utah. My Dad was 45 years old and my mother was 40 years old when I was born. I was the 9th child of a family of 10 children.

My oldest sister, Lillie, was born 18 Aug 1893 and died the same day.

George Lyle<sup>2</sup> was born 13 Aug 1894

Annie Lorraine<sup>3</sup> born 15 Nov 1895

---

<sup>1</sup> Eily was the spelling given by parents. Documents submitted for a delayed birth certificate in 1958 was spelled EILEY, consequently from 1958 EILEY was used. Eiley is pronounced I-lee.

<sup>2</sup>George Lyle went by George

<sup>3</sup>Annie Lorraine went by Lorraine



Wallace Eugene<sup>4</sup> born 7 Dec 1898  
Doris Hyde born 13 Dec 1900  
Irene born 13 Oct 1902  
Clarice<sup>5</sup> born 15 Aug 1906  
Marvin William<sup>6</sup> born 27 May 1910  
Eily (Eiley<sup>7</sup>) born 4 Nov 1912  
Emma Gayle<sup>8</sup> born 8 July 1916

Dad and Mother were married in the Logan Temple 28 Sept 1892. My Dad was working in ZCMI department store in Logan. As a young boy in Scotland, he had been an "Apprenticed Merchant." My Mother was a "Type-Setter" for a Logan newspaper called the "Logan Herald Journal."

## PARENTS

My parents were members of the Mormon Church. I was baptized in the Logan Temple<sup>9</sup> 23 November 1920. I was taken to the temple by a Mrs. Baird who was a neighbor. She did a lot of sewing and things for Mother.

The history of my Dad and Mother is very interesting to me, especially as I have grown older and doing their genealogy. My Dad [George Dunbar] was baptized in the LDS (Mormon) Church and confirmed in Aberdeen, Scotland by 3 missionaries on 10 November 1882 by George F. Hunter, David McKay and David Burnett. On 29 August 1883 Dad and his little sister, Elspet (Elsie), age 4 years, left Scotland on a convert ship, "Nevada," and came to Logan via New York.

On 9 April 1884 his 2 younger brothers, William, age 14 and David, age 11 sailed also on the ship "Nevada" from Scotland (thru London, England) and came to Logan via New York (Ellis Island).

Dad was born 16 December 1867 in Lumsden, Aberdeen, Scotland. His parents were Peter Dunbar and Elspet Shiach. There were 11 children and Dad was the 6th child. His Father was sent to prison and his Mother was ill and went to a hospital where she died 25 March 1880, three years before Dad left Scotland. His Mother's sister, Christine Shiach Murdane [or Muirdane] had taken Dad and some of the children to care for them. In Dad's letter he wrote in 1957, he said he waved goodbye to his Mother at the dock. Because of documents I have of his Mother's death, it must have been his Aunt Christina he waved goodbye to.

---

<sup>4</sup>Wallace Eugene went by Eugene or Gene

<sup>5</sup>Clarice was often called Claire

<sup>6</sup>Marvin William went by Marvoin or Marvø

<sup>7</sup>Eiley was nick named "Scottie" after her marriage and used it the rest of her life except on legal documents. She is called "Ilah" or "Ikke" by family members.

<sup>8</sup>Emma Gayle went by Emma or Emmy by family members

<sup>9</sup>Live baptisms were done in the Logan Temple from 1912 to the 1950's

## *Journal of Eiley Dunbar*

I am inserting a letter he wrote to my brother Marvin, 16 December 1957 at age 90.<sup>10</sup> He called it "Whose Birthday!!."

December 16, 1957  
Logan, Utah

### **WHOSE BIRTHDAY !!**

Yes, I guess it all started in 1867 on December 16th, or in other words just 90 years ago today. You see that was where I was born right there in a small town in Scotland. I think it maybe in Aberdeen and the street was 60 Green<sup>11</sup> Street. (Lumsden Village)

My Father was a merchant, butcher, livestock buyer, and his name was Peter Dunbar, my Mother Elsie Shearer, (Actually Elspet Shiach) now that was a fine kind of a woman. I would give very much to see her once again, as you see I was only 13 years old when I saw her at the dock waving "Good-bye" to me and a few brothers and sisters and the fair lady Mrs. Rose [Mrs. Jane Ross]. We then were leaving on the ship "Nevada" for America and to be converted into the Mormon Church. That time everything was not easy for me, it never had been. I had been used to working hard years before that at many kinds of jobs even caddying for the richer Scotsmen.

Well, we got to America alright and finally to Logan, Utah, and then to Paradise, Utah. I got a job in the Z.C.M.I. and walked many times early morning from the little log house in Paradise over to Logan to sweep out the Z.C.M.I. store, and then walked back at night. Believe me I was a frightened little boy making those walks with dogs along that route that would attack me many times.

I got another job for a while moving an old camp wagon for a sheep tender by the name of McKenzie far back in the Paradise hills. Bear then were plentiful and when I run my foot down through the floor boards of that wagon... right then is when I thought the bear had me.

Well, I kept working anyway, and as time passed I grew up a little larger to a 120 pounds, a man at 20 years old. Yes, I was proud. I made the money and gave it to Mrs. [Jane] Ross to buy three homes with, besides keeping my brothers and sisters.

If today you would go into the Logan Fire Department Hall in Logan you would see me along with many other old timers in pictures there on the wall of the first fire department boys of Logan.

Well, I wasn't going to let anything get ahead of me and soon I became owner of one of the largest clothing stores in Logan, and a nice little ranch with horses and cows to boot! No, it did not come all free, it was hard lonely work and good management.

Then one day I met the most beautiful lady I had ever seen. One with class, talent, shape and intelligence. Then is when my heart stopped for a spell. I couldn't get her off my mind.

Oh, yes, she was emotional, cantankerous, and like a speed ball she would sooner jump over a mud puddle instead of walking around it. Clever she was, and just a little ahead of me all the times. Temper she had alright, but she got things done in a hurry. I often wondered how she could set type [for Logan Journal] upside down and read what she had fixed.

Well, she said yes, she would marry me one day and then, oh how much brighter my life was, and the fun we had racing our horses on a sleigh up Center Street and believe me, those horses passed many other racers on that street.

---

<sup>10</sup>At age 89 he related his story life to his daughter, Emma. Her notes from that interview will be found later in this volume under "GEORGE DUNBAR'S OWN STORY".

<sup>11</sup>Declaration of George's father, Peter Dunbar, indicates they lived on Skene or Skeen Street in July, 1877.

Well, folks told me that I would always whistle all the way home every night after work, and I was sure happy to go home to our little cottage and to my wife.

Then one day I quit whistling... from a blood clot... and then paralyzed... Lillie lost our first daughter, her name also being Lillie. Have you ever visited that little tots grave under that sheltering tree in the Logan Cemetery? I think that is the largest and finest pine tree up there.

Yes, that was a very sorrowful and discouraging tragedy, but it did not hold back my wife from bringing into this world nine more children. George L., Lorraine, Gene, Doris, Irene, Clarice, Marvin, Ilah (Eiley) and Emma.

Oh, if you would only knew how proud I am of each and every one of them, and what's more they are all living and I think getting along fair to middlin'.

But, say, damn if it isn't hard to take... to have those fine kids of mine around me for forty years, then they all disappear more or less. It gets me pretty lonely you know, as I was so used to having those little shavers greet me when I darkened our door.

I have not forgotten how I had to sneak home with a big Christmas tree and I mean one 12 feet high with all those presents for each one of those kids without their catching me. As you see they were all supposed to be in bed, where I thought they were, why all I could see was nine pairs of eyes peering at me through those old high transoms. Yes, I was Santa Clause alright !! I betcha I loved that and I wish I could do it again, and again and again.

No, I have not forgotten any of them, not any one. Why just the other day I found myself wandering around the Bluebird Candy shop shipping out nine boxes of Bluebird Candy to each of those fool kids.

Man, oh man, how I used to worry sitting around that old store, while one of those kids was freezing on a rock in the fields working, the other freezing on a horse in Hollbrook, Idaho. Another riding broncs at a ranch. Another rolling huge rocks down the mountain onto cars and people in Logan Canyon. Another went into nursing training. Another one in a den of whiskey runners in a deep tunnel or cave under the ground, and another just messed her pants across the street in Condie's house, and stealing her jewelry. And trying to get enough food for them to eat.

Yes, brother, those were the days!!! That would make a wild cat just a little Wilder!!!

But I left it up to Lillie, she seen to them alright, and I want to ask you, what color is the woman's hair that just done a better job then she did with nine kids, and she done it all from a rocking chair!!!

Well, I sit back now in my own chair and think about those days and get pretty damn lonely alright, but then soon one of them will pop in and you know I have to look twice to see which one it really is, or wait until I hear the shrill of their voices.

However, you know me.. your old daddy. I have learned to take it as life came to me. Many, many years ago with plenty of other obstacles that had to be overcome, and these ninety years hasn't made me quit yet. And I doubt if a hundred years will...so take that!!!

And another thing... if any one of my kids can say that he or she has had any more fun along with those trying times, as I have, and have led a cleaner life than I have for ninety years, then I would like to see the color of their hair... if they got any... Well, I would be more proud of them.

Don't you think I could brag just a little for the things I have done thru these years. Why I can see the results that has grown by leaps and bounds of starting some Fair or the other.

Well... this bit of a story is only a reminder to you, my Dears, and don't you forget it.

Just come on home and see me a little more often, my Dears, and may GOD BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

I am still at 207 South First West Street. My phone is 1879 W.

As always your Daddy,  
George Dunbar



My mother [Lillie Annie Hyde] was born in Logan 8 May 1872 to Joseph Edward Hyde [Sr.] and Annie Loraine Farrell. There were 7 children and she was the 5th child. Her father was born 8 March 1842 in London, England and was baptized in the LDS Church 10 December 1850 and came to Logan. He sailed on the ship "Jersey" 5 February 1853 at age 11 years, and crossed the plains with the Mormon Pioneers with Captain Joseph W. Young's Company September 1853. When he was 36 years old he was sent to England on a mission, but soon after he arrived he became ill and was sent back. He died while enroute home 12 miles out at sea from New York, but was brought back to Logan by missionaries and was buried in Logan City Cemetery.

My Mother's mother, Annie<sup>12</sup> Loraine Farrell was born in Newport, Monmouth, England 5 Nov 1839 and sailed to U.S. 25 Feb 1853 on the ship "International" with her mother, Alice [Sadler] Bird Farrell, a brother George Lionel [Farrell] and a sister Mary [Farrell]. Annie Loraine was 13 years old. They came across the plains with the pioneers with the James Brown Ox Team 29 Aug 1859.

Annie Loraine Farrell Hyde never remarried and raised her 7 children alone. I remember her. She would come to the house to see my mother and tell us the "proper" way to do things. I loved her very much. She was proud, proper, held her head up and her back straight. She would fix "tea" for mother and herself. She died on 2 June 1919. I was 7 years old. I can remember how sad I felt. I still have a flower from her grave in my scrapbook. She was so kind.

About a year after my Dad and Mother were married, Mother was going to visit her Mother who lived 3 blocks away, but had to go by a ditch in the first block. Some dogs chased her. (She was terrified of dogs) She jumped the ditch of water and fell with a stroke that left her paralyzed and the baby, Lillie, that she carried inside was born and died all the same day.

She had four more strokes after that and I was a teenager when she had the 5th stroke. Each one left her more paralyzed and weaker. Her left side from top to bottom was paralyzed. Her face on the left side was numb. Her arm was pulled to her body across her chest, and she had to drag her leg from the hip when she walked.

My sisters have told me that Mother could do dishes, sweep and so many things when they were young. When she needed more help, Dad would hire some one to come in. She was jealous of Dad and if he showed any interest in the hired help she would fire them. I don't remember her doing housework. She could walk by holding on to furniture, but



*Lillie Annie Hyde*



*George Dunbar*

---

<sup>12</sup>Some documents show Annie Loraine and some show Anna Loraine.

Emmy, my sister and I would have to dress her and bathe her. In later years we used a wheel chair to take her from room to room. She could stand alone, but we would have to support her to walk. Her speech became difficult and she would repeat words over and over for us to understand. I was 4 ft 11 inches and weighed 94 pounds in my teenage years so the wheel chair helped me with Mother.

## CHILDHOOD



*Irene Dunbar*

My Mother and my sister Clarice never got along. There were arguments and quarrels. Clarice would leave for several days or 2 or 3 weeks and come back home and more quarrels. She was restless and impatient and often into some kind of trouble that Dad would talk to her about.

When she was 18 she left home. That left Marvin 14 years, Emma 8 years, and myself 12 years, to care for Mother, the house work, and school. The older ones were married. Doris would come home every summer to house clean. Walls cleaned, bedding washed and rugs taken up and hung on the line to sweep and beat until all the dust was gone. The curtains washed and ironed. Our clothes were "aired out" on the line. Emmy and I never had time to do all those things so we really were happy when she came home.

My sister Irene would come home and help us with meals. She was a good cook and her raisin pie was so good! She would stay only a day or so and most of the times she came was when she and Deryl<sup>13</sup> had a quarrel and she took the kids and "left him." Dad would talk to her, and Deryl would phone and back home she would go.

My sister Lorraine took care of us when we were babies. She told me that the baby bottle would often have clabbered milk in it and she was so busy she would give it to me and I would shut up. She said one day she put me in the

baby buggy on the front porch and Marvin pushed it off the porch and she found me upside down. Lorraine left after high school to go Pocatello to college and stayed with Aunt Elsie [Dunbar].

My Dad had a men's clothing store and my brother George worked for him. George later moved to Ogden, Utah with his wife, Jane<sup>14</sup> and son, Lon. Gene and Ann<sup>15</sup> lived two blocks away, but later moved to Preston, Idaho. I remember when the war came, Gene went "to war" and came back in 1918 when it was over. Emmy and I had the measles and were "confined" to Mother's bedroom. There was a large red sign on our front porch which said "Quarantine." No one could leave the house and no one could come in. Dad had to stay at George's. Gene came home and we peeked out the door and said, "you can't come in," but he came anyway and opened a sack of pennies, nickels and dimes and said "It's all yours." The coins flew in every direction and Emmy and I scrambled like squirrels to pick up our share. It seemed the "Quarantine" sign was on our house more often then any of our neighbors.

---

<sup>13</sup>Daryl Ryan, husband of Irene Dunbar.

<sup>14</sup>Jane Naylor, wife of George Lyle Dunbar.

<sup>15</sup>Ann Amelia Anderson, wife of Wallace Eugene Dunbar.



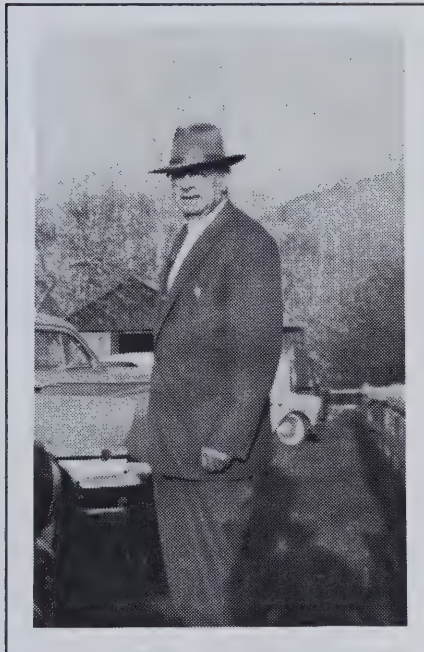
Dads having the men's clothing store [meant] we had to wear boys clothing. We hated them!! The shoes were ankle high with buttons on the sides and had hard toes and all leather. (The girls shoes that other girls wore had buttons on the side, but the tops were velvet and the toes were soft and dressy.)

We had to wear boy's undershirts. That was not too bad because we could cover them. The boy's coats were warm, but we hated them too. They buttoned on the wrong side and very plain. The war was going on and times were bad and we were lucky to have clothes at all!

Mrs. Baird, our neighbor, sewed our dresses. She sewed left over clothes from our sisters or someone else. We had three wool dresses that we didn't wash. We took them out on the line and brushed and "aired" them out and never wore them twice in a row. We had white pinafore aprons we wore over them. They had big bows in the back. Everyone wore them so we felt better when we wore them.



*George Lyle Dunbar*



*Wallace Eugene Dunbar*

The school girls had long curls and ribbons. Emmy and I had short hair that we could care for ourselves. Mrs. Baird made us black sateen bloomers that had elastic in the top and the legs that came above the knees and we tucked the boys socks under the elastic above the knee.

When I was about 10 years old I went to the hospital to have my appendix cut out. The night before, the doctor came to the house and put ice packs on me until morning. My sister, Doris, was a nurse and was working in the hospital. She gave me special care and brought me a banana and an orange. These were special—because we only had them at Christmas in our long stockings that hung on the tree. I stayed in the hospital three weeks and when I left, the doctor said for me not to jump rope or skate for 3 more weeks. That was terrible!!

There were a lot of kids on the street so we played in the street most of the time. There were railroad tracks down the middle and once in a while the train would come very slowly, so we didn't worry.

We played "Kick the Can," "Blind Man's Bluff," "Anti-I-Over," "No Bears Out Tonight," "Run Sheepy Run" and played "ball." In the winter we played "Fox and Geese," and "Hide the Thimble." There was a hill a block away so we had sleighs and

rode the hills. It had trees and a creek at the bottom so we tried to see how close we could ride to the ice covered creek and if it was frozen enough we could ride over it. If not, we rode in the creek.

I had a doll I loved dearly. It had a porcelain face, hands and feet. Inside of the doll were elastics that held the arms in place and the head and legs were held with a long elastic. When Marvin and I had a fight he would pull out an arm from the doll and it was hard to get it together again. It had hair on its head and the body was stuffed cotton. The face finally cracked and broke.

When I turned six years, school started in September. My Dad took me to school on the way to work. I was really scared. I knew I was different because of my clothes and hair, so I had mixed emotions, then the teacher told Dad I was too small and wait another year. The school age changed in



January so my birthday being in November age six was alright so Dad said for me to go home. I was sorry I was too little and glad to wait a year. So I started at age 7 years. It was called the Woodruff School and was a block from school to home.

I went to church Primary at the Tabernacle in the center of town. It was held in the basement and I remember singing songs and hearing stories about Jesus. I missed a lot of classes, and at age 12 the class went to the temple to be proxy for baptisms for the dead. I had 12 names. It was really special. I felt so good. I didn't graduate from Primary because I quit going. Clarice left home and I had too much to do at home. Besides that, I had lots of freckles and "buck teeth" and I was not a pretty girl and I became self-conscious and shy. The fun days were few and far apart. Everything was changing for me.

## OUR HOUSE

My Mother would sit in her wheel chair on the front porch. The neighbor kids were scared of her because she couldn't "talk right." Mother didn't want kids around. They made her nervous, besides we had much to do.

Dad and Mother built our home in 1902. They built the barn first and moved in there while the house was being built. Irene was born in the barn. Marvin, Emma, Claire and I were born in the new home. It was a large white brick home with an upstairs with four bedrooms with large windows. We had a front porch and a back porch. The front porch came around the side of the house. Years later, Dad enclosed the side for a screened front porch for Mother who could get there from her bedroom.

There was a large hall with four doors and a stairway. A door opened to outside; one door to the parlor; one to the dining room; one to Mother's bedroom. Each door downstairs had a transom. It was a window on hinges above the door that was opened and shut with a rod or bar on the side of the door. It was used for ventilation from room to room. Mother's bedroom was large with four doors also. One led to the dining room; one to the hall; one to the screen porch and one to the back porch. There were two large windows.

The parlor had 3 front windows facing east, another window facing north. Dad's large roll-top desk and the piano were in there. Also a book case and two chairs. There were two big sliding doors between the parlor and the dining room. The dining room had a big built in "china cupboard" with shelves and drawers; and three large windows along one wall facing north. There was a large table with extra leaves, a buffet to match, many chairs (8) and a leather covered couch. The bedroom, dining room and parlor each had wood floors and a large rug with floral designs. Each room had a coal-wood stove, called "pot belly" stove and high ceilings.

The upstairs bedrooms were never heated. In the winter we would heat the ironing irons or rocks in the oven, wrap them in towels and put them in bed to warm our feet. We had several home made quilts on our bed. Clarice, Emma and I slept in one bed. Marvin had his own room. The other 2 bedrooms weren't used. At one time there was a pool table in there. Years later, Marvin and wife, Lea<sup>16</sup>, remodeled the two bedrooms to a kitchen and a living room, added a bathroom in the hall and slept in Marvin's room and lived there.

In the downstairs living room there was a little rocking chair, a plain little chair with no side arms, but it did have a drawer that swung out from under the seat. In the drawer were pegs for thread spools and a place for sewing items. It was my favorite chair. Later years when I married and was carrying my daughter, Scottie, my brother in-law, Hyrum,<sup>17</sup> made me a little rocking chair like it, except

---

<sup>16</sup>Leah Ann Wood, wife of Marvin William Dunbar.

<sup>17</sup>Hyrum Abiss Berntson, husband of Lorraine Dunbar.



*Dunbar Home, 207 South First West Street, Logan*

it didn't have the drawer. Emma now has Mother's little rocker and my daughter, Scottie, has my little rocker.

The kitchen was a large room also. It had two large windows. We could raise the lower sash of each window for ventilation. The cupboard along one wall had shelves, drawers and bins that hinged from the bottom that we kept sugar and flour in. The stove was a coal stove, name "Monarch." It had a compartment on the side (or reservoir) that kept hot water in it. There was a large table and six chairs in the kitchen. A single sink with a drain board (no cupboards around it) was on one wall.

There was a door to the basement from the kitchen. There were apples in the fall piled on the floor in a corner. Shelves for fruit that we canned. In summer, Dad would make root beer and kept there until aged.

We didn't have a bathroom for awhile. We had "po-chairs" in each bedroom and an outdoor toilet that changed locations from time to time when it was "filled" and a new hole was dug and the out- house



moved. Later Dad took the pantry and converted it into a bathroom with wash bowl, toilet and bathtub that stood on legs and "claw-feet;" also a little room with shelves and a chest for dirty clothes.

The back porch had a built in cupboard with shelves that had small drilled holes and opened at the floor for cool air to come through from the basement. The doors were screen covered and we put milk in large round 12 inch pans; also home made butter. In the winter, Dad had a quarter of beef or pork hanging in the porch that kept frozen. We would cut or saw off what we wanted to use. They were covered with sheets.

My brother, Gene, worked for Utah Power and Light and one day he came home with an electric refrigerator. It had a large round covered motor on top and three shelves inside. It was beautiful!! Everyone was so happy and the milk, cream and butter were cold!!

There was a door from the porch that kept coal and wood so we didn't have to go out doors for the "bucket of coal." In the back yard we had the large barn with hay in the loft; a large chicken coop and a vegetable garden. A creek ran behind the barn that we would wade in. We had a large front lawn and a irrigation ditch in front by the road. In the summer we played in that when we could.

Wash Day! Now that was an all day project. The washer was made of wood with metal staves around the center. It had "dollies" inside with finger wooden pegs that would turn when we turned a handle back and forth from outside. It had a "wringer" that we turned by hand. The copper boiler was set on the stove and filled with water. We chipped home made soap or "Fels-Namptha" store bought soap into a pan of water, dissolved the soap and poured into the boiler and the washer. We boiled all our white clothes and sheets, towels, and certain items and then into the washer, rinsed and hung out to dry. In the winter they would freeze dry and at dusk we brought them in to de-frost and finish drying on racks behind the stove. We drained the wash water with a garden hose to the back yard. The ironing was done at night or on Sundays. Wash day was on Saturday. Most of our sheets were "sheet blankets."

There were horses in the barn, also a milk cow, and "special" Plymouth Rock chickens in the coop. The horses were Dad's and Marvin's. We were not allowed to go near them. Dad's horses were "trotting horses" that raced pulling a cart. Marvin's horses were special for him to ride in rodeos and fairs. The special chickens were "show birds" for the fair. Dad was president of the Cache County Fair. We always got in for free with tickets he would give us and maybe 50 cents. Rides at the carnival were 5 cents for each ride.

Early mornings, Dad would leave at daylight and hitch up the horses to the cart and go to the fair grounds to exercise his horses. He raced them at the fair. We dreamed that we could learn to ride and have a horse, but they were for Dad and Marvin.

Dad let us have some eggs for the house, but he kept a lot of the "breeding eggs" in a round basket<sup>18</sup> in the china cupboard. When he had "so many" he would take them to Westfield, west of Logan to the "Rappleye"<sup>19</sup> Hatchery" to be incubated and chicks hatched.

Many times he would bring baby chicks in the house and put them in a box behind the stove to keep warm and "live." At the fair he had displays, and won trophies and ribbons every year with the chickens.

Marvin followed and rode in rodeos and fairs and won trophies and "Prize money" or "Purse." He rode "broncos," calf roped, and "barrel racing." One time a wealthy man named Floyd B. Olden was interested in him and sent him back to Chicago World's Fair to ride and all expenses paid and then to Madison Square Garden. One day at Madison Square Gardens he was riding his horse down a ramp, the horse fell and rolled on Marvin. They got up and rode the program and later Marvin found out he had broken several ribs. He was an "all around cowboy."

---

<sup>18</sup> Now in possession of Scottie Rappleye Munns.

<sup>19</sup> Owned by V. Jay Rappleye



## SLEIGH RIDE

We had a dog named "Bounce." He would pull a wagon or sleigh. Marvin would put a box on the sleigh and hook up the dog and pull Mother to George's or for a ride, and at times to the show. The show was with live actors. She was thrilled!! She was ready to go anytime. It was quite a picture.. Mother sitting in the box, a dog pulling and Marvin leading. She always said that she was scared to death of dogs, but she didn't mind this one.

Dad had a two seated sleigh and he took Mother out for a ride. One horse pulled the sleigh. One winter day, Dad took Mother, Emmy and I for a ride. We went to visit Irene in Hyrum, where she lived. It was also call Blacksmith Fork Canyon. It was a fun time until we were returning home. We crossed the bridge on 6th South and Main Street. The Bamburger train tracks were on the other side of the bridge so we had to cross the tracks also. We could see the train coming a long way up the tracks, so there was no hurry to cross. But.. the sleigh runners slid under the rails and we were caught! Dad pulled and pulled the reins for the horse to pull us out. It was getting very dark and the big yellow light on the train was coming closer. Finally the sleigh broke loose one runner and the sleigh fell over, Dad hit the ground on his shoulder. Mother landed on the top of him and Emmy and I flew thru the air. The train was there!! A couple of men got off the train and one of them said, "George what in the world are you doing?" They got the sleigh upright again and we went home. Dad's shoulder was hurt and it gave him trouble for many years. Mother was okay and Emma and I were fine, only scared!



*Marvin William Dunbar*

## SUMMER GARDENS

When Clarice was home there were the quarrels going on between Mother, Clarice and Marvin and I felt like Clarice being six years older should carry most of the housework, so I soon discovered all of us had plenty of work to do so I found out door-work more peaceful. I helped Dad plant the garden and pulled the weeds. I loved to sit on the front porch and hand water the lawn and flowers Dad planted every year. I would wash off the front porch, walks, and also water the garden. I worked hard and kept busy cutting the lawn with a push mower.

When Dad was home he would sit out by the chicken coop and have a rooster in his lap, trimming the cocks comb and pulling out an unruly feather to "fix him pretty for the fair." I would sit on the ground and talk to him about Clarice going and coming and how she made me feel. He would say "you're too young to understand, she will be fine in time."

## LUMSDEN SCOTLAND

I wish I had asked a lot of questions about his family and Scotland. He said his Dad [Peter Dunbar] once wrote him a letter asking Dad to forgive him, but Dad would never tell me what Grandpa did to be forgiven for.

Not too many years ago, Doris and Bill<sup>20</sup> [Steven William Bolger] went to Lumsden, Scotland and talked to some 80 year old ladies. She asked if they could remember Peter and Elspet [Shiach] Dunbar. They said that Peter had killed someone. That shook Doris and Bill pretty hard and didn't want to hear more.

In these later years, I have been tracing genealogy and I have found Grandpa being married again and also his death, but so far no prison record<sup>21</sup>. Grandma died in 1880. Dad came to America in 1883. Grandpa Peter married again at age 50; (a cattle dealer) in 1884; and died age 89 on 18 April 1920 as a retired dairyman in Inverness, Scotland. So if he was in prison it was between 1871 and 1884. The 1871 census shows him in his butcher shop and house with his wife Elspet and four children. Dad was 3 years and William was 2 years old.

On the record of Grandma Elspet's death, she died of "Kidney Disease of 2 years." It was in the "Royal Lunatic Asylum." Dad said she was sent to a "hospital." (In a lecture at the genealogy library they said sometimes the Lunatic Asylums were the "Poor Farms" in foreign countries and Scotland and England.)

But all in all, Dad's early life was sad. Being only 14 when he left there, how much does he really remember of his home in Scotland? I hope I can search more records to find out more of his life and family in Scotland.

## LOGAN FARM

In North Logan, Dad had a farm. His brother David, who came to America six months after Dad came, was Dad's "hired man" on the farm. David lived in a small one room "shanty" (we called it). It had a dirt floor and sage brush roof. He was a good cook and always gave us "Baking Powder Biscuits" when we went there. On the farm were cattle, sheep, chickens, a large vegetable garden, raspberries, peaches, pears and Jonathan apples. He never married.

Dad built a large 3 room house with an upstairs. We had beds upstairs with mattresses. Down stairs was a large kitchen and one bedroom. Sometimes we would go with Dad and Mother and stay all night. We would go in a wagon and bring home vegetables and fruit. The farm house was shaded with trees.

About every month David would come to Logan and bring home fruit and vegetables. We would "can" 3 or 4 hundred quarts of fruit every year. We didn't like it when he came because it meant "canning fruit" again, but we liked David. He was deaf so we had to look at him so he could "lip read." He taught us how to spell with our fingers, but it was different then what I've seen since.

Mother didn't like David because he would come in the house and say to her, "Hello Lillie--you still alive?" and she would throw an egg shell or something at him and he would laugh and go on with his work! He would go to the store and "charge groceries" to take back to his "shanty" on the farm.

---

<sup>20</sup>Steven William Bolger, husband of Doris Hyde Dunbar.

<sup>21</sup>Later in 1982, Peter Dunbar's prison record was obtained. See "Peter Dunbar's Indictment" in this book.

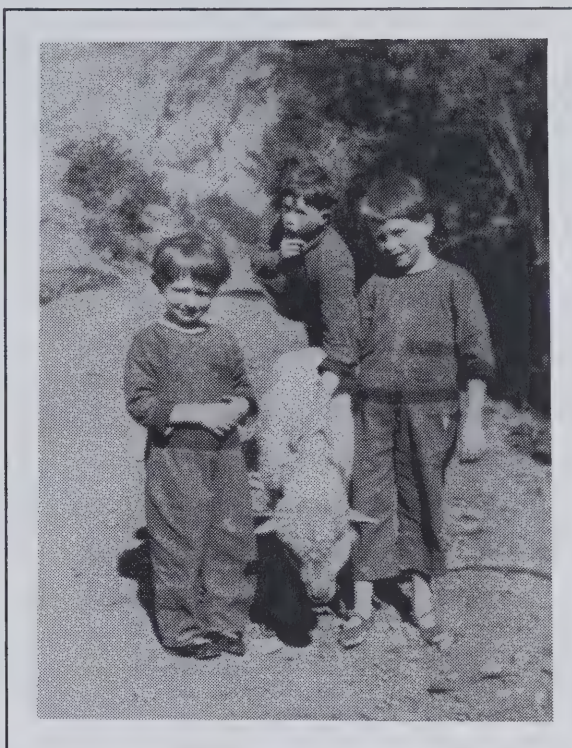


When the fruit was ready, Dad would send us to the farm to pick. It was a long walk up and back, but once in a while David would bring us back with the fruit in his wagon and horses.

Marvin and his friends would go up to pick fruit, but they would ride the sheep and David would tell Dad about it. Dad would get the "razor-strap" after Marve and threaten him. Marvin would run around the table, Dad after him, but only hit him once or twice in the whole time. Emma and I would hide behind the couch and cry, but Marvin didn't cry, just promised not to do it again. But he did and Emma and I would find out and "threaten" to tell Dad when Marvin would tease us and make us mad at him.

### STORE AND CHURCH

Dad was really a busy ambitious man. He owned the men's clothing store and it was called "Dunbar and Robinson Clothing." Years later it was called "Dunbar and Hyde Clothing." The Hyde was Mother's brother, Joseph E. Hyde, Jr.. Dad also had the farm, and for many years president of the Cache Valley Fair. He belonged to the Chamber of Commerce and the Kiwanis Club and his family. We didn't see much of him except at breakfast and late at night.



*Emma, Marvin and Eiley Dunbar on farm*

Church was not for Dad. He had been hurt by people and stayed away with the excuse of being too busy. He went on a mission to Texas<sup>22</sup>. He was a counselor in the bishopric and believed the religion was true and had faith in God. It was "fine" when us kids wanted to go, but he didn't insist we go.

Mother was a "shut-in", but the Relief Society would come in often and we would fix "tea" or "root beer" for them. Mother had tea. Dad drank coffee for breakfast only. He loved root beer. Kids drank milk.

When Dad left to go on his mission, Mother had George and Lorraine [approximate ages 1 and 2 years] and being crippled, needed a lot of help. Dad promised to go "without purse or script" if the Church would support Mother in her needs. They did until a change of the bishopric forgot and left her high and dry, except for Grandma Hyde's [Annie Loraine Farrell Hyde] help. She didn't tell Dad about it, but someone else told him, and he came home short of the two years and was very upset and hurt.

Another time when he was in the bishopric, one of the bishopric stole the tithing money and left the country. The bishopric was blamed, and that upset Dad, after that he just got busy with other things.

Years later, after Mother had passed away, and he married Christine Dowdle, he was 75 years and she was about his age. They went to church together for 15 years before they died.

Dad had us "charge" all the groceries for the house. We would be sent to the store and we only bought what we had to buy. Bananas and oranges came to the store on special times like Christmas or

---

<sup>22</sup>See "George Dunbar's Missionay Journal" in this book.



Thanksgiving. We didn't dare buy candy or fun things because at the end of the month, Dad paid the grocery bill, brought home all the slips and went over every item, and if we had charged fun items we would get a "cussing." He never hit Emmy or me, but Marve would get slapped for some things he did.

The store manager would always give us a cookie or a piece of candy.

We knew Dad had eggs and we found out we could take them to the store and trade for candy or what we wanted. We would take them from the nest and not from the basket. One time Marvin was caught. He put the eggs in the top of his hat and tried to walk past Dad, who was sitting on the porch. Dad stopped him and Marvin denied having eggs, so Dad hit the top of the hat and the eggs ran down over his face.

There was an ice cream wagon and horse came down our street. He was always ringing a bell so we would beg Mother for the 10 cents for a bowl full of ice cream.

## CANDY STORE

She [Mother] never kept much money except to send us some where we didn't charge. We would go to the drug store and buy a special face cream she used. It was called "Sem Prey Jovenay" and was like a bar of soap in a tube. She kept it in her dresser drawer. She kept special things there too. She loved jelly roll cakes and Bluebird Chocolates. Dad would bring them to her. We would sneak one, but we learned she watched that drawer and if we were caught (which we were) she would grab us by the hair or an arm and really shake us good!!

There was a candy store on the corner of the school called "Bell's Confectionery." At recess most of the kids would run there and buy a chocolate. If it had a red center we won two free ones. They also had a wrapped candy called "Guess Whats" and there would be a small toy and candy in it.

Well, we were never given money at home, but I knew that Mother had money in her dresser drawer, so I took a nickel for the recess treat. That would buy two chocolates and three "Guess Whats." One cent each. Emmy would threaten to tell Mother and I guess she did, cause Mother watched and caught me and shook me pretty rough, then she told me she loved me and if I wanted a penny to ask her for it. She did give me a penny to spend, but never a nickel and now I can't remember if I bought the chocolate or the "Guess Whats."

## MOTHER AND KIDS

Mother had a wonderful sense of humor. She laughed over many things and she and Dad would laugh together, also with the Relief Society sisters. But as times got tougher and things changed, she was more complaining.

I loved my Mother and Dad. I would see her day after day sitting in the wheel chair. Her hair was snow white and kept short length. Her arm and hand were getting tighter to her body. It was hard to dress her. Her face had pulled to the side and one eye was off from center. Her face was numb on one side, so she always kept a handkerchief to wipe her mouth in case she lost food or water from one corner. I was sort of afraid of her. She had a temper and could throw things at us "on target" if we didn't do things, and if we ignored her thinking "she can't catch us," she would some how get to the phone and say "operator get me 426-J" --and call Dad and say "Get down here and kill these kids." Then when Dad got home he would "cuss us out." We called it a "Scotch Blessing." He had the fore finger cut off and would keep tapping on our shoulder with the center finger while cussing us. Wow!!

I don't know how it was at home for my older brothers and sisters. It seemed like the older six



*Doris Hyde Dunbar*

were one part of the family and Clarice, Marvin, Emma and I were another part. With Mother being a handicap and Dad gone a lot, I can guess what it was like for the older ones when the last three came along. Lorraine said when Emma and I were born, the doctor handed us to Lorraine and said "Here is your baby, take care of it."

Emmy and I were always together. She was 3 1/2 years younger than I was, but she always followed wherever I went. She wasn't too well--always had a cold, and was thin. We worked and played together. We had disagreements for sure, but it would pass.

We wore "coveralls" that had a flap in the back that fastened in place with buttons. Our faces were freckled. Our hair was cut by Clarice or Marvin or by ourself, usually with a bowl on our heads to guide the scissors.

We would hear about troubles and stories that our older brothers and sisters would have and we would be called the "Dunbar Tribe." We had friends on the block and from school, but Mother being older than their Mothers and crippled, they felt uneasy around her, so they didn't come in the house very often.

We had a lot of work to do, but we also kind of grew up by ourselves with not much care or attention. Some how I knew Mother and Dad loved us and we had love and respect for them, but very little love was shown or talked about. Dad had little time and Mother couldn't, but if I got hurt I knew I could go sit on the floor and put my head in her lap and she would pat my head and say "Poor Baby." My older sisters have told me I was "Mother's Pet." Perhaps I was, we got along okay. She was so helpless!!

I've often thought how different it could have been if Mother had not been an invalid. She was raised in an "English Home" with "proud" and "proper" training. Grandma [Annie/Anna Loraine Farrell Hyde] was strong-willed and highly respected, and a "Lady," but Mother and Dad, ten lively kids, horses, cows, chickens, fairs, rodeos... was like a "free for all."



[Editors note: The following poem was written by Marvin Dunbar to his sister, Doris, and talks about the growing up years in the Dunbar home. It seems appropriate to print it here.]

### THE DREAMER

THE OTHER NIGHT I HAD A DREAM THAT TERRIFIED ME IN MY SLEEP  
THE MIND WAS THINKING OF SOMETHING THAT AWAKENED ME UP WITH THE CREEPS  
IT MADE ME SAD AND LONELY IN A WORLD A FEW YEARS BACK  
A FRECKLED KID SO HOMELY HUNTING SOMETHING TO EAT FOR A SNACK

I SAW MY SISTERS AND BROTHERS MEANDERING AROUND THERE TOO  
DIDN'T SEE ANY OTHER, THERE WAS ONLY JUST A FEW  
MOTHER AND DAD IN THE BACKGROUND KINDA HELPLESS TO DO US MUCH GOOD  
MY HEAD A BUZZING WITH QUEER SOUNDS, A GUARDIAN ANGEL BEFORE US STOOD.

SIX SISTERS I SAW THEM SITTING THERE, IN EACH ONE OF THEIR HANDS..A SPOON.  
HANGING ON MOTHER'S OLD ROCKING CHAIR WERE EATING BREAD AND MILK FOR NOON.  
IN A LARGE BOWL THAT SET ON THE TABLE, COULD HOLD ALL THE HANDS THAT COULD REACH.  
THE BIG ONES AND THE LITTLE WERE ABLE WOULD GET THEMSELVES SOMETHING TO EAT.

THE LAST TIME I SAW THEM WAS CHRISTMAS, ALL GATHERED AROUND FATHER'S TREE  
AND NEVER ONCE HAD HE MISSED US WITH PRESENTS THAT FILLED US WITH GLEE  
I REMEMBERED THE DAY EACH ONE PARTED, VERY SAD, BUT IT JUST HAD TO BE  
THIS MADE THE REST BROKEN HEARTED AND BROUGHT TEARS TO THE BROTHERS THREE.

NOW WHY SHOULD I DREAM SO DREARY OF THOSE THINGS THAT CAME TO PASS  
THE YEARS SLIPPED BY IN A HURRY WITH OUR DOING OUR DAILY TASK  
THEN MY DREAM TRACED BACK TO MY MOTHER TELLING US TO DO THE THINGS RIGHT  
BE KIND TO YOUR SISTERS AND BROTHERS TO LOVE THEM WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT.

THE LARGE FAMILY FROM WHENCE WE CAME FROM MADE EACH ONE FIGHT FOR HIS OWN,  
STILL THEY SHARED WITH EVERY ONE. THAT OLD HOUSE WAS OUR BEST HOME.  
THO EACH CHILD WAS SO SORT OF PECULIAR LIKE, NEVER DARING TO SHOW HIS AFFECTION  
UNLESS IT WAS FOR THE LITTLE TYKE WHO NEEDED THE MOST PROTECTION.

THOSE BROTHERS AND SISTERS WOULD FIGHT LIKE DOGS AND CATS  
IT SURE WAS FUN, MISTER, THEY...RUNNING IN AND OUT LIKE RATS.  
NOW DON'T IT MAKE YOU WONDER HOW THOSE KIDS OF NINE  
GREW UP ALL IN THEIR PLUNDER, BUT ALL TURNED OUT JUST FINE.

AND DOES IT MAKE YOU STOP AND THINK WE ARE ALL SAME BLOOD AND KIN  
THAT IT WOULD TAKE STRONG DRINK TO POUR OUT OUR LOVE WITHIN  
AND THEN I DREAMED THAT LONG AGO THAT MAYBE HE ABOVE  
AROUND ABOUT AND MADE IT SO... DARNED HARD TO SPEAK OF LOVE.



*Journal of Eiley Dunbar*

BUT, OH, SO SACRED IN OUR HEARTS, WE HELD IT SOLID THERE  
UNTIL THE DEATH DO US PART, WOULD SHOW WE REALLY CARED.  
I ALSO DREAMED THAT IT WAS TOUGH TO SPEAK WITH WORDS OF PRAISE  
SEEMED EASIER FOR ME TO CUSS, COVERING UP JUST WHAT I CRAVED.

YOU HAVE ONLY HEARD THE HALF OF THAT, WHAT I SAW IN MY DREAMS  
I ALSO SAW A NURSES CAP ON THE HEAD OF SUNSHINE BEAMS  
YOUR FACE SHONE THOUGHTS OF KINDNESS..BROUGHT SICK ONES BACK TO LIFE  
YOUR BREEDING SHOWED IT'S FINENESS FOR THOSE POOR SOULS WITH STRIFE.

I SAW A MAN WITH FEVERED LIPS AND BURNING UP WITH PAIN  
AND YOU WITH TENDER FINGER TIPS BROUGHT FORTH HIS HEALTH AGAIN  
I SAW YOU TAKE AN INFANT WHO WAS BORN IN "GRAPES OF WRATH"  
IT TOOK YOU ONLY AN INSTANT TO BATHE THEM AND TO BATH.

I DREAMED YOU TRAVELED THRU THE STORMS TO THOSE THAT WERE IN NEED.  
IN YOUR NURSES UNIFORM LIVING UP TO OATH AND CREED.  
I DREAMED YOU DID SO MANY THINGS FOR WHICH YOU RECEIVED NO PAY  
THE LORD TAKES CARE OF HUMAN BEINGS, ESPECIALLY.. WHO ACT THIS WAY.

IN MY DREAM I SAW THE ONE PART THAT LEFT ME SO IMPRESSED  
SOMETHING SAID I'D BETTER START TO GATHER UP THE REST  
TO BRING THEM BACK TOGETHER SOON FROM FAR CORNERS OF THIS EARTH  
SOMETHING LIKE AND HEIR-LOOM TO HOLD HERE ON OUR HEARTH.

TO CUT THOSE THREADS OF HATRED THOUGHTS, TO GRAB THOSE STRINGS OF LOVE  
AND BRING ALONG YOUR LITTLE TOTS TO WORSHIP HIM WHO IS ABOVE  
I HAVEN'T MUCH TO OFFER NOW IN SUCH THE WAY OF GIFTS  
I ONLY WANTED YOU SOMEHOW, TO KNOW OUR LOVE FOR YOU EXISTS.

SO THIS I SEND THIS MESSAGE DEAR, IT SAYS SO IN MY DREAMS  
THIS IS FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY NEAR. TO ME YOU'RE STILL A "QUEEN"  
AND WHEN YOU SEE MY SISTERS SOON AND ALL MY BROTHERS TOO  
FOR EACH OF YOU WE HAVE THAT SPOON, AND WE'LL ALL KNOW WHAT TO DO!!

THIS...TILL YOU'RE NOT SO BUSY NOW TO RETURN BACK TO OUR FOLD  
BE SURE TO ARRANGE IT SOMEHOW TO RE-LIVE THIS STORY TOLD.

DEDICATED TO MY SISTER, DORIS, FOR HER BIRTHDAY DECEMBER 15,<sup>23</sup> 1956  
MARVIN DUNBAR.

---

<sup>23</sup>Church records show Doris's birthday as December 13, 1900.

## RED BANKS

There was one event that happened every August that made up for all the problems, and that was when Dad would take his vacation and take us up Logan Canyon for fishing and camping out. The older kids would come at different times. We would stay a whole month.

Two years ago I took a "Mini class" in Relief Society and we had to write a story about an experience we had in our childhood. So I wrote one called "Red Banks In August." I will insert it in this book and not write it again. It was a happy time for me and I "look-back" on it often.

### "Red Banks In August"

"During the hot days and nights of June and July we kept thinking of the cool nights and "Indian-Summer" days of a camp called "Red Banks" in beautiful Logan Canyon, 15 miles from Logan Utah. In camp, the bank across the River was steep and the dirt was red, and there was an open field to play baseball and games. There were lots of trees with shade to pitch our tents, and some of the trees had limbs wide enough to build our cupboard shelves.

Every year Dad and Mother would plan to have our vacation in August and would take the family and spend the whole month at Red Banks. In July we would start getting ready. There was much to do... Root beer had to be made and put in the cellar. Boxes gathered for packing items. Every day something would be put in a box: fishing items, ball and bat, straw hats, coats, swimming suits, towels, etc. The last few days we would make many loaves of bread, and a big pot of stew for supper at camp. We made sandwiches of boiled chicken from Dad's special Plymouth Rock chicken to eat on the way. We gathered pots, pans, buckets, dishes, quilts, pillows, food, clothes, shovels, axe, and the crate for the chickens.

Finally the special day arrived and Dad was waking us up at day break to eat a fast breakfast and start to load the wagon. Dad fed the cow and the horses and got them ready to pull the wagon.

Our Mother was very special. She had several strokes and was paralyzed completely on her left side, so we had to put her special chair in a certain place. Soon everything was loaded and the chickens were in the crate, the horses hooked up, the cow tied to the wagon and we were on our way.

We were a family of ten children, six girls, three boys, but the first baby girl had passed away as an infant. Some of the older brothers and sisters were married, so we didn't all go at one time, but would come later for a day or so. Also our uncles, aunts and cousins came from Logan and Salt Lake.

On the way up the canyon, Dad would tell us the name of each camp along the way. We would walk along by the wagon and kick rocks, throw sticks, and sing, and sometimes sit on the edge of the wagon and ride.

We finally arrived at "Ricks Springs" where we would eat our lunch and drink the cold water from the hole in the mountain, cool our feet, and wash the dust from our faces and hands, and water the cow, horses and chickens.

A few miles farther we came to Red Banks. Our hearts were pounding, we know just what to do from the years before. So soon we had our tents pitched and cupboard made; the root beer in the creek; along with the milk and butter. We cut wood and piled it nearby; we gathered large rocks and placed around the bon-fire to sit on in the evening; and cleaned field of sticks, and rocks for our games. In no time at all Dad had his fishing pole all ready and fishing in the river, while we heated the pot of stew for our supper.

We played hard with our games, and loved to swim in the river, which wasn't deep except in the "eddies." When our cousins, Eloise and Virginia came we were so happy and showed them all the special things we did, like carving our initials in the trees, and perhaps a heart around two special initials.

Within a few days more families would come, and would bring some extra food and goodies.

A huge bon-fire would be built and everyone would sit on warm rocks or on the ground and talk about things that happened during the past year, and soon Uncle Ezra [Ezra Taft Hyde] would bring out his guitar and would play the good-ole-songs that everyone knew.

There would always be fish enough for every one for breakfast with homemade bread, jam, milk and eggs fresh from the chickens. There was lots of help to do the dishes and make beds in the tent, or fold quilts from sleeping outside of the tent. It was no time before the men were on their way to catch fish, and we could play, swim and sleep.

In the evening after supper and the singing started we knew it was time to soon go to bed for the kids, while the adults wanted to sing and talk. There was such a calm, good feeling just sitting around the fire, and we did hate to go to bed, but once we were under the covers, we would talk and laugh and plan what we were going to do the next day. Every once in a while we did giggle too loud and some one from the fire would yell, "you kids get to sleep," so we would be quiet and whisper until one by one we would soon be to sleep.. and too soon the sun would soon be up and warm the tent.

The month would go too fast...soon school would be starting, and we would all go back to our homes, but being at Red Banks in August was very special and will always live on in our memory as one of the happiest times in our lives."

Eiley Dunbar Loosli

Dwight [Dwight Wilson Loosli] and I recently took a drive to Bear Lake up through Logan Canyon and it all came back to my memory ..of the ride in the wagon. Going up we passed "DeWitts Camp," a large sign "Cache National Forest," "Browns Roll-off Camp," "Card Camp," "Guard Station," "Choke Cherry Camp," "Preston Valley," "Pine Glen," "Wood Camp," "Twin Bridges," "Temple Fork," "Ricks Springs," "Forestry Field Station," "Tony Grove," and "Red Banks Camp."

The mountain on the west was a big red dirt hill and on the east was big "Beaver Mt." The Red Banks camp had changed. Instead of the big field we played ball in.. it was all grown with willow trees and forest table, benches, camp stove, and camp sites. The creek was the same and one old tree had a faint marking of names in a heart that had been cut in the bark years ago and unreadable. Could it be one of my carving 60 years before?

## HOUSEWORK

Things began to change for me when I was about 12 years old. Clarice had gone, so Emma and I had "full charge" of all the work.

In the evening we would make bread dough for six loaves. We had one large square pan that held six loaves. We would cover the dough and go to bed. In the morning it would be high and sometimes over the bowl and on the cupboard. Dad would get up and make the fires in the stoves, call us and go out and feed the chickens or a quick trip to the Fair Grounds to exercise the "horse and cart."

We would put the dough into loaves and start breakfast of "Oatmeal Mush," eggs and toast, cut off some pork sliced from meat on the porch, make coffee for Dad, and tea for Mother. Then get Mother out of bed, take her to the bathroom, get her dressed, washed, and set her to the table. The bread baked while we had breakfast. Dad would milk the cow, so we would "strain" it into pans for cream to raise. We would do dishes, get ready for school, make beds and be to school by nine o'clock. Sometimes we would have "Germade Mush" or pancakes. Germade mush is like cream of wheat cereal. Made in Logan.

Our school was a block away, so we would run home and feed Mother and ourselves, do what



we had to do for Mothers "needs" and run back to school. After school we had shopping at the grocery store and cleaned floors with the "carpet sweeper." Saturdays were wash days and Sunday was the ironing. There was always some extra chores to do, like bringing in coal, cutting kindling, empty ashes, yard work (if Dad couldn't do it), butter to churn, school studies, mop floors, bathe Mother, and etc.

In the summer was the heavy canning of fruit. Several hundred jars had to be filled. We canned "open kettle" method, and never canned vegetables. Cooked jam and apple butter.

Junior High was thru town, about 3rd North and 1st East, so Dad got me a bike to ride. The second year the bike was stolen, so Emma or Marvin fixed lunch for Mother.

High School was one block away, so we could come home at noon. Sometimes Dad would come home for lunch and helped Mother. Other times he would eat with the Chamber of Commerce or Kiwanis Club in town.

There were many times the work was too much for us and we would cry together when we went to bed. We weren't "Perfect House cleaners" and let some things go if we could. Then we would talk together, and decide we were glad that Clarice was gone and we could do things "our way." Then we would clean really good; move furniture, carpet sweep, dust, clean windows, polish the outside of the stoves, and take out ashes, and cook better meals, put the bedding out on the line to air, also pillows. We slept in cotton flannel sheets, so we washed them. The quilts were made out of old coats or overalls, old wool dresses and cut in square blocks, filled with wool batting, so they would be shook and brushed hard and aired.

When school was out, we would be so hungry and tired it was hard to do extra work. We would cut a slice of home-made bread and dip it in the pan of milk into the raised cream, then put sugar on the "creamed" bread and have a glass of milk. There were apples to eat anytime, and this would give us strength to get supper and dishes and other things.

Our meals for lunch was home made soups or left overs, warmed up, and canned fruit. Dinners (or supper) were meat, potatoes, vegetable from the garden in season, carrots stored in basement in the winter, and store bought vegetables in cans, or what was in season. We cooked beans, mostly white beans and pork, macaroni thickened with milk, now called "white sauce." The cakes, pies, and cookies were limited. Very few!

Marvin helped us with Mother when we asked him, but he refused to help with the housework. He had the barns to clean, put hay in the barn loft or pitch it to the horses and cow. He milked the cow some of the time, but his interest was horses, rodeos, and fairs. He would train horses or trade or sell. Between these and school he was busy. We thought he should at least iron his shirts and pants, but he refused and it would wind up a big quarrel. Dad took his side and said he had outside work, so we would have to iron them anyway.

We always knew when Marvin was home, because he played the record player really loud and even though he had it upstairs in his bedroom we could hear it. It was the player with round tube type records, shaped like a drinking glass, and the player had a big round horn with scalloped edge. It was shaped like the "horn of plenty." It had a picture of a black and white spotted dog on the player. Emma and I couldn't touch it. But we would sometime when we knew he wouldn't be home.

Mother loved music. She played the radio and if Marvin was home he would help her to the parlor and open the doors and play the records she liked from his room upstairs.

In the summer when he wanted money, he would work in the fields thinning beets or topping beets in the fall, when he wasn't with a rodeo.

## WORLD WAR I

In 1914 the World War I started. I was 2 years old. It ended in 1918 and I was seven years. I don't remember what was going on, but when I was twelve I can remember every one talking about what they did "during the war" or how it effected them and the "boys" who were killed.

There was the big breakout of the 1918 "flu epidemic." Dad would tell Mother about this one and that one who had died. Many were sick; schools were closed; "Quarantine" signs were on many homes. The kids couldn't come out to play, so we sat on the front porch and just watched who went by, or roller-skated and jumped rope on our sidewalk.

There seemed to be a heavy cloud of depression that was everywhere. People weren't the same. They would pass on the street and talk very serious about their problems. Dad and Mother would talk late at night in the front of the stove. Dad would get phone calls. He and Mother didn't laugh like they used to do. I didn't understand -- I just knew some thing was wrong not only in our house, but in the homes of our friends and neighbors. Dad would say, "don't worry about it," and he and Uncle David would have long talks in the back yard.

It affected my life very much, I felt shy and quiet. I was in a "state of depression!" There was no money and I was a teenager and needed better clothes and very much aware that I was "different" than other school girls who had mothers who could comb their long curls and had nicer clothes, even though they were made out of hand downs made over -- but they weren't old fashioned like the ones Mrs. Baird made for us.

There was no money for us to have except at special times, and they were far apart and few. We still went to "Red Banks in August" and that would bring back the laughter, music and fun. We looked forward to that trip so very much!!

We began to neglect the house and Mother. We did what we "had" to do. Mother would take longer naps and go to bed earlier. Her monthly periods were heavy and her menopause came late in her life -- 55 years old and to 58 years. I don't suppose they performed "D & C" operations in those years. I don't know. But I did know it meant more work for us. I was 14-16 years or so, and the job of helping her was mine. Emma was 11 or 12 years. It was "hush-hush" affair.

When this period arrived, Dad would insist that I stay home from school and take care of her. I liked school, but I was late with school work, so the interest and my grades were getting lower. This was depressing to me also.

People were talking about "unemployment," this shop or that store closing, or going bankrupt. Dad had problems in his store and the "charge accounts" weren't being paid to the store. He was worried and was impatient with us.

## MY DEPRESSION

On Friday nights, Dad would give Emma and I 10 cents to go to a show house called "Billie Kears." It was on screen-- no sound, (Silent) just words were on the screen as to what was said. The movie was a continued film and always ended with the villain catching the pretty lady and the hero on the way. The villain tied the lady to the belt that was going thru the saw at the sawmill and then... big words saying "continued next Friday."

The school activities, plays, dances, Jr. Proms, and sports were not for me. I didn't have the time. I didn't have the money and I didn't have the clothes. In gym I took swimming. I loved it, but that was during school hours.



One day "my depression" was more than I could take. There was a flour mill that was a block away. The river ran under it and the mill used the water for power. When the water came out it was fast and went into a dark, deep whirlpool. We never would sleigh ride on the hill by it because it was dangerous and we were warned many times.

I can't remember how many times I would go up and watch it and throw a board in it to see what it would do and how far down the river it would pop up.

One evening just before dark, I sneaked out the back door and hoped Emmy wouldn't see me. She was always following me!! I went to the big whirlpool and took off my shoes and stockings and put my foot in the water. It was cold. I decided to jump in and I knew it wouldn't be cold too long and being nearly dark no one would see me.

I pulled my foot out of the water and all set to jump way out in the deepest and fastest center -- and just then, some one said, "Ikey, what are you doing here -- Dad wants you to put Mother to bed. He's got to go to a meeting and it's your turn and I'm not going to do it. "And there was Emma!! Always following me!! She said, "It's too late to go swimming and I'm going to tell Dad where you are." I told her to get lost!! But she wouldn't go-- she just sat down!!

So I went home and put Mother to bed and went to bed and cried all night. I didn't go to school for several days. I told Dad "I was sick." I was sick and tired of it all!!



*Emma Gayle Dunbar*

## SWIMMING

In school I had two friends that liked to swim too. I wasn't a fast swimmer, but I learned to dive. My friends, Alta Jacobson and Katherine Cardon talked me into going to swimming meets and school competition. We went to different school. They were the swimmers and I was one of the divers. I dove from all three boards: low, medium and the high board. I did the swan dive, jack knife, back jack knife, back and front dive and airplane dive. Logan High won several trophies. I really enjoyed it.

There was a swimming pool north of Logan call "Logana Plunge." Alta, Katherine and I would go there every chance we could. We would walk most of the time (several miles) except when Katherine could get her brother's car, then we could ride. It had hard rubber tires with inner tubes and we would have a flat-tire two or three times a trip. We would jack the car up; pry the tire off; pull out the inner tube; open a "patch can;" scrape the hole to rough it up; put on some glue; put on the patch; put the tube in the tire and pump it up.

We didn't have any money, but Mr. Hill who owned the pool made us a deal. He would let us go swimming for free if we would wash suits and towels, hang them out to dry while we swam and folded them afterwards. We waited at the counter on customers to rent suits and towels also. We would go on Saturdays or Sundays or miss school to go swimming (many times).



## GREAT DEPRESSION 1929

The big "Great Depression" was showing up. There were many bankrupted stores, suicides, divorces, crime and sadness among people.

Dunbar and Hyde Clothing was going under. Times were hard. One day Dad came home and said, "Mother, it's all over. I closed the door and the auditors will be in to get ready for bankruptcy." Mother said, "Don't worry "Pa", you'll find a way-- it will all come out in the end."

Mother used to say that to us "Don't worry-- it will all come out in the end." I kept worrying-- I wondered, what do we do now? How do we pay our bills and our grocery charge account?

I had no idea what was going through Dad's mind. My brothers came to the house; my sisters came. There was much going on. It was a terrible experience for Dad. He was carrying the burden of it all. There were still the three kids at home and a handicapped wife. Marvin worked wherever he could-- mostly in the fields. Emma was a young teenager. Being older I had the house responsibilities and Mother. Emmy helped in every way, and we were still going to school. I couldn't understand what it was all about.

When the problems are heavy in your own world, you don't realize how thousands of people were going through the same thing. I knew very little of what it was all about. The radio and newspapers were screaming it all out, but who had time to listen or read? I knew what I would overhear from Dad and Mother talking or kids in school who gathered in groups here and there. Many were crying and had to leave school and to work. I had to stay home and at school.

Alta was having a bad time at home with a stepmother who wanted the stepchildren to leave. She chased Alta with a knife, so Alta was scared of her and moved in with her brother, Mel and Hazel. She found jobs staying in peoples homes doing housework. She hated to iron clothes. She made a deal with me to do the ironing (mostly white shirts) and to come when the people were gone from the house and when I could make it. Most of the time it would be evenings when the people were to a meeting and supper dishes were done at home. I would tell Dad that I was going to Alta's, but didn't say what for. Alta was paying me what she would earn in the hour or two that it took me to iron. So every now and then I would bring home a dollar. A whole dollar! It took a lot of hours of ironing to earn it. She paid me when she got paid.

Swimming as I was doing developed my breast and I needed a bra and a pretty slip so I was so happy to have a dollar to spend.

One day I heard there was a job opening in a candy store. It sounded wonderful!! School was out for the summer, I knew Dad would raise "Hell" if I got it, but I was desperate!! So I asked the manager for the job. She knew my sister, Irene, and asked about my Mother. She gave me the job. We wore an apron she furnished, so my clothes were not a problem. I felt like a new person. It helped me get over my depression (I thought).

Now my Dad had a "catarrh" condition in his lungs and throat. He would cough a lot. He would buy black hard licorice sticks and they would help him. I worked four hours in the afternoon. Can you imagine how I felt when Dad came in the store to buy the licorice sticks?

I had no idea of what he would do or say. He looked at me and said "What are you doing here?" I said, "I'm working a few hours a day for the summer." He said, "Well, I guess you had better sell me two sticks of licorice," and smiled. I couldn't believe he would let me stay!!

But when I went home, he took me out on the front porch and we sat in the wooden seat and he started to tell me how important I was to him, Mother, Emmy, and the house. He said he would have to hire some one to be at the house, but if I stayed home he would try and give me some money when

he could and let me go swimming. I stayed home.

When the creditors came and took over the store, they told Dad there were hundreds of dollars worth of debts due. They couldn't collect these debts because all those past six years old were past the time limit and were not collectable. They gave those to Dad and told him he might collect them or trade for items because Dad knew these people personally. Dad was bankrupted! The store was closed!!

Dad studied the insurance business and when spring came he was eager to go out to sell insurance or exchange the debts for things we needed. The "Great Depression" was still going on. People had nothing. Once in a while a man was afraid of not having insurance, so Dad was given his cash commission. In exchange for bad debts many were cleared up by exchanging a sack of chicken feed; eggs; a sack of cabbage; part of a beef or pig or pork; several sacks of coal; home canned vegetables or fruit; a sack of flour or sugar; or live chickens. Every one tried to do what they could.

### KITCHEN EXPLOSION

One morning Dad got up and made the fires in Mother's bedroom and in the kitchen. It was winter and one of the coldest mornings that winter. It was on a Sunday, so we weren't too anxious to get up. We didn't go to church those days, so there wasn't anything pressing except ironing and house work. Dad had gone to the chicken coop to get a pan of feed and had come in and covered it with water to warm it for the chickens.

All of a sudden there was an explosion!! The kitchen stove had water pipes thru the fire box that heated the water tank in the bathroom. The water in the pipes was frozen and making a fire just blew up the pipes. Stove lids and the chicken feed went everywhere. The teakettle with boiling water went thru the ceiling and came down right close to Dad's head. The boiling water spelled on Dads arms, but he had a heavy coat on, so didn't get burned. The ash pan was thrown clear across the room right thru Dad's legs! Two top windows were blown out, water from the pipes going here and there. Black soot from the stove filled the room. Then every thing froze!!

Emma, Marvin and I ran down the stairs and opened the kitchen door and there stood Dad--covered with soot and just standing there in shock. Finally, he and Marvin got the lids back on the stove and the water off, and called a plumber and a glass company to put in the windows on Sunday!!

Emma and I stood there and looked at the mess to clean. I took the dish rag and wiped off the table, but the soot just smeared across the frozen water splashed on the table. It took weeks to get things cleaned. Soot was also in the cupboards and drawers. What a mess!!

Dad said he couldn't believe he wasn't hurt with all the pans, lids, teakettle, boiling water and ashes going up and down and across the room.

The stove in Mother's bedroom was burning good and it was warm too. So we all went in there and got warm until the things were repaired and the kitchen warm enough to start work and find something to eat. It was sure a day!! And weeks ahead was a nightmare trying to clean soot!!



## ELEPHANT JUMP

Dad had an Essex Touring car. It was used for special trips. When Clarice<sup>24</sup> was home she would drive. One time the family was going to my sister Lorraine's place in Teton Valley- Felt, Idaho, where she and Hyrum and children (Eddie, Eileen, Hollis and Lynn) lived. Hyrum had a repair garage and worked in a grain elevator. They also had a cream station where farmers brought their cream in for the creamery to pick it up.

We would take 2 cars and go thru Yellow Stone National Park. We slept in tents at campgrounds and Dad and Hyrum would fish.

On the way to Idaho we would drive to Idaho Falls the first day and camp near the Falls for the night. The campgrounds was on the west side of the Falls. There was a big circus tent and a show at the same camp. We couldn't go to the circus, but early the next morning the trainers were walking the elephants around. For some reason, the elephants stampeded, and one followed the other on a half run-half walk and jumped off the edge of the bank into the river. The distance from the edge to the water was a long, long drop. The water was deep and the elephants headed down stream. One of the trainers

---

<sup>24</sup>[The following are excerpts from a letter written to Eiley from her sister Clarice, in 1985 in which she recalls life in the Dunbar household as a youth.]

.. "Clarissy! Clarissy!! Dad would call from the hall below, "Come on down now dearie. The fire is made" I would roll out of the sagging bed without disturbing Eily or Emma at all. We slept together in the winter to keep warm and save laundry. I made my way down to the big kitchen to prepare breakfast for Dad, Mother, Marvin, Eily, Emma and big brother Gene before he finally married. I was sweet sixteen. Irene had married and I was next in line for duty. While things were cooking I went into Mother's bedroom to help her dress. She had suffered a stroke while still quite young, which left her half paralyzed. While all were gathering around the big table I slipped into the tiny bathroom to wash my face and comb my hair before dashing upstairs to don a Diors (Doris') hand-me-down and rayon hose with the run mended on the sewing machine then off to a sparkling day of academics. But before I left, I brought in a scuttle of coal for Mother, stacked the dishes and put the oatmeal kettle to soak. On my return I usually found her bravely attempting to make cookies, removing ashes from the stove in the midst of breakfast dishes, pots and pans. I would build a fire in the dining room and it wasn't hard to convince her to retire while I cleaned up the kitchen and prepared supper for seven. That always entailed a trip to the meat market and grocery store only two blocks away. After supper dishes were done, three times a week there was bread to make and place beside the dining room stove to rise during the night. Then we would have fried scones for breakfast along with home cured bacon and fresh brown eggs. Nothing has ever tasted so good since! I dearly loved to read and I read every book in Dad's bookcase, including his set of Elbert Hubbards classics. We had a player piano and we gathered around and sang Scotch ballads a lot. Saturdays were special, after the usual routine I hauled in the big boiler to heat water on the stove to do the laundry for Dad, Mother, Marvin, Eily, Emma and big brother Gene. I have night mares when I remember those sagging lines of tattle-tale-grey garments, ring around the collar shirts and sundry of every color and size. Sometimes it was so cold they froze stiff before I could get a clothes pin on them so I would sling them over the line and hope they would dry or thaw- or just go away by Sunday. After that, I mopped up the kitchen and bath and then attacked the carpets up stairs and down. I discovered by dipping the broom into a shallow basin of water, it rolled the dust into neat little balls and made dusting unnecessary. Then I made a cake and Jello desert and the never ending trip to the market for Sunday's roast and what-ever. Sundays we always drove to our farm five miles from town where our Uncle Dave grew the most luscious fruits and vegetables anyone could dream of. All summer he loaded our screen porch with berries, peaches, yellow transparents and plums- a beautiful sight for some- but I groaned in despair anticipating the canning ahead. Needless to say many, many jars of fruit and jams grew beards and moustaches before winter came along. Yet life was beautiful in Spring after the snow disappeared, and school was out. I was fairy queen along the little stream that ran behind our barn and there were violets and it felt so good to go barefoot and splash in the pond beyond- and I was growing up. .... Then I was seventeen and big brother Gene persuaded Dad to buy a car- an Essex with red wheels and it cost \$700.00. As soon as I learned where the starter, the gears, the brake and the gas pedal were, I drove the family through Yellowstone Park. Dad never learned to drive but he guarded and guided us fore and aft all the way. He sat with Mother, Eily and Emma in the back while Marvin and a friend of mine (Florence) rode up front. All roads were graveled with no center line of course and I can still hear him say "Steady! Steady! now Beebee! Better slow down. There's a car behind us! Let him pass- pull way over- Maybe you'd better stop!!" My dear Dad. I loved and miss him. In the Park coming down the very steep Dunraven Pass I failed to see the sign that said "Shift Into Low Gear" so I burned out the brakes and we came sailing down the mountain in nothing flat. It took a mechanic two days to reline them. We carried a tent, blankets, utensils and grub in a caged fender. One morning as we were packing, a bear smelled our bacon and wanted some. No one ever climbed aboard faster then we did and the bear kept pace with the Essex for more than a block but we won the race! On our return and last encampment in Idaho Falls an elephant broke lose from a circus and trumpeted through our camp. Mother fell off her camp stool but wasn't hurt because we must have had an angel with us all the way....."



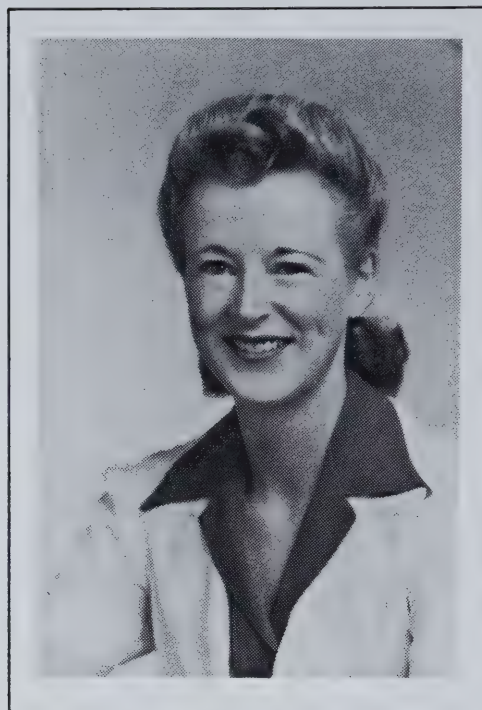
ran down the river to a lower bank where the first elephant was swimming and got on his back and led them down the river to a low bank and up to the circus tents. We watched it all and that was a circus for us. Dad got us packed up and on our way to Felt real fast. (Today there is a big "West Bank Motel" and the old campground and covered with commercial buildings.)

## CARS AND KIDS

When I was 16 years old. Emmy and I decided to go for a car ride. No one had taught me to drive, but I knew "how" by watching. We were just going around the block or so and hoped that Dad wouldn't find out about it. We got to the first corner and there stood the Chief of Police waiting for us to go by. I knew he would tell Dad. We made the drive and got home safe, but that night Dad was reading the paper and he said, "Listen to this."

*"Children and Cars. A sight to cause an apprehensive shudder in the minds of observers. This morning was a big touring car driven by a girl who did not appear to be over twelve years of age, who was accompanied by a younger sister. One could not help, but fear that some unexpected traffic complication might arise bringing about a situation wherein such a child would be helpless and might very easily be injured or even killed; as well as being a source of danger to more mature drivers. There is a law against permitting such young children to drive cars, and in their own interest and that of the public, the practice should cease."*

All of a sudden Emmy and I had dishes to do and we never knew if Dad knew who it was. But I have an idea he read that for a reason!! I still have the news clipping.



Clarice Dunbar

## DATES

It always was an irritation to be called "too little" to do that; "too little" to do this; "short-stuff;" "half-pint" and "little-one." One time I asked Marvin to take me out with him on his dates. He was always trying to find a girl for his friend, but he said, "I was too little." I quit growing at age 12. [ 4 foot 11 inches] I had to stand on the lower drawer to get dishes from the cupboard, and use a stool which I still do, but being 16-17 years old I was self conscience about it and sensitive.

The kids on the street were growing up and I wanted to be the "young lady" instead of the "neighbor kid" and [they] treated me like I was a little tag-along. Just little "Ike" they called me. I was called "Ike" by my family and friends, except Dad and Mother called me "Ilah." Very seldom called "Eiley" (I-lee).

In high school, dates with boys for me were rare. We would go as a group. There were two brothers I liked very much and hoped to go on "dates" with them, but they would call and say, "Ike, a

## *Journal of Eiley Dunbar*

bunch of us are going swimming, or skating, or dancing. Come and go." So I would meet them there. Everyone walked. The dance hall or skating rink was at the "Dansants" a block away from my home.

I dated several boys and once in a while would go to the "Pantages" a "live" show with dancing and singing. The young men didn't have money to go anywhere, so we would sit on the porch and talk. Of course, Emmy was always in and out of the house!

Mother was getting older and tired. She resented us having friends--especially boy friends. If we brought one in the house she would scream, "Get that kid out of here." Alta and Katherine would come to the house, so I would sneak them upstairs to our bedroom and talk there. Sometimes Mother could hear us laugh and she would scream for them to leave.

Uncle Ezra would bring our cousins, Eloise and Virginia, up from Salt Lake. We enjoyed them and Mother was glad to see them. We had fun! Dad had several cows that had to be taken down the street 4-5 blocks away, so we would take them to the pasture. That would take time, so we talked and walked slowly. They lived in Salt Lake near town, so they enjoyed coming and playing in the hay, and playing Marvin's records, if he wasn't home.

## SALT LAKE - GRADUATION

They invited us down to Salt Lake. One time Clarice came home for a week or so. One day I decided while Clarice was home I would go to Salt Lake. I did go, and with no money. I hitched-hiked!! In those days hitch-hiking was common and the cars always had families in them. We had a lot of things to see in Salt Lake. Uncle Ezra took us swimming, to a show, around Temple Square and Capitol Building. This one time I didn't even tell Emma where I was going, and was gone two nights and three days. When I got home the only thing that was said to me was when Clarice said, "Where did you hide-you haven't done dishes or helped with the meals all day." Dad or Mother didn't ask me anything.

I can still remember the feeling I had that "no one cared" where I was or what I did. Perhaps Uncle Ezra could have called Dad to tell him I was there, but I'll never know. I felt so unwanted!!

The graduating high school class of 1931 was my year to graduate. I didn't!! With the low marks because of being home caring for Mother, and playing hooky to go swimming, I didn't have enough credits. So the next fall I started school and took three classes in the mornings and graduated in May 1932 from Logan High School.

## GEORGE & LAMAR

Katherine was going with a nice guy and one day she called and said she and her friend had a "guy" and were looking for a blind date for him, - would I go? Knowing Katherine and her boy friend, I went. We went to a show. George was an older guy, and treated me really nice and I really liked him because he didn't make me feel like a "tag-along." We laughed and sang songs. I dated him twice after that with Katherine and her boy friend there also. Then one late afternoon a lady came to the door and said she wanted to talk to me. We sat on the front porch. She said she was George's wife!! She explained their marriage was unhappy and she went back to her folks with 2 kids- but wanted to go back to him; and would I please not date him anymore? I explained that I did not know he was married. She cried and was so nice and really very pretty. She said she saw us go in to the show.

George called that night and we sat on the porch and I told him she had been there. He said they had problems, but he still loved her, so I told him not to call me. He said he was going to give the marriage another try, and if it didn't work out he would come back. But I never saw him again.



Katherine said they moved to Ogden, and together again.

Eloise came up one time with her boy friend, LaMar. Mother treated them fine. LaMar's dad was with the railroad and LaMar could get free passes. Then one day he came to see me. We sat in the parlor. Mother was having a "screaming time" to "get that kid out of here." Dad came and opened the folding doors and talked to us, and said for us to go out to the porch until he could get Mother to bed, then come back to the parlor.

I felt terrible! But LaMar said Eloise had explained about Mother, and for me not to be sad. He came up several times that summer. When he came, Dad was so nice to him. But we sat on the porch, or went for a walk, sometimes we walked to town for an ice cream cone, and swing on the swings at Woodruff School grounds. We wrote letters also. The following spring I got married. He wrote me a "good-luck letter." Later on he married Eloise and had three daughters, and years later they were divorced. I've never seen him since after I married.

### ALTA AND HAZEL'S WINE

One day Alta called and said Hazel, her sister-in-law, wanted us to help her clean her basement. So Katherine and I went to help. We were working hard and about through, when Alta said "What's this?" Hazel said it was a bottle of wine that's years old that was her Dad's. So we kidded and laughed and thought we knew about everything. So Hazel opened the bottle and poured a small [amount], enough to taste, in pretty long stem glasses. It tasted like vinegar!! but was beautiful to see.

Now we knew Prohibition was on and that every one had to make a dime where or when because of the great depression. The papers were screaming stock market crash! Suicides! Bankrupt! Trouble and more trouble! So people made lots of beer in their bathtubs and bootlegged. Drinking was open (and illegal), but we hadn't had experience with it, and we knew kids who had.

So we decided another taste of the old wine would be harmless. Mel, Alta's brother, was gone for the day and it was in the afternoon and we were "smart." So one taste after another made us "smarter." Hazel found some boxing gloves so Alta and I decided we would box. Well, the next thing we knew Alta was on the floor and "out" like a lantern. It scared us plenty!! Hazel ran for a wet towel and we were crying like six year olds. Finally she came out of it, so that sobered us up some. We put Alta to bed and Katherine and I decided to go home. Each of us had 10 or more blocks to walk. We got home, but for me it wasn't easy. There was "uptown" stores and streets between Hazel's and home. No way was anyone going to see me. I still felt my legs were rubber and the street lights had fuzzy halos. So I walked down the darkest back streets and alleys and ran down the hill for the last block. It was dark and late at night. I can still feel how good it was to get to bed.

### COW PIE

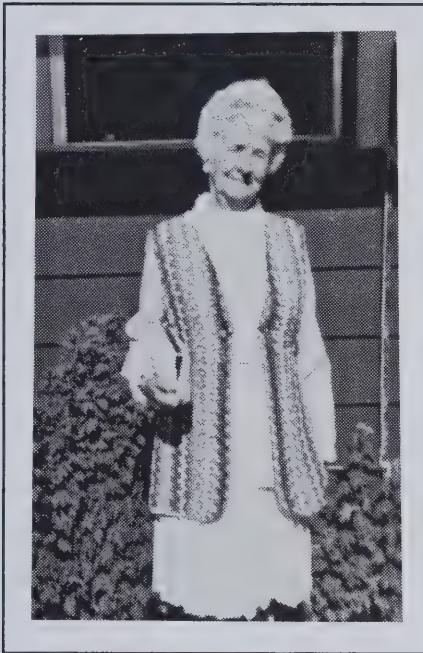
Another time, Katherine and Alta had some friends that were going to a birthday party and invited me. We were going to play games, make fudge and pop corn. We did and had a lot of fun. So when it was about to break up one of the girl's fathers came to pick her up. He had a bottle of home-make brew, so wanted every one to have a drink to celebrate the birthday. Some did and some didn't. I hadn't forgot my experience with wine, and I had 12 blocks to walk home. When we decided to go he said he would take us all home, so we got in his car. He took his daughter home first. I had the farthest to go so I was last.

He was "nipping his brew" all along the way, so was feeling pretty drunk. He stopped at a dark street and said he would be back in a minute. I wasn't worried because he was a friends father and I had three blocks to go. I thought he had gone to the "bathroom." He came back and started "making love" to me. I screamed at him and said I was going to tell his daughter. That didn't stop him. I scratched

his face and got the door opened and ran. He got out and caught me. He was mad! and picked me up and put me in the car and said "You \_ \_ \_ I'll take you home!! All the way he kept saying he thought I was his wife, and would I please not tell his daughter. I was terrified!! I told him I wouldn't if he took me straight home. He did, and when I walked around the car the light was shining on a half-set "cow-pie" so I picked it up and walked to his side of the car and threw the cow-pie smack in the face and ran to the house.

About a week later Alta and I were walking by the school and of course I had told her about it, and there the guy was, walking down the street with his wife and two kids, but the daughter we knew wasn't there. His wife was real short like me, but heavier. Alta said in a loud voice "Does that guy have a scratched face?" and "Isn't that her father?" "Does he smell like a cow?" Well he turned around and saw us and took his wife by the arm and really hurried, so we went in the school building and felt like we had evened the score.

### FARM AND HOME SALE



*Annie Lorraine Dunbar*

Dad's insurance sales weren't doing so good, and he had about ran out of selling and trading bad debts. Doris was sending money home to pay his taxes and some extras.

Uncle David had developed a large cancer lump on his neck, and was at home with us until he finally went to the hospital and died in 1934.

Dad had to sell the farm to the Fish and Game. They raised hay and fed the deer and antelope and one time had a mountain lion in a cage to feed. Dad finally sold the house<sup>25</sup> to the State [Utah]. They paid him and Mother a monthly check until each of them passed away; so that was their only income. It was the only way. None of the family could buy it, and he was proud and wouldn't have taken our money if we offered. He still felt independent!

### LORRAINE CAME HOME

One day Lorraine and Hyrum drove in with their kids, trailer of furniture and all their worldly possessions. They couldn't pay the taxes on their home and garage. His garage business had gone to nothing, so they just packed up and left the whole thing. They couldn't sell it, no one could buy it, so the county took it for taxes. Their home was in Felt, Teton Co, Idaho.

Marvin and Lea [Leah Anne Wood] had moved from upstairs and Lorraine moved in upstairs. Hyrum was having trouble with his eyes, and had to have surgery. Lorraine found a job with the county doing bookkeeping. They had four kids, Eddie, Eileen, Hollis and Lynn. They were worried, tired and had problems. Lorraine had her hands full taking care of her family and work, but she also helped us

---

<sup>25</sup>The house was later owned by Gary Gilman and 8 June 1975 the "Herald Journal" of Logan printed an article in which the Gilmans and the Logan City School District were at loggerheads over the disposition of the property. Eventually the Dunbar family home was condemned, acquired by the school district and torn down.



down stairs with cleaning and caring for Mother. She cooked "extra" food and sent it down for supper. Hyrum helped Dad with the garden and cut the lawn. He opened a small shop on Main Street & 2nd South and was a machinist and repairman. He made delicate "tool parts".

Later on they rented a house and moved. In time they moved to California and later to Jacksonville, Oregon where they stayed. He opened a shop there.

## FAIR

Graduation had come and gone, there was still swimming and roller skating, but I didn't want to skate on the side walks, and to go to the "rink" took money. So the skating was dimming out. Katherine and Alta had less time for swimming, but we still went when we could.

Dad was home more so he helped Mother and she enjoyed him around, even though she was more tired and "cat-napped" a lot. Dad was still selling insurance and collecting old debts, and he spent hours with his chickens--"Plymouth Rock" breed.

Years before Dad talked to business men about opening a "Cache County Fair" and suggested ways to collect funds for it. It really worked so the fair was opened and Dad was made president. He ran his "trotting horses" and had his chickens in the poultry show. He came home with many, many ribbons and trophies. His interest in the fair and chickens lasted many years.

He still took the plymouth rock eggs to Jay Rappleye Hatchery to be hatched out and raised for the fair and for his coop.

## THOUGHT - CHURCH

I began to feel restless and would sit on the front porch and meditate. I went for walks alone and thought about the past and the future. I couldn't think of college. There wasn't a chance to go, and only families with money had kids going to college. Marvin went for awhile and I remember Lorraine told me she went also.. and it seems to me that Gene went. How they managed their time and money, I just don't know.

Church and religion seemed to be far away. One or two kids on our block went to church, but I really didn't give it much thought. Dad never talked of me going, but somehow I knew we were a religious family without church activity. I learned to pray after I went to bed when the house was quiet and Emma was asleep ( we shared a bed), and many times I would fall asleep before I was through praying.

In meditating-- looking back-- I had a feeling my life of thoughts and ideas were different than other members of my family. I felt different. Perhaps because of my being so small, 4 ft 11 in., and 92 pounds, or because of my looks, which was not attractive or my personality which was quiet, secretive and shy. I felt inferior and inadequate.

My Grandmother Hyde [Annie Loraine Farrell Hyde] told me that she wanted me to know and never forget that "I was a child of my Mother's, that I could do and accomplish anything I set my mind to do," then she put her arm around me and kissed me. Even though I was six years old, I have always remembered that. She died in June 1919.

Compliments and kissing in our family was rare. Except if we were hurt or in pain we could go to Mother and she would put her arm around us. I never remembered my Dad kissing me when we were kids, but he would after we were married and came home to visit; but we were the ones who kissed him.

## DIVING TRAINING 1932

In meditating and looking ahead my thoughts were of things I would like to do--like advance swimming and diving. One time when we were at Logana Plunge swimming I had an offer from a lady from the college to take a course in diving. She was an instructor at the Agricultural College, and after talking it over with my Dad she would tell me when and where to start and the cost. I knew Dad wouldn't let me--and in his way he explained that life would have no future in such trying times and no money and no way to earn it. I knew he was right--but I felt disappointed!!

Marriage was not for me; even though I was seeing LaMar Hansen from Salt Lake now and then, but we had never talked about plans for marriage, and I knew he thought a lot of my cousin Eloise, who he later married.

But how could I marry and leave Mother? I felt so responsible, and Emma was still in Jr. High and needed help with the house. She seemed to be happy, had some friends and didn't "tag" behind me as much as she did before.

I still saw Katherine and Alta and I got acquainted with a girl from our neighborhood a block and a half away. She was Melba Roskelly. Her mother was a "hairdresser" and cut my hair and gave me my first permanent. The machine was a large equipment that had electric cords hanging down with clips that fit over rollers on your head. The rollers would heat up and sometimes burn my scalp so Mrs. Roskelly would lift the roller or blow air under it with a syringe. The hair would turn real curly. When it grew out she would "marcel" my hair into waves, so I learned how to "marcel" with a curling iron, and also "finger waves." I was 18 years old.

## FRIENDS

Melba and I saw a lot of each other because we lived so close. She was pretty, always laughing and easy to get along with. She had several boy friends, and several times we would get together and go hiking and took our lunch. One boy friend had a motor cycle and she rode with him. She later married him, George Datwylor. They had 2 sons and a daughter and moved to Salt Lake City, Utah.

Katherine and Alta knew a married couple that lived about 10 blocks east of town. They had 3 children. One day they took me to meet them. They were so nice to me. They smoked cigarettes and Alta and Katherine smoked now and then. For some reason I didn't. One time Coral Johnson, the married gal-- offered Katherine and Alta a cigarette and also me, but when I reached for it, she pulled back and said "If you are going to work for me, you can't smoke or drink." I asked her "What work?" She was looking for a baby sitter and Katherine and Alta told her they would bring one--Me.

Now, these people were "bootleggers" and sold whisky--but it never surprised me because every one knew someone who sold or made beer in bathtubs and bought and sold. It was very common and cash-on-the-line. (1932 Depression)

I talked the "job" over with Dad. He knew Herman Johnson and also his dad. They never had whiskey in the house. They bought it from Wyoming, put it in pint bottles, and hid them all over Cache Valley; under bridges, fields, in canyon, etc. A buyer would phone and they would meet at a certain place for the sale.

The job was only now and then. Dad didn't like it at all, but he knew I was restless and needed something else to do. So with many "warnings" and "beware" he said I could for a few times, and he knew that work was hard to find--it was still "depression."



## FRIENDS LOST AND FOUND

Coral and I became good friends. She was older and she protected me. If some one came for whisky, she would send me and the kids to the kitchen or upstairs. On several occasions a few policeman would come in and look around for liquor, but never found any. Coral would say they were "raiding," but she knew they liked her coffee and that's why they stopped. I didn't see Herman very often, he was on the go most of the time.

Later on, Herman was killed in a car accident-- he went to sleep real late at night. Coral married again, the children were older. I saw her several times after that. She had changed. She missed Herman. Her second husband traveled for the railroad, so she went with him. She died not too many years after her marriage. I found out years later.

Katherine married and moved to Salmon, Idaho. She had one child - a son. I saw her one time in an Idaho Falls restaurant and exchanged Christmas Cards. After my husband, Jay, died, she wrote a letter to me. She wasn't too happy with her marriage. A few years later she passed away.

I lost track of Alta. She married and moved. I heard she had gone to Alaska in the war works and passed away there.

I lost track of Melba for a few years, then I contacted her in Salt Lake one time when I visited Emmy and kept in touch when I came again.

Years later I moved to West Jordan. I read in the paper about Alta's sister passing away, and it said she had a sister Alta McCleery in Sandy Utah (5 miles away). So I called her home and it was my friend Alta. She had divorced her husband and went to Alaska and worked at a military base, came back and married Jean McCleery. They had one son, Gary. She was in her 30's and Jean was in his 40's. He had never been married.

Since then, Alta and Jean; Melba and George; Dwight and I get together for dinner and we phone each other. It was 35 years that I had lost contact of Alta. We had lunch together and brought each other up to date.

## BABY SITTING - CORAL

Baby sitting for Coral was easy. The children were good and one wore diapers. I helped with some housework, dishes, cleaning and meals. There was no set hourly wage. She would give me a dollar, if it was for 2 hours or 5 hours, and maybe twice a week, but a dollar then meant a personal item that was impossible to get otherwise.

Coral would always bring me home and sometimes come to pick me up, but other times I would walk the 4 or 5 miles, and would take a couple of hours or more. She would phone the night before. Walking was the only way to go for most young people. There were horses and cars, but cars were used for families and business. Coral lived at the foot of Logan Canyon.

Dad was "retired" and Emma was in high school, so Mother had someone home. Marvin was home at times when he wasn't with horses and following rodeos, which was his way of life. So I had more freedom and was grateful for the baby sitting. It also resulted in a big change in my life.

## JAY RAPPLEYE

It was November 11, 1932, I was 20 years old on the 4th of November. I was to baby sit for Coral and Herman most of the day and that evening. They came and went several times during the day. At one time she said the Jay Rappleye would come and I was to ask him to wait until they returned. Jay came and sat in the kitchen and watched me feed and get the kids ready for bed and asked me a lot of questions. He said he remembered meeting me. I remembered too. Jay had a chicken hatchery. He hatched out eggs for "Utah Agricultural College" in Logan, now Utah State College. My Dad had special eggs and took them to "Rappleye Hatchery" to be hatched out and raised for the fair.

One day I drove Dad to the hatchery with the eggs. Jay met us at the car, and when Dad introduced us he said, "So you are the Scotchman's daughter." Jay called Dad "The Scotchman."

Jay was 6 ft. tall, medium blond, slim and blue eyes. He had grain dust all over him and his long eyelashes were covered. He was so handsome—dust and all. (And to this day I can see his face and smile.)

At Corals I told Jay where I had met him and he said, "That's right." He said he thought Dad was a great man and thought a lot of him.

Coral came home and sold Jay a pint of whisky. She said she would take me home as soon as Herman came home to be with the kids. Jay said "I'll give her a ride- I go right past her house." I told Coral I didn't think I should, but she said, "He's okay, we know him." I had a choice of waiting for Herman (which may be 2 or more hours) or go with Jay or walk home. So I went with Jay, but he didn't take me straight home!!

A block from home there was a dance hall called "Daunsaunt" and being November 11th, 1932 Armistice Day, there was a lot of lights and music and horses tied to the hitching post and some automobiles. We drove past and could see and hear the music. Jay turned around and said, "Let's go in"— Well, after baby sitting and no special hair curled and not a dancing dress on—I knew I wasn't going to any dance!! But he insisted.. said I looked "great." So I went to the dance thinking I would slip out and go home- a block away.

The place was packed with people, so I felt a little more at ease thinking no one would notice me. I went to the "rest room" to see if I could help my hair and face. When I came out Jay wasn't there. I sat on the bench with a lot of people and watched the "latest dance" of the "Charleston," "Fox Trot," and "Waltz."

I finally saw Jay dancing with someone. It was getting late, so I decided to slip out and go home. I knew no one and going to the dances had been limited, even tho it was fun to watch.

I got nearly to the front entrance when Jay grabbed my arm and said he had been looking for me. I told him I knew he had because I saw him dancing and also I was going home and he could stay. He insisted we dance once and he would take me home. I really wanted to try the dance steps, so we danced not once but several. The steps were fun and he was a good dancer.

He took me home and I thought he would go back, but he walked me to the porch and sat on the chairs and he told me a lot about himself.

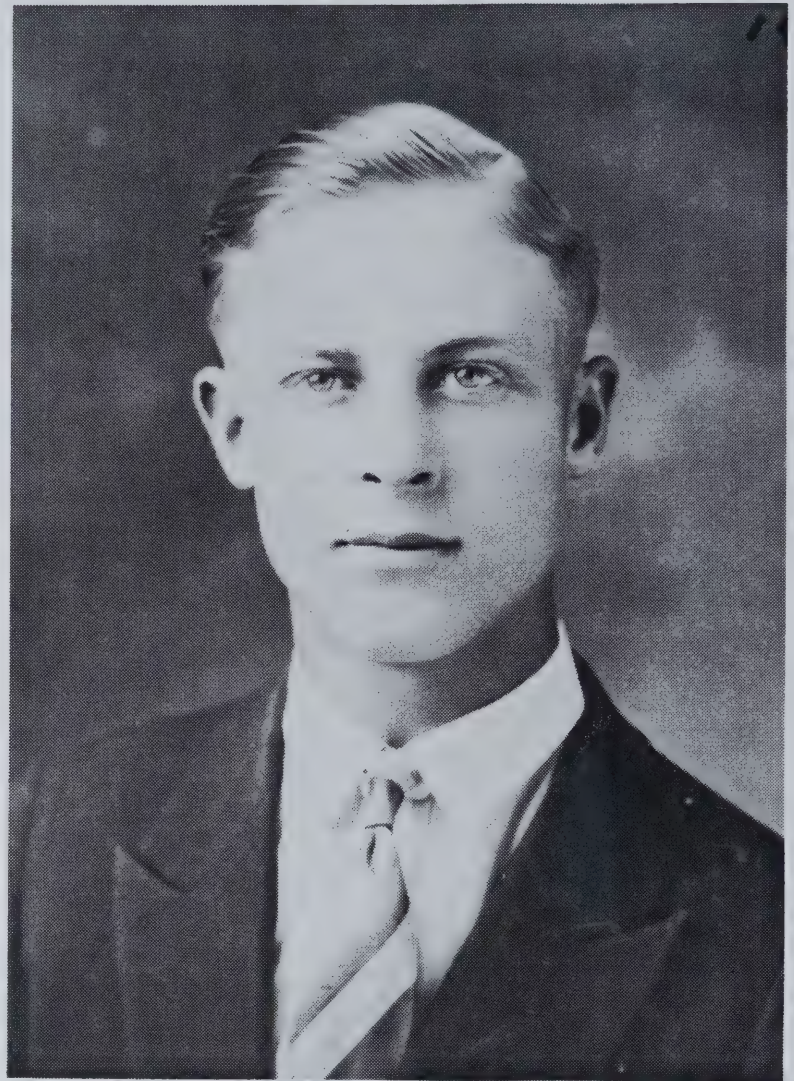
He was born March 25, 1906 in Marysvale, Utah. His father, Ezra Tunis Rappleye II and his mother, Elizabeth Jolley were divorced. His Mother took the children: Vermont, Verda, Jay, (whose birth name was Voyd Jolley) and Gladys and moved to Idaho in the town of Shelley. She later married Charles Wadsworth who also had several children and lived on a farm. His mother had been trained as an obstetrician in Salt Lake City and opened her home in Shelley as a midwife and delivered babies. (She delivered 2000)



When Jay was 14 he joined the Army saying he was 18 years old. (On his honorable discharge certificate dated 12 November 1921 his age was 18 3/4 years, was 5 ft. and 7 1/2 inches, had served the required one year in U.S. Army in Hawaii Islands).

After the army, he and a friend stayed in Salt Lake and opened a hamburger stand in downtown Salt Lake; drove a taxi and went to night school in plastering. He later went to Idaho and herded sheep and sent money to his Mother who bought baby chicks to raise. When they had enough money and chickens to be divided, he took his share and came to Logan, Utah and set up a hatchery, going in debt for the breeding stock and equipment and leasing the home and buildings.

He married (11 June 1929) Emma Bailey from Logan and had two daughters: Betty Jean and Helen Renee. He divorced her and the second daughter was born after the divorce. The depression was going on and he was trying to save the hatchery. He said he had a friend, Bill Hemming who helped him, and that he would go to Coral's and Herman's and buy a pint of whiskey and on Saturdays he and Bill would have a drink and listen to the radio.



*V. Jay Rapple*

He hadn't opened the pint he had bought from Coral. It stayed under the seat in the car. When he left he kissed me on the cheek and said the next time Dad came with eggs for me to come too and he would show me around the hatchery.

The next day I told Dad about the dance and conversation. He said it was all true and he knew Jay when he opened the hatchery and had talked about the marriage and divorce in June 1932. He said Jay was a fine young man who was trying to do the right thing, but had back-sets because of depression times and people losing their stores were all caught in it, including Dad.



## JAY AND STOVE CLEANING

The next time I saw Jay was on a Saturday morning. I was cleaning the soot and ashes from the stoves. The soot would gather below the lids on the stove, and above the oven. We pushed the soot to the side of the outside of the oven, to the bottom and thru a small door in the lower front of the stove. It is impossible to do this without getting soot on your arms and on your face. So while I was doing this the kitchen door opened and in came Dad with Jay!! I about died! I had a bandanna on my hair, my apron had soot and ashes and on my arms and face. He said he was driving by and offered to pick up the eggs from Dad and save him a trip.



*Eiley Dunbar Rappleye*

He offered to take the ashes out to the garden and came back and sat and talked to Dad and Mother for a long time. I finished the job, went to the bathroom, cleaned my face and hands and combed my hair and took off the apron. I came out just in time for him to say he was going. He said to Dad "Bring your daughter down the next time you bring eggs and I'll show her around the chicks!"...and he left. I was really surprised when my Mother said "Come back and see us." She said she liked him. In fact, later on he made such a fuss over her that she adored him.

Several times he would pop in to "see your Dad" and I would be doing some kind of house work and I would never be cleaned up. I really liked him and hoped he would stop by.

Then one morning he stopped and ask if I would go to the show with him that night, so I took all afternoon to get my hair done and my face powdered and my good dress washed and ironed. He came early and said he wanted to take me to see the hatchery before the show. He talked and laughed with my Mother while I got ready.



## THE HATCHERY

The hatchery was a big place with a large two story house they lived in, and the incubator house had many shelves with eggs in some and baby chicks in the others shelves. The feed pen had stacks of feed in sacks and a mixing box they mixed assorted feed and stirred with a hoe. The chicken coops were long sheds and perhaps six separate coops. One was for his special breeding roosters he sent for from California. There were seven dogs tied to separate places along the coops. Two dogs were German Shepherds. The male "King Kong" and the female "Lady" were beautiful. "King Kong" was mean and had extra strong chain, but "Lady" was gentle and ran free in the yards, but stayed near the house.

## BILL HEMMING

I met Bill Hemming. He had come from England to America and traveled as a "Bum" or a "Tramp." The roads and railroads were heavy with "Bums" or "Tramps" looking for work and food.

Bill came up the railroad track and stopped at Mother Wadsworth's<sup>26</sup> home and asked if he could chop wood for a sandwich. She needed the wood cut and he worked steady and didn't stop until she came with food. They hired him and he worked there, Shelley, Idaho and at Jay's sisters's [Verda Rappleye Hoff] place and became like one of the family. He came to Logan with Jay and helped with the hatchery until Jay lost the place. He then went back to Shelley and worked there until the war broke out in December, 1941. Then he joined the Royal Canadian Army in Canada; then when his father died in England he went back to England to care for his mother until she died at age (about) 96 years. He never married and was very secret about his past. He hinted a time or two about trouble with his father and also about wrestling experiences. He also called me the "Scotchman's Daughter" and he and Jay finally started calling me "Scottie."

Jay and I wrote to him often as we could and after Jay had passed away every Christmas he would write to me and after I had married Donald<sup>27</sup> and Dwight<sup>28</sup> the Christmas letters would be exchanged.

In the spring of 1975 he came to America again, and was shocked to see the change in America. He traveled the same route he had traveled the first time. He came to our home in West Jordan [Utah] and compared it with the hatchery house in Logan and with his house in England. He said we were "wealthy" and "rich" to live in such a lovely home and have a special job as school teaching. [Dwight Loosli was a teacher] He said, in England, he worked in a clothes factory and rode a bicycle to work. His home was 2 rooms; a kitchen with stove, cupboard, table and chairs; a front room that had chairs, table, couch, a closet, a trunk, dresser, a radio and a wall bed that pulled down for sleeping. Out doors he had a garden, and an "out-house" toilet, and a well to draw water for the house and a ditch with water for the garden.

We [Dwight and Eiley] tried to get him to stay and we would take him to Logan, but he wanted to go on and to Canada and hunt up friends there. He wrote us a letter after he arrived in England and said he found the friends in Canada, but things were changed there too. It saddened him.

When Christmas came the letter from England came, but not from Bill. It was from his sister who wrote to say Bill had died in October 1975 from a heart attack while working in his garden!!!

---

<sup>26</sup>Elizabeth Jolley (Maiden name). Joseph Alma Ott 1st husband. Ezra Tunis Rappleye 2nd husband. Charles Warren Wadsworth 3rd husband.

<sup>27</sup>Donald Steward Newell, Eiley's 3rd husband

<sup>28</sup>Dwight Wilson Loosli, Eiley's 4th husband

I wanted to write in this Journal about Bill because he did many things to help Jay and I with our problems in the Great Depression. He was a good, honest, reliable friend and even when my daughter and son, Scottie and Bryce came and we all lived in Shelley [Idaho] he would go to town and bring back the penny-candy to them. I remember the little "guess-what" candy. It was a paper wrapped candy and a different kind of candy in each one. It might be a "jaw-breaker," a "pink centered chocolate" or a "tiny toy." My kids were delighted!! He loved dogs and would tell them stories about dogs and would laugh at their cute remarks.

## JAY AND EILEY

Now- to go back to the courting days of Jay and I. Our dates were spent in my kitchen or for a short drive. I remembered going to a dance at the "Daunsante" at Christmas or New Years and also the theater had live shows called "Pantages" that were musical with "show girls" dancing and plays. We didn't go often. It cost money and money was scarce. Gas for cars was expensive and there was talk of "rationing gas."

We went to the hatchery and I helped with the baby chicks; feeding them and turning eggs. Jay and Bill were kept busy so we did a lot of talking on the phone. I was out of school and there was always many things to do around the house. I still baby sat at Corals and Jay would come to drive me home if Coral or Herman couldn't bring me back. Some evenings were spent sitting on the porch talking to Dad

We never went "out for dinner," Jay didn't have money for meals out and I didn't have any either. Neither of us had "nice" clothes. He didn't have a suit of clothes, mostly work clothes and jacket. My clothes were not the "best-in -style." Most of them were "hand-downs" from Claire. I would have to hem them or undo the seams and make it over, perhaps add some lace or cut off the longer dress and make a scarf. I had very few and had no choice, but to wear them. I also had 3 wool dresses for winter.

I took sewing in school and made me a pink and white gingham dress. I was so proud of that dress. I wore it for special times. Coral also gave me a dress. It had white circles around the waist and I had my picture taken in it, and I had a hat I wore with it. It had a white edge on the collar and around the bottom of the skirt.

When Emma and I were little, my sister sent home some material--pink and blue silk--and Mrs. Baird, our neighbor, made us dresses, but they were made different than what the school kids wore, but we wore them anyway.

## WEDDING MARCH 17, 1933

It was coming spring 1933 and Jay said he was going to be busy with spring baby chicks to hatch-out. He said he couldn't stop by very much, but if we got married I could help him and after the "chick-rush" we could go to Idaho to meet his family.

I told him I couldn't marry any one. How could I leave Mother and Dad? How could I leave Emmy to carry the whole load. She was four years younger and in school. I always did the washing while Emmy did other work, so I didn't think she knew how to wash.

Jay called on the phone often and each time asked, "When do you want to get married?" I finally had a talk with Dad and he said, "Do you love Jay?" and I did. He said the other kids left home and married and why not me? He said Emmy would do fine and he could have someone come in and help - if necessary and quoted me a biblical verse: "Leave thy mother and father and cleave unto one."



A few days before Friday March 17, 1933, St. Patrick's Day, we decided that date to be married. It would be simple- we could not plan on a big "event." Most couples just went and got married by the "Justice of the Peace" except prominent socialites and the wealthy.

I told Dad and he said, "That's fine - Jays a good boy." I told him Coral was going to help me. Jay wanted Dad to be there, but Dad said he had business with some deal with horses.

So Jay and I drove to Corals and she let me wear a nice dress that she had made over from her own. She gave me a blue garter and handkerchief and fixed my hair. Coral went with us and we stopped at Dad's to see if he got back- which he hadn't. We went to Bishop James W. Lindford in Jay's Ward (and a friend) and got married in his home. Coral and Mrs. Lindford were witness.

We went to the hatchery where Herman and Bill were fixing chickens for a big dinner. Some friends of Jays came and brought us a gift of linen. Jay had ordered sheets, pillow cases, and blankets and cooking things from the "Jewel-Tea Man." Herman brought drinks of liquor. So we had a drink (which I didn't like) and a big chicken dinner and danced to the radio on the kitchen floor. Cake and coffee later.

Jay had fixed a bedroom for us in the house. He and Bill had beds in the incubator room, in where the chicks were; and had slept there to get up several times to help the chicks during night and day.

Now this "Honeymoon Suite" was really special. There were two portable clothes closets in a corner. Several boxes of clothes-including mine- and a "bed." Jay had opened feed and seed bags down the side and across the bottom, to open wide. He had four piles stacked together and three feet high; and a blanket spread over them. We made the bed with the "Jewel Tea" sheets, blankets, pillows and cases. It had been quite a day for us. Our Wedding!!

When Jay and Emma Bailey got a divorce a year before, she had moved in with her parents in the same area (West Field- west of Logan and a mile or so from the hatchery) She took with her all the furniture, linen, dishes and everything. She left a table and two chairs in the kitchen. Also 2 plates, 2 knives, 2 forks and 2 spoons, one frying pan and one kettle. Jay was not home when she took them. So they had "cots" in the incubator room and ate in the house.

So a new life for me was started again! Full of experiences that I never dreamed could happen. We were very much in love and kept telling each other it would be better when the Great Depression ended.

We were a few miles from Dad and I would go up to help Emmy- but I soon learned how capable she was and "knew-how" to do things I didn't think she knew. Emmy worked in the telephone office after she graduated from high school and stayed home until she married at age 24 or 25 yrs. old. Dad was home all the time and didn't sell insurance any more.

The hatchery was going broke like so many places of business. Jay, Bill and I worked hard long hours. Eggs were selling for ten cents a dozen; feed was \$3.00 a hundred. The college cut way back on ordering chicks. It was impossible to meet the lease payment on the place and we couldn't keep the repairs up. Bill refused money except for tobacco and necessary clothes. Emma Bailey was demanding child support. Jay was very worried and started drinking whiskey more than a Saturday night drink with Bill and radio and sports.

To help with child support, which was \$25.00 for each girl, Jay took chickens and baby chicks to the Bailey's for Emma. What money we had went mostly for chicken feed and our food. We lived on eggs and chickens and home made bread and coffee. If we could buy vegetables we would. Once in a while Dad came with milk and vegetables from his cow and his garden. We were so grateful!

Jay always felt guilty about not paying child support, but it was impossible. Emma Bailey was working and lived with her parents, so she had food and shelter and so many people lived as good as they could and the lucky ones were the ones with a job and monthly income. As the years went by and things were easier, Jay would send money for clothes for the girls in September when school opened and

for Christmas. He had visiting rights, so he would bring Betty Jean to the house for a day; and when they were in school we went at recess time to see them whenever we were in Logan. So thru the years he kept in touch with them. In 1939 he got a Christmas Card from Betty and Renee and in 1940 he got a Christmas card and a letter thanking him for the money. In 1948 he received an announcement for Betty graduating from High School. That was all the letters (except one more).

Years later when Jay had his first heart attack he wrote them each a long letter. He had one answer saying she hoped he was better. At the funeral later, there was no card or flowers and the girls didn't come--nothing!

Years later after our son Bryce grew up he stopped in Logan and got in contact with Betty<sup>29</sup> and Renee<sup>30</sup>. He visited with one (I can't remember which) and the other was not home. They were married and had children and Betty was divorced. They were educated and specialized in music.

I have never seen them since they were young teenagers and Jay took them to a show and a dinner and stopped by the house enroute home. Because of Emma's resentment I didn't go with Jay when he saw them, except at school recess I went.

### BOOTLEGGING

Conditions at the "Rappleye Hatchery" became worse. We simply didn't know what or how to go about keeping the hatchery including the house. I would say a quiet prayer at night after I got in bed. Jay and I never talked of prayers or church. I didn't go to church since age 12 and Jay went to church with his mother until an early age. (Maybe 10 or 12 yrs.) If Jay prayed- I don't know. Church was not part of our lives. Sunday was a day for hard work like every other day. There was no time. No clothes. No desire and we were in the same ward as the "Baileys." Hope for better conditions was almost gone!

Then the day came when two men came to the house. They talked to Jay and Bill out in the coops. He told me later that they wanted to buy chickens. Jay and Bill were quietly thinking for several days. Then Jay told me they didn't want to buy chickens- they wanted to set up a "whisky still" and bootleg hard liquor. So they did!

The house had three rooms upstairs that we never used. So the barrels of grain-sugar "mash" was ready for fermentation. Then they had the copper tubing and the fire -box. They used malt and yeast added to grain (chicken wheat) and was changing the starch to sugar and to ferment. The "mash" was heated in a boiler to be distilled thru the tubes into a holding tank of high proof whisky.

In 1917 there was an "amendment" prohibiting the making and selling spirits of any kind except for medicinal purpose. In 1933 that "amendment" was repealed, but some of the states prohibited it and Utah was one of them. So it was against the law--illegal!! We knew and heard of people making beer in bathtubs and washtubs, and of "stills" going on in hidden places. The sale was for cash only - no credit! It was a way a lot of people had of making extra dollars. There was no work. Depression was still going. Stores closing and food lines were scheduled for certain days for meat, cheese, bread, canned milk and vegetables.

So-- we made whiskey. We sold whiskey thru these two men that paid cash for each pint and they helped set up the "still" and helped making it. The hatchery was a good "cover."

We cried when Jay brought home several large paper sacks of groceries. There were items like

---

<sup>29</sup>Betty Jean Rappleye born 11 July 1930. Married Dick Hoagland Beecher 1 Feb 1950.

<sup>30</sup>Helen Renee Rappleye born 25 Aug 1932. Married Robert Wilson LaBeau 27 Dec 1951



oranges that we could not buy. Then one day he brought home three dresses for me! The first "store-bought" dress I ever had! They were "gingham house dresses."

Some of the flour and feed sacks were made of heavy cotton material with flowers, designs and plain colors. I made aprons, table cloths, pillow cases and dishtowels and made them "by hand"; and many other items, but the pretty dresses were so special!! Three of them!!

The chickens were heavy egg producing and sold. Feed was still high, and with money coming in from bootlegging we were beginning to think we may could keep the hatchery--hope!!

## PREGNANCY #1

In July I discovered I was pregnant! We were really happy (I was), but we were anxious about a baby born in these times and conditions. We kept saying that March (the due date - but she was born a month later in April) would find us through with whiskey making and going on with the hatchery.

## FIRE

Then one late afternoon a boy came running down our lane yelling "your house is on fire!" We were eating dinner. We didn't have a telephone and told the boy to run down the next block to a phone. We knew that if the fire department found this "still", which started the fire, we were in police trouble. The fire trucks never came!! Jay and Bill carried buckets of water up stairs. I filled the buckets from the water hose on the porch. It seemed like hours before they came down and said "It's out."

Bill carried most of the water and Jay was putting it out. Jay was burned terribly. The hair on his head, face and arms were burned off. His face was black also his arms. His clothes were scorched and torn. He came down the stairs, fell on the floor completely exhausted. He didn't want to go to a doctor and explain what happened.

We had heard that cat-tails grown in the wet areas along the road and mixed with pure lard was good for bad burns. We had lard in the house and Bill went along the road and found the cat-tails. We put on the mixture after making "cotton" from the cat-tails and mixed with lard. It was cooling and soon took a lot of pain out. It healed and never left a scar!! Jay had quite a time giving excuses about his face. He always wore his hat to cover his head.

After it was all over - the mess cleaned up, we sat around thinking what do we do now? We did tell my Dad and he said, "The Lord was sure looking over you".

Then Jay said "No more bootlegging." His Mother wrote and said she could use him on the farm and would deliver my baby. I didn't have a doctor.

So we sold all the chickens we could. I canned a lot of chicken. We turned the feed and some chickens to the granary to clear our feed bill. We sold the dogs which Bill hated because he loved them. We gave the chicks and some hens and special rooster to Emma Bailey for child support. We sent the incubator back to the factory and the house, coops acreage went back to the owner and we left -- Jay, Bill and I -- with \$50.00 cash, our belongings and our car. And if I remember right, it was about a 1927 model. A coup with a rumble seat in back. We left the table, chairs, sack-bed and dishes, pans and we looked back and shed a tear and left for Idaho-- to Shelley. We had been married six months.

Mother [Elizabeth Jolley] and Charlie Wadsworth had a farm. Jay's sister Vermont and Vern<sup>31</sup>

---

<sup>31</sup>Vermont Rappleye married Vern Wadsworth, son of Charles Warren Wadsworth. (Vermont and Vern were step brother & sister)

had a farm a few miles south and Jay's sister, Verda and Alvin Hoff,<sup>32</sup> had a farm in Firth, still further south. We stayed with Mother W. and Jay worked on all three farms. Bill also. Then the fall work was over - and no work anywhere. Farmers worked on their equipment, fed horses, cows and chickens, but they couldn't afford hired help.

What do we do? Where to go? Nothing, no where!!

### "JAY'S PLACE" RESTAURANT

Then one day the two men from Logan called Jay and they had big plans - a new deal. (I'm trying to remember their names - I think they were Henry Peterson and Jack Jenson.) So back to Logan, Utah.

The deal was more bootlegging! But not to make it - but to buy it in Kemmer Wyoming in fifty gallon barrels and sell it in pint bottles.

Jay was doing more drinking. He was very discouraged and depressed. He was impatient and I had to be careful of a lot of questions. We loved each other very much. We were caught in the trap of depression - the Great Depression 1933 and didn't have knowledge, experience and money to handle it - so we went with the waves -.

In Logan, the deal was to rent a house as a "front" or a "cover" to meet buyers for cash sales. We rented a house with a front room and two bedrooms in front; a kitchen and two bedrooms in back of the kitchen. We used the back bedrooms for us and the front 3 rooms for a Chinese restaurant and named it "Jay's Place."

Jay made rustic-raw-wood and varnished tables, benches and chairs with criss-cross supports. There were many compliments on them. We hired a Chinese cook, two men and a boy to help wait tables and do dishes. The money for everything was paid by Henry and Jack. I helped with everything. Waiting tables, dishes and basic cleaning of tables, floors, even tho I was getting heavy with the baby (Scottie).

We even set up entertainment for Saturday nights and holidays. It was winter and Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years were big nights. The entertainment was music. We dressed like Chinese. The two men played guitars. I played a ukelele and the boy was an acrobat.

Deep down it wasn't what Jay and I wanted and we knew it was all wrong. We had a lot of fun tho- and happy times. People were so pleasant and complimentary to us. It was new - different and the food was really "special Chinese" We called him (the cook) Kim. I never knew his other name. Our prices were high. The people were bankers, businessman and from Agriculture College who knew Jay in the hatchery. We made money! It was located on 5th North and Main Street and a good location (It is now replaced by new buildings).

Jay built a double wall between the pantry and a back room, and put shelves on the pantry side that could be removed and a door opened and a 50 gallon whisky drum would be stored between the walls.

To siphon the whiskey- a hole was made in the wall of the room and a tube anchored to the drum and to the hole. A rubber hose could siphon out what was needed and a pan-cake turner hung over the wall hole. The whiskey was then taken away from the house- after dark- and poured into pints and buyers would pay cash along with their dinner bill and a place of meeting for the pick-up was made.

There were many people who came to eat dinner and knew nothing about the liquor. The

---

<sup>32</sup>Verda Maud Rappleye married Alvin Hoff.





*V. Jay Rappleye, center front  
Eiley Dunbar Rappleye, right front*

whiskey buyers had "reserved" tables in the "reserved room." We were amazed at who the whiskey buyers were in Logan, but said nothing.

The filled pints, quart, etc., were hidden in fields of weeds, ditch banks, under bridges, back of buildings, etc. One time a 20 gal keg was hidden in a field of stubble. The farmers came to burn off the stubble when Jay drove up to pick up the keg. The fire was very close to the keg and it could explode. Jay calmly walked in and picked it up and put it in his car and the men yelled at him as he drove away.

We kept "Patsy" a bulldog and her puppies in the back room, so we knew if anyone came in that way. We had the police come on "raids," but some one in the police department always called and told us they were coming. If there was any in a glass in the kitchen or in the house, it would be flushed in the toilet. Jay also took the leg off of the kitchen sink, bored a hole and would hide small amounts under the floor. The leg would cover the hole and hung loose.

Dad knew what we were doing and would come to see us and take dinner home to Mother and himself. He didn't say much, but treated us kindly.

I would worry about it all and get moody knowing sometime it would end. Jay was doing some drinking and worried too. One day I was so worried about us and the baby and told Jay we had to get away from it. I still hadn't seen a doctor, but Mother Wadsworth had checked me in Idaho and guessed

## *Journal of Eiley Dunbar*

everything was okay. Because of the tension and his drinking and feeling tired, we were having quarrels. So this one day I called him a name and he slapped me. I had a black eye. Later he felt sorry about it and promised no more slaps. Dad happened to come the next day and saw my eye. I told him I ran into door. He said "I love you both. Jay is a good boy and trying to do the right thing in the wrong way because of the Great Depression- but when and if you cannot take anymore you come home and come in the front door and not in the back with your head down." That was the only thing he ever said about it all. He always treated us right.

## JAIL

Bill came from Idaho. Said he came to earn "tobacco money." Jay told him the risks- but he stayed. Henry and Jack had been bringing in the liquor from Kemmer, Wyoming, but now Jay and Bill would bring it in. We had a 2-seated car and they laid the kegs on the floor and on the seats and covered with blankets and always at night trips. They made several trips safely and took back roads when they could. It was winter- in January.

One night they were coming home and had to come on the highway because of a storm and snow. A convict from Utah State Prison had escaped and the police were stopping all traffic and searched all cars. So Jay and Bill were stopped and the liquor discovered. They took Jay and Bill to jail- also the liquor which we never saw again.

A trial was held. Jay said Bill was just a hitch hiker he had just picked up- and knew nothing about him. So Bill was given thirty days in jail. Jay was sent to Salt Lake Penitentiary. Utah was getting tough for bootleggers. The Federal Government was setting up a new law for offenders. Jay was one of the first to get caught and would be sent to Federal Prison in McNeil Island in Washington. We were shocked and stunned to say the least!!

Here we are again- what do we do- Where do I go with my unborn baby. How do we handle this? It was in all the papers. It is surprising that I didn't lose my baby.

I stayed at the restaurant until Dad said I should come home. Jay wrote and said to give everything to Henry and Jack and that they had been to Salt Lake to see him. So I went home. Jay wrote and told me that letters were coming to the prison warden from many prominent people in Logan. Dad wrote several. They must have come from our best liquor customers and friends that knew him in the hatchery. We never knew except that Dad said he wrote too.

The court decided to give him 30 days- but he could serve the sentence after our baby was born and they would set the time. They let him come home. He called his Mother and she told us to come to Shelley for our baby to be born there under her care. Bill was still serving his 30 days, so again we went to Idaho.

It was getting close to the birth date of March 25- and Jay's birthday. Jay helped repairing machinery- milked cows and getting spuds ready for spring planting. Manure was being spread on the fields that weren't too muddy or snowy.

I helped in the house. Mother had the chickens to care for and she helped in the barns. I did a lot of the cooking and washing. She sold eggs to the store in exchange for groceries. So I helped with the egg candling.

The baby didn't come in March so I helped in the cellar cutting spuds for planting. So on April 24, 1934 our darling pink and white baby daughter was born after 24 hours of pain. Mother had delivered so many babies, but she was worried that I would need a doctor from Shelley to come with forceps to take the baby; but a few more pushes down and Mother helping- she was born.

We named her Scottie Aloa. Jay had nicknamed me "Scottie" and he wanted "Aloa" with many



memories of when he was in Hawaii in the army. So we put them together. On the birth certificate Mother had signed it "Scottie Aloha." She was a doll! A sweet round face and Mother said she was the prettiest baby she had ever delivered!

We had to notify that Utah State Prison that the baby was born. They answered with a date to start his 30 days in three weeks! So we left the car in Idaho and took the bus to Logan when Scottie was three weeks old.

## UNCLE DAVE'S SHANTY

Dad had a farm in North Logan on the east foot hills. His brother Dave lived there for years taking care of the place and raising cows, sheep and horses. He lived in a one room shanty that always smelled of sage brush because he kept it on the roof. When we were kids we would always like to go into the shanty, because he had hard dried baking powder biscuits that was so good to eat. He was deaf so he taught us a sign language [in which] we could spell out words (Not the same signs they use today).

Uncle David (we called him Dave) had passed away in Jan 1934 so no one was at the farm. There was a two-story house by the canal and tall trees. There were shutters, but no windows. In the summer Dad would take Mother and our family for a day or for overnight. There was a coal\wood "Monarch" kitchen stove, a bed, mattress and quilts (hand made coverall type) and a table and chairs in the main two-room floor; also a pantry. Upstairs there was a bed and mattress also. Dishes, pans, wash tubs, boiler and some towels were in a cupboard.

Dad told us that we could stay on the farm for awhile. ( I can't remember now for sure, but I think he was trying to sell it at that time and I know it was sold to the Fish and Game Dept. to raise hay for winter feeding the deer and elk)

Anyway, Jay moved me there on the farm. Jay asked Bill to go to help me. We also took my Mother. She was in a wheel chair, but she was delighted to go because she loved the farm. So we bought supplies with some of the money his folks paid for helping with chores and what we had from bootlegging, which was not much. We had kerosine for the lamps and Bill always had a stack of wood in the wood box by the stove and a pile by the back door.

Bill would walk to a neighbor- a mile away and bring home fresh milk. We found dandelion greens and remnants of last years carrots and parsnips in the garden David had planted.

Uncle David's shanty was still there and Bill slept there in his bedroll; but he ate at the house- sometimes he would eat outdoors.

It was in May and it was really nice and quiet. The birds sang all day, and I would sit and watch the bees work. Mother slept good and took a nap. She was happy there and would hold the baby with her arm and talk and kiss her. She called the house "Summer-place."

My sister and family came up for a day and Lorraine would help me wash clothes. I was still weak from the baby because I was kept in bed for 2 & 1/2 weeks- and lost a lot of strength. New mothers always stayed in bed ten days to 3 weeks after giving birth to a baby at that time.

On wash day we (Lorraine and I) took the wash tub by the canal and scrubbed clothes on the wash board and would take each article and hold it while it rinsed in the canal. (Scottie A. never had diaper-rash). I was nursing the baby, but my milk turned to water so Lorraine helped me with a formula of canned milk and light Karo syrup.

Every day when the sun was shining, Mother, the baby and I would sit outdoors- in the sun and shade. I was really tired so I tried to rest as much as I could and also slept when Mother and the baby slept.

Several times Bill would walk to town 5 miles for tobacco and would come back before dark and always bring us a treat of candy or cookies. When Dad and Lorraine came they brought us eggs and

## *Journal of Eiley Dunbar*

meat. We didn't have a refrigerator, but on the north side of the house we had two wooden orange boxes which stood on end making shelves. We had a screen door in front and burlap sacks over all of the box which we kept wet and things were kept cool.

Jay wrote letters and were sent to the house and brought up to me when anyone came up or if Bill went to town he would check for a letter.

I really missed Jay. He hated prison and his letters were counting the days to get back. He had several ideas what we could do, and making and selling liquor was not one of them. He said he didn't want to even drink it, but he knew how to get it in prison if he wanted it. So it was hard to believe he didn't have it. We had so many disappointments and our world was still "topsy-turvy" and I didn't understand why he had to have a drink especially when it took money we needed for other things. He was always thinking and ambitious to do some thing better with our lives. He said it relaxed him.

The 30 days were up- in fact he came back in 27 days. It was so good to have him home and he was glad to be home. The prison had given him some money and a bus ticket to Logan. He walked from town and brought us some food including cookies and tobacco for Bill.

Dad came the next day for Mother and he stayed all day and talked.

Bill wanted to go to Idaho and work on the farms for Mother W. and Jay's sisters.

## WOOD CUTTING

Jay and I stayed another week and really enjoyed the quietness and beauty of the mountains then he went to town and found Henry and Jack (again). They told him they had closed the "Jay's Place" restaurant because they were being watched by police for selling liquor. They sold the tables and chairs that Jay made and gave him a few dollars they had kept for him. They were now cutting trees from the canyon and selling fire wood and Jay could help them if he wanted. He said he didn't have a choice, but say "yes" because there was no work available anywhere.

We found an apartment on 5th North and west of the restaurant. (People were living in the restaurant as a home) Jay got up at daybreak and would go to the canyon. The three of them worked long hours and were able to sell all they could cut. Jay had a hard time getting used to hard work, and I wasn't surprised when he brought some beer home to drink. He didn't get drunk and ate a good meal after, so I really didn't say or do anything.

I knew my Dad had a container shaped like an egg which opened and it had a container and six little glasses around it. Some one would give Dad a bottle of liquor and he would pour it in the container and us kids learned that we never touched it. Sometimes on late Saturday nights Dad would come home from his store real tired with swollen feet. He would soak them in the foot-tub and he and Mother would have a "hot-toddy" which was made of a small amount of liquor and the cup filled with hot water and sugar added to taste. Then they would put whole onions in the dining room stove on the red-hot coals (no flame) also Dad would cut off two steaks from the half or quartered beef in the back porch and put them on the hot coals to cook, then they would enjoy their "supper." Us kids would eat earlier and go to bed by the time Dad came home.

That was all the drinking we saw around the house, so Jay taking a drink to relax was no problem- but I learned later that a drinking problem could be a serious problem.

Jay took a bus and went to Shelley Idaho to get his car (If I remember right it was a "Durante Model.") The tree cutting went on all summer and always easy to sell with fall weather coming.



## MISCARRIAGE

My sister, Claire, came to Dad's for a visit and I hadn't seen her for a long time, so I was going to spend the day at Dad's and Jay was going to pick me up there.

The night before Jay and a neighbor was upstairs and I heard loud voices and name calling so I started upstairs to see what was going on-- They were on the top landing and I could see they were going to hit each other. Jay saw me coming and yelled at me to go back down. I was scared and turned quick and caught my shoe and fell down a few steps. Jay didn't see me fall so I just got up and went to the kitchen. My back sort of hurt, but I didn't think much about it.

The quarreling stopped and I could hear them talk, then Jay came down stairs. He told me he had loaned the guy money and he wouldn't pay back, but promised to pay the next day.

I didn't feel very good that night and I thought the fight upset me- which it did. The next morning Jay went to cut wood in the hills, so I was going to walk home to see Claire which was eight blocks. I started to get ready when I noticed some "spotting." I thought I had started my period- but I knew I had missed 2 months, but thought it had delayed because of our living adjustments and I was glad I wasn't pregnant, for now anyway.

About four blocks on my way I noticed that my "pad" was filling. I was carrying Scottie and diapers, also a jacket- it was in the late fall. I felt weak and the front of my dress was red and I walked faster. I soon felt my shoes filling with blood. I didn't pass anybody and I kept thinking I'll make it!! I finally had to sit down on the grass. I had another block to go- and down a hill. I finally got up and it took all my strength to pick up Scottie and diapers etc. I finally reached home. I was soaked! I went in and put Scottie on the bed- and she was so good!! She just went to sleep. I looked for someone in the house. No one was home. Not even Mother!! I went out back and the neighbor was hanging out clothes. I called her .. I needed help. She came fast and got off my clothes and put me to bed and cleaned me up. She put a chair under my legs and said "You are having a miscarriage." She called her doctor and he said to keep me in bed and if I passed a "clot" to save it and call my doctor to see it. She stayed with me until the family came back and the doctor came and said to keep me in bed for a week.

I really felt bad. Winter was right around the corner. Jay had to cut a lot of wood, and would have to fix his meals and lunch and I couldn't help at all. I was weak and worried about our future.

I truly missed him in the spring and when he came back from prison it was so good being together at the farm. He kept telling me everything will be okay, but would take time, and they would cut and sell wood as long as they could go to the hills.

Jay was really surprised [at the miscarriage] when he came home to take me back to our place. He talked to Dad and stayed late and went home. Every night he came to see me and when I went home he made me rest and he cooked breakfast and took care of Scottie before he left every morning. He kept telling me we would have more children.

I never did tell him about me falling down the stairs. I knew he would feel that he was to blame.

It is strange- that me writing this and trying to remember how it was- I can feel all the "emotion" I felt then- but I can't put it in words. And it has been a long time ago.

## SELLING SHOES

Now I will continue on with this journal and in September 1934 in Logan, Utah.

Mother Wadsworth called us to tell us the fall harvest was started and needed help with their farm and also Jay's sister's (Vermont and Verda) farms.

The wood cutting plans were to keep going until snow comes, but Henry and Jack said they could do it alone if Jay goes to Idaho and there was no work in Logan after the snow and Jay maybe could work in the Shelley spud warehouses. So back to Idaho again.

We rented a little house or a duplex and lived in one side. It had a kitchen, living room and one bedroom, also a small bathroom and a back porch. We paid \$15.00 a month.

We helped with the fall harvest, both of us, and Mother watched the baby when she could or I would help her with the cooking for all the harvest men and ourselves. Fall was over, the harvest was in or sold. Jay found small jobs in Shelley, but none of them lasted very long. When he had time on his hands and worried about work he would buy some liquor. He drank alone and usually would fall asleep. It cost us money that could have been used for other things, but I couldn't say much, it would bring on a quarrel. I knew he was trying really hard to make ends meet, and when he worked he worked hard. He was so good to me and Scottie.

During the winter he tried to sell shoes (men's shoes) and went from door to door. It helped us, but people didn't have the money, but we did exchange for flour, meat or whatever. We used what cash that came in to order more shoes.

## PREGNANT AGAIN

I discovered I was pregnant. Baby Bryce was on the way! I felt good and the farm work made me tired, but stronger. I knew Mother Wadsworth would help me if I had trouble.

Spring came with new ideas of raising some baby chicks, so Jay and Mother W. worked out plans with coops and heat and money. When the cockerels were frying size we sold them and kept the hens for eggs. Then work started again for farm planting so we kept really busy. I helped with the cooking for so many, also house work and when Mother was staying in the house she watched Scottie and I cut potatoes for seed.

Jay and Bill worked on his sister's farms also, but I stayed at our apartment and went to Mothers during the day, and also helped feed the hens. The crop was in and the heavy work slowed down.



Income \$ \_\_\_\_\_ per year or \$ 40<sup>00</sup> per month

## EXPENDITURE RECORD

Month of April 1935

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19				
MEMORANDUM				OPERATION						ADVANCEMENT		MISCELLANEOUS		ACCOUNTS PAYABLE								
Line	Date	Explanation	Posted From	Total	Food	Shelter	Clothing	General	Symbol	SAVINGS	Other	Symbol	Waste	Other	Symbol	Amount	Paid	Symbol				
		Budget-this month																				
		Less previous over-run																				
		Plus previous under-run																				
		AVAILABLE MONTHLY BUDGET																				
1		Coal		7 40				7 40														
2	3	Groceries		3 41	3 41											7 40						
3	3	Tobacco		15																		
4	3	Clothing (rindis)		20			20								15							
5	3	Woolworth - misc.		40				40														
6	3	stamps		30				30														
7	3	dog license		1 00				1 00														
8	3	Light Bill		1 50				1 50														
9	4	Flour		1 50	1 50																	
10	5	Woolworth - misc		31				31														
11	5	type paper		10				10														
12	5	Groceries		1 05	1 05																	
13	8	Permanent		2 15																		
14	8	Groceries		17	17										2 15							
15	10	Groceries		1 50	1 50																	
16	10	show		86											86							
17	10	mirror		1 79											1 79							
18	11	Tobacco & Beer		30											30							
19	11	Groceries		1 34	1 34																	
20	15	Spice		3 09	3 09																	
21	15	La Salle (Law)		6 11							6 11											
22	15	Slide Rule		1 00							1 00											
23	16	Dorset Ellington		1 00							1 00											
24	17	La Salle (Bbk)		4 08							4 08											
25	17	Groceries		1 34	1 34																	
26	20	Tobacco & Beer		1 05																		
27	20	Groceries		30	30										1 05							
28	20	stone pipe		93				93														
29	22	Groceries		78	78																	
30	27	Groceries		50	50																	
31																						
Total monthly expenditures				45 61	14 98			11 94			12 19				6 30		7 40					
Over-run																						
Under-run																						

check

\$10<sup>00</sup>4/6  
\$3<sup>00</sup>\$18<sup>00</sup>49<sup>00</sup>

A page out of Jay and Eiley's financial record book during the depression.

**W.P.A.**

President Franklin D. Roosevelt came up with big government plans for help for the depression of economic conditions. The banks were closing and people were drawing out what little savings they had. They called it "Bank Holiday." Roosevelt then took action to open the banks and investments. I did not know about the government and "New Deals", but when people started talking about "New Deals" and of three capital letters like W.R.B. (Work Relief Bill); CJS manufacture sugar [Costigan Jones Sugar Act]; N.H.B. (National Housing Bill) to revive building; F.M.A. (Farm Mortgage Act); W.P.A. [Works Progress Administration]; N.R.A. [National Recovery Administration] and many others, then we knew there had to be work.

Henry and Jack called and said W.P.A. had job openings in Logan, so back we went to Logan. We rented a house on 3rd South and 2nd West. On the west side and the 2nd house on 3rd south. (\$20.00 a month) Jay got work from W.P.A. (Works Progress Administration) and worked in the canyon doing surveying for roads and building camp grounds. Government issued food opened up called "Bread Lines" and the lines were long and people were hungry.

**BRYCE'S BIRTH**

The time was soon for Bryce to be born. I had gone to a Doctor Eliason in Logan to be checked and ask him if he would deliver Bryce when the time came. He was our family doctor and had taken out my appendix when I was 10 or 11 years. He said he would deliver Bryce at our home and I paid him for the office calls each time I went.

So on September 3rd 1935, I started some labor pains. They stopped for a few hours, then started again. It was 3 or 4 a.m. Sept 4th that I called Doctor Eliason and he asked if we had the money to pay him in "full." I told him we had some and was working, but not the full amount. (He didn't mention this to me at my check-up.) He said he wasn't coming unless we had the money and he hung up the phone. Well- another hurdle to climb-- I was scared and my pains seem to be terrible. Jay had been drinking, but not too drunk. He called Henry to send his wife over to help me. She had some experience, but was not a doctor. Jay was furious!!! He got his gun and said he was going to kill the doctor and he meant it! We called Henry and told him and he caught Jay as he was getting in the car and calmed him down and made him realize that I needed help. Jay came in and called other doctors and found one at the hospital, but he lived in Richmond, 30 miles north. Doctor W.W. Merrill came. We told him we couldn't pay him in full and he said- "Don't worry about it." He was so nice and kind. Mrs. Peterson had fixed the bed with a heavy padding of newspapers and a clean sheet. Bryce was born in the early morning. I think about 7 or 8 a.m. Dr. Merrill came to the house several times to check us. He discovered Bryce had a "wry neck." A tight cord that had kept him from turning his head one way. He showed me how to massage Bryce's neck three times a day. It took a year to relax the cord.

Jay had a bad sore throat from time to time and got a bad infection. Dr. Merrill said he would take his tonsils out, and Jay could pay for the baby delivery and the tonsils by working for him on Saturdays and Sundays, putting in a cement floor in his garage and making a cement drive to the street. Jay was still working in the canyon Mondays to Fridays. Gasoline for the car was getting harder to get so Jay would hitch hike to Richmond, 30 miles, and did the work. We never knew the cost of any of it. Dr. Merrill told Jay that Dr. Eliason had left his family and had left town with his hired girl and maybe that was the reason he wanted full payment then for delivery.



## OLD COATS

Winter stopped the canyon work so we tried for other work. Some one gave Jay and ad in a magazine to buy goods.. used clothing, dresses, men's clothing, also children's clothing. We had an empty room in the house and we planned on selling clothing during the winter until spring opened for more work. We talked it over with Dad and he said he had heard of the company, but hadn't bought from them when he had the store. He said he would give us \$20.00 to help buy the items. So we sent in a \$60.00 order.

We fixed the room with wooden racks Jay made; cleaned and painted with calcimine, a white wash; and waited- and waited-. The ad said 2 week delivery. It was over a month and finally came this huge wooden box full of clothes. We opened it, Jay, Dad & I, and we pulled out a navy blue "Pee Coat" and then another and another- twelve of them, dirty and torn and buttons hanging. We were so shocked we just sat and stared at them. Jay went to the police and post office- but soon discovered the company had left town and they could do nothing. It was another racket to obtain money. There were many rackets!

We cleaned and brushed and repaired the coats and gave them to people we knew . They were wool and warm. We took some to Idaho and used for chore coats. So it wasn't a total waste, just a heart ache and discouraging.

We went back to Idaho to help with the spring planting. Uncle Charley<sup>33</sup> had closed in a back porch and made a large bright room for us to live in and shared the bathroom. It had a stove, table and chairs, cupboard and beds for us and the 2 babies.

Jay decided to build a trailer house for us so we could move it to each farm of his sister's during the farming. He would get up extra early and work late at night after the day in the fields. He had it finished by the fall harvest.

## PEA PICKING AT VICTOR

The "grape-vine" rumor said there were peas to be picked in Victor, Idaho. We could both work and let the kids play around, but Bryce (George Bryce was his name and named after my Dad, George and after Bryce Canyon where Jay's people came from in Southern Utah) was not a healthy baby. My milk dried up and we tried and tried every milk, rice and any formula anyone suggested. Everything came right back up and he ran high fevers. Three times we thought we were losing him. He lost weight. His head grew, but his body didn't. He developed "rickets" and "malnutrition."

We were desperate! One day Jay came home with a goat that was milking and had a "kid" goat. We milked the goat and diluted the milk with water and gave it to Bryce and it stayed down!! From then on he would drink and sleep and his fevers were down and he started to gain weight. It took many months and for years he had weak ankles and [we] had to buy special "Shelby" shoes for him.

We went to Victor when the peas were ready to pick. We both worked. Scottie would play with the other children and Bryce slept and played in the car. At the end of the rows I would check on each one and let Bryce crawl on a blanket in the sun. He was getting stronger each day and we were so grateful.

There was a man picking peas that showed us a lot of items he sold to trade for gas, food, and clothes and said he would get us the address where to order. After the old coat deal we were suspicious of any deal, but he told us he would order some items using his money and we pay him when they came. So we did this and had \$50.00 worth of items. Razor blades, men and ladies combs, cosmetics, jewelry, shoe laces, tooth paste, hair pins and small toys, etc. Most on display cards, etc.

---

<sup>33</sup>Charles Warren Wadsworth, Jay's step father.

## TO CALIFORNIA

The pea pickers were going to Calif. to pick oranges and olives and fruit when the peas were through. These "harvest" followers came from every state and followed the harvest the year around. We debated hard if we should go too. It's a job.

The fall work at Shelley and Firth was <sup>with</sup> about over and the little nephews have grown to where they could help with the work. We talked it over the folks. We decided to go just for the winter and had such dreams of warm climate and sun and lots of work and fruit to eat.

We went south thru Las Vegas. The items really worked good. We traded at service stations mostly and got gas and some food items and didn't use a lot of our money we earned picking peas and Mother brought our share of the hens she was caring for us and we knew we could work when we got there.

We stopped in Marysville, Utah, where Jay was born, and I met his grandmother Jane Lucinda Black Rappleye and a few of Jay's aunts. Jay's father, Ezra Tunis II [Rappleye] was there. He and Jay had a few drinks and decided he would go with us. I wasn't too happy.

Ezra Tunis was a tall slim man, brown eyes, and light brown hair and handsome. He had a way with words that made you feel special. He and Jay's Mother were divorced when Jay was about 4 years old. He came to Idaho to see the family several times, but never seem to do much for them. I felt like Mother was still in love with him. One time I asked her and she said "Well, he could make you feel and believe the moon was full of green cheese." She said he drank heavy and stepped out with women. She couldn't stay with him because he couldn't be trusted and wasn't honest with his deals. He had married twice after the divorce and he made a living with his horse teams and equipment.

He won (gambled) a piece of property in St. George, Utah which later Jay and his sisters inherited and later Scottie and Bryce from Jay. It wasn't big and it rented out for pasture which paid the taxes and a little extra. I think Bryce sold his shares to Verda and Vermont (Jay's sisters). I'm not sure if Scottie did or not.

I wasn't too happy for Dad Rappleye to go with us. There was only one bed and a "trundle-bed" that slid under the top bed in the trailer, but Dad said his bed roll outside was good enough.

When we stopped at Las Vegas for 3 days, we drove down the big gambling "strip" we had heard so much about. There were no huge bright lights and signs, and not many places. There was a big field of sage brush behind it so we parked the trailer house there where a few trailers were parked and a couple of "out house" toilets. We got our water from some homes not far away. We could walk to the "strip." Dad spent a lot of time there and one night he said he would watch the babies while Jay took me over to see it. When we got back Dad had locked the babies in the trailer and had gone!!

Now, I was furious! ..because we had a coal and wood stove in the trailer and being pretty cold outside we kept a fire. The kids were alright, but it scared me as to what could have happened if Scottie decided to put some wood in the stove. Jay was upset too and the next day he and Dad went to town for groceries and both came home drunk and had a big quarrel about something Dad did in town and also about leaving the babies, so I was relieved when Jay decided we were not taking Dad with us. I was very uneasy around Dad, even tho he was good to help and was kind and never said or did anything out of place except the incident of locking the trailer and his influence of Jay's drinking.



## SAN BERNARDINO AND COLTON

We went on to San Bernardino in California where we really saw first hand the story of the "Grapes of Wrath." Families and loaded auto from the "dust-bowl," Arkansas, Oklahoma and from every state... all looking for work and cars with steaming radiators from crossing the desert.

We stopped at a cafe and gas station at Colton and traded our sales items for gas. The owner told Jay to park the trailer behind the cafe and about every day there came orchard growers looking for help. This cafe owner was a retired police chief and knew everyone around. We were there for Christmas and no work showed up. We were there a long time.

That Christmas was quite an experience. Mother [Wadsworth] had sent us two chickens, cleaned, frozen and on ice (melted). We went to Woolworth's and bought two small cars for the kiddies and stopped at a road side stand and got me a jar of "California olives." I was dying for olives. We still had some potatoes and canned peaches and that was our Christmas dinner and thankful we had that and a trailer. Many around us had nothing. Jay had a drink, but stayed sober.

I remember three things that happened while camped there.

One day we had the kiddies playing in the yard. We had a belt around Bryce and a rope from the belt to the clothes line so he wouldn't wander off. Scottie would watch him and call us if he got dirt in his mouth or anything unusual, so we usually could always hear them. It was quiet out there and I looked and Scottie was gone! We looked every where. There was an old car body a few feet away that she played in and she wasn't there. Some one in the cafe said they saw some kids up the street, so we knocked on every door and finally found her a block and half away. The lady said she just walked in the yard where her kids were playing and followed them in the house.

Another time they were outdoors playing and I was with them always since she ran off. I was washing clothes in the tub outdoors, and came into get some more clothes and got back and Scottie was gone again. I could see a movement in the old car body and called her. She didn't come as she always had when I called so I went over and a man had her and was taking her clothes off. I grabbed her and Bryce and ran to the cafe where Jay was. The cafe owner and Jay ran to the car body and the man was just sitting there. The cafe owner said the man was 35 years old, but was a mental case with a mind and actions of age 7 years and was his "son"-- and didn't think he would hurt anyone.

I wanted to leave that place so fast and stayed with my kids constantly!

Another time Jay was talking to two "bums" or transients that were walking down the road. He wanted to ask them if they knew about any work anywhere. Two policemen stopped and said "We thought we told you to get down the road and don't stop." Jay told them he stopped them to ask about work. They ask Jay if he was out of work and he said "yes". They said, "Get in the car," and he ask "Why?" They said, "Never mind, just get in the car." They took him to town and put him in Jail!! I had fixed lunch and went to the cafe to get him and the owner said he didn't know where he was. He was gone all afternoon and night. I was terrified! Where was he? How do I find out? What do I do now?

The next morning I went to the cafe and was talking to the owner to see if he could help me, when the policeman drove up and come in with Jay. They explained that the towns were being overloaded with people out of work and they couldn't care for them so they were sending them straight thru to the next town. They picked Jay up to teach him a lesson not to stop anyone on the road. When Jay explained that we were invited to put our trailer behind the cafe and that we did have some money for food and gas and waiting for orchard owners to come to the cafe to pick up help, then they brought him home.

## OLIVE PICKING

The next day the man came to find workers to pick oranges and olives. So we went to a small town of Elsinore, south of San Bernardino and Riverside. We pulled in a station for gas and asked if they knew of a safe place to park our trailer while we were working in the orchard groves in that area. They talked to us for a while and then said we could stay there behind the station under the trees near their home and could use the rest room in the station. One day I went to the station to buy some groceries that they carried. The lady asked me to go to her house with her. She showed me the wash room and said if I would do her laundry then I could use the washing machine and do mine and I could wash all our quilts and blankets. Boy! was I happy. I was so tired of the tub and scrubbing board. She started to cook some bacon and she said, "How long has it been since you had bacon?" It had been a long time. She handed me a package and said "Enjoy your breakfast."

Her name was "Lucky" and I can't think of their last name. (Lucky and Floyd G. Baldwin-Constable in Elsinore) The station was called "Wildamar Service and Grocery." "Lucky" had an official job with the police department in the Colton area, similar to a constable or county deputy. She told me of a lot of schemes going on everywhere and to be aware of them with so many transients and no work. She was so nice and friendly. The grass and trees were getting green and the kids could play outside, but I sure watched them close because Scottie was nearly 3 years and Bryce about 16-17 months, but they could walk fast if they wanted to go anywhere.

Jay went to work and where he had a car he would pick up the workers and drive to the groves and bring them back. During the day he used his car to take sacks of olives to the olive storehouse. This made him better wages plus [he was] paid for his picking.

I asked Lucky how the owners worked their groves and she said the big growers leave for the winter and either come back or hire a manager to come do the harvesting. She said she knew the owners of a grove that had gone to another country and she guessed they had sent a manager in for the harvest.

The workers were transients coming from everywhere. They slept anywhere they could find shelter and Jay picked them up as a group. They were paid every night and would come into the "Wildamar Service" and buy their food for supper, breakfast and lunch. They were so hungry for food (and work). One would buy a box of oatmeal; another was a whole pie; another just vegetables or bread and milk. The wages were one dollar a day so the dollars couldn't go far-- it just kept them alive. Their clothes were ragged and dirty and their shoes had holes and had cardboard liners to keep the dirt out.

At night it was common to see a group of men around a big bonfire. They would have a barrel or a big kettle and cook up a stew or soup. Perhaps one would bring in a soup-bone which would cost a dime or nickel in a store and they would add to that anything that any one would bring in. Green tops from the fields or from garden remnants, and once in a while a farmer would drop off vegetables or a chicken to add to the soup. They would tell their "stories." One or more had a wife and kids at home in Arkansas or Dakotas's and waiting for work or money. Some would just "sob" not knowing about their families. They just followed the grape-vine rumors that there was work in California. Jay would go to the bonfires and listen to their talks and rumors of work. He had to quit going- it made his heart ache. They all expected spring would bring in more work in the fields or maybe go back home and try for work after the cold snow was gone back home.

It was bitter winter in Idaho and even the very few letters we had from Jay's Mother or from Dad [said] there was no work there either.

The manager of the orchard grove told Jay he would use him in other groves he had lined up and would have a month or two more work. The managers were a women named "Spears" and a man named "Domineco." Lucky said she didn't know them, but thought they were okay- the managers were different every year.



One morning we had finished breakfast and Jay was about to leave and pick up the help. The groves were about 13 miles off the main road up a dirt road. We noticed cars coming down the dirt road- a lot of cars. Two of them came to the trailer and police came to arrest Jay!! They had all the workers and Jay, and took them in to Colton to jail.

Spears and Domineco were thieves! They went into the groves before the owners came back, pick olives and oranges, and sell them and get out fast!.. and on to the next one. Some how they knew when the owners were coming back.

Lucky told me to stay at the trailer and she would find out what it was all about. The owners themselves came back to check on the groves. They were already picked and also the transients had tore down two sheds for wood for the bonfire soup. Jay was arrested for transferring workers without a chauffeurs license, also for transferring olives in his car and selling of stolen olives, plus being part of Spears-Domineco scheme.

Jay was in jail 2 days and released. Lucky and her husband verified we were "innocent." Trial would be held in six weeks or April or May. So we had to be there for the trial and couldn't leave. We stayed, but couldn't find work and being paid each night from the olives there was no money coming in. We helped a little around the station- what little they found for Jay to do and were paid in food which was appreciated so very much. They were sure special!

Lucky came from the court house and said they were keeping all the transients workers in jail. We could leave, but had to go back to Idaho or Utah. We were to let her know where we were every week, and when the trial came up Jay could come back on the bus, and transportation would be paid.

The trial came up and Lucky wrote and said the officials decided Jay was innocent and was cleared and free to do what he wanted to do. We felt so fortunate!

## **LAS VEGAS, SANTA CLARA AND ST. GEORGE**

So we filled our car with gas and got extra food and started back. When we got to Las Vegas, Dad Rappleye was still there and had some acreage to raise a truck-garden and also had ideas about some uranium mines in the hills. He wanted Jay to stay there and help him raise a vegetable garden and get involved with the mines. The next day we went to see the acreage and it looked okay and was level and had water rights with it. So we talked about it, but we didn't have the tools, equipment and money to do it. Dad said the mine would produce the money so the next day Jay went to see the mine. I felt very uneasy about it all and as the day went on I felt very worried and uneasy. It was late at night when they got back- and neither had been drinking. He and Jay didn't say much, just ate supper and went to bed. About 5 a.m. Jay woke me and said to get the trailer ready to move and not to make a fire.

He told Dad we were going and he said "Take me as far a Marysvale, Utah with you." We left and ate a cold breakfast on the way and stopped in Mesquite, Nevada for lunch. The highway (then) was up over a high summit and 7 miles down hill to Santa Clara, Utah. We went over the summit and started down hill, and the high gear went out in the car so we drove in the second gear, then it went out. We got down the hill and thru Santa Clara and nearly to St. George. We pulled off the road, down a dirt road and into a field and the last gear went. We couldn't move. The next day they walked to town and found out the cost of repair.

We didn't have that much money. Dad [Rappleye] said he had enough, but he was going to need it all to see him through the winter and he said he thought he would catch a bus to Marysvale, but he asked if he could leave his dog with us because he couldn't take it on the bus. We could drop his dog off when we came thru Marysvale.

After he left, Jay told me the acreage in Las Vegas wasn't his Dads and he had no intention of gardening and there was something about the mine that was not right and he said he had a strong feeling of danger all day with Dad and the mine, and Dad got upset when Jay got in the car and said "Let's go,"

## *Journal of Eiley Dunbar*

and the uneasiness stayed with Jay until Dad left on the bus. Then I knew why I felt so uneasy that day too. We never figured out what Dad was up to- because the acreage and the mine was all a lie. We never knew why we felt the way we did. We never saw Dad again, even when we left his dog in Marysville months later. He wasn't at home and we didn't wait. We left his dog with his Mother [Jane Lucinda Black].

In St. George the weather was warm; it would snow and melt in a day. We couldn't fix our car so Jay looked for work. There was no work and being without transportation made it harder.

The church had fields of carrots, so Jay found work there. They paid in "scrip" instead of money, but "scrip" was good in most of the stores, but not for auto parts. We still had some sale items of razor blades, etc., so on Saturdays we took turns going from house to house selling while the other stayed with the kids. We didn't get cash, but traded for eggs, milk, vegetables and even a newspaper delivery. The jewelry, cosmetic and toys sold the fastest so we sent in for another order with part of what cash we had. No one ever asked us to move our trailer, and the home owner whose field we were in said we could use his out-door toilet and could get our water from the hydrant in his yard. We were in St. George three months.

My Dad Dunbar wrote us a letter and it had a money order to pay for our car parts. He said he cashed in a life insurance policy he had taken out in my name years ago. We couldn't believe it! I never knew there was such a policy.

## **IDAHO FALLS**

Mother [Wadsworth] and Uncle Charlie had sold the farm [in Shelley] and bought a house and small acreage in Idaho Falls on the corner of North Ada Avenue and Anderson Street. They kept the chickens and were going to build some chicken coops and wanted Jay to build them.

We fixed our car and left St George, Utah. We stopped at Marysville to leave the dog for Dad Rappleye and we stopped in Logan at Dad and Mother Dunbar's and thanked them for the money order and stayed a few days.

It was early spring in Idaho Falls and Jay built the chicken coops.

We bought an acre of land on Ada Avenue and Jay built us a small house [1020 Ada Ave] and got a job doing construction for the Idaho Falls Library Improvement Project. We began to dream of getting our selves in a more stable position.

## **JAY IN HOSPITAL**

Then came another hurdle to climb!! On January 9, 1939, Jay had an accident. He was working at the library underneath a huge slab of cement which was the top steps at the library entrance. A lot of dirt had been dug out from under the slab and 2 men and Jay were fixing braces and cleaning out. The 2 men had just left when some one started to use a jack hammer above. One end of the slab fell and Jay jumped in a corner. One edge of the slab hit him on the head and broke his neck. There were one-inch width bars protruding from the edge of the slab. One bar was driven into his leg between the two bones and a 2x4 brace was pushed into his groin, pinning him in one position. It took a long time getting him free, using a hack saw to cut the pipe and saw the brace between his legs. Some one offered him a drink, but he refused. He hadn't been drinking for a long time and didn't want to start again. He directed the men how to get him free.

He was in the hospital a long, long time. His head was in sand bags to hold it in one position.



They had to operate on his leg to pry the bar out and had several bouts of infection trying to heal. He was 34 years old.

## VEGETABLE TRUCK GARDEN

It left him with a weak neck, so he couldn't go back to construction and was weak for a year. The company paid the medical and made a settlement. I can't remember how much, but by spring his neck still bothered him and the only thing we could do was plant the acre into vegetables and sell them. We both worked hard getting up and pulling onion and radishes, etc. to be delivered to the stores by 8 a.m. I also would load up a hand wagon with vegetables and take the kids and go around the neighborhood selling, until the neighbors would come to the house.

We sold the house and acreage to "Hunter's" and bought 20 acres on Anderson Street and put that into vegetable garden. (When we still lived in the house on Ada Avenue, and before selling the house to "Hunter's" we divided the acre into 1/4 acre lots and later sold the house to Hunters and the lots to other people.)

Jay developed a bad cough and he went in for x-rays. The doctor told him he had "spots" on his lungs and thought it was T.B. (tuberculosis) and gave him a shot in his arm. If it got red and swollen it meant it was positive T.B.. The next three days we had watched it turn red and swell. Jay went to town and bought a bottle of liquor and made plans to go to the sanitarium for T.B. He had not had a drink for several years.. two and one half years.

When he went back to the doctor to be checked after the 3 day wait and the doctor said the redness and swelling was normal and the "spots" on his lungs were scar tissue, and that at one time Jay had T.B.. Jay remembered when he went in the army in Hawaii he had some lung trouble, but got over it.

Jay's neck still gave him trouble, but he learned how to protect it by keeping his head up. We sold the vegetables from the "Truck Garden" to the stores- fresh every morning.

## WORLD WAR II

On December 7, 1941 all of Jay's family were gathered at Verda's [Blackfoot, Idaho]. We were listening to the radio noon news. (The radio was a portable type with a round top. In the center was a designed hole with cloth behind it- speaker- and two round knobs, one for dialing and one for on/off.)

A special report came. The Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor in Hawaii. We were stunned and numb!!

Vermont and Vern's son Keith [Wadsworth] was in Pearl Harbor with the navy. Keith was on the ship "Oklahoma"- sinking!!

Jay's brother (half brother) Scott [Wadsworth] was on the navy ship "Lexington"- sinking!!

Jay's brother (half brother) Woodrow [Wadsworth] was in the marines somewhere on a ship in the Pacific Ocean. It was a nightmare waiting for days and days before we knew if they were alive.

All three were safe!!

Woodrow came home after the war, married Carolyn [Blair] and had a daughter [Gloria Louise Wadsworth]. He developed a rare disease from a foreign island and passed away March 1, 1947 in Long Beach, California.

At the time of this writing Keith and Scott are fine (1983). Keith in California and Scott in Nevada.

Pearl Harbor - World War II. The whole world was "topsy-turvy." Worry. Panic. My words can't describe the emotions and fears of every one... and I mean every body!!

Radios blasting blow-by-blow of government orders. Special newspaper editions were full of details of Pearl Harbor, boats, ships, death, destruction and changes of every town. Boys leaving for the service. Boys being sent back to the hospitals.

Communications were radio, telephone, newspaper; some exchanges of letters with sad news; traveling salesmen and rumors from one person to another.

Jay was so upset he decided he would join the service and to help his brothers Scott and Woodrow and his nephew Keith. He did go to the recruiting office and they said "Grandpa, you are too old- go home to your rocking chair- we want young men." He was past 35 years old, but he was determined to do something somewhere.

### **KODIAK AND BACK TO LOGAN**

In Alaska on Kodiak Island there were openings for carpenters to build airplane hangers. But he would have to go alone and live in barracks. Expenses were paid and the pay was good. He decided to go.

My mother had been bed ridden for nearly two years and the last year had to be fed. Dad was caring for her with the help of my brother, Marvin and wife Leah; also my sisters and brothers would stop in and do what they could do.

So I decided to go home to Logan to Dad and Mother while Jay was in Alaska. Dad was 75 years old. Mother was 70 years old. They were very tired and both were sick.

Their doctor told me he told my Dad a year before that Mother couldn't live more than three months. She was blind, weighed 72 pounds and very little movement of arms and legs. Her bowels had to be removed by hand every three days; had to be fed by hand, but she wouldn't take the food. It made my heart ache.

Dad had lost a lot of weight. He would feed her first and lose his appetite. The chickens, horses, cow, garden were gone. He did water and care for the lawn and roses.

I called by sister, Doris in Yakima, Washington and we decided to send Dad on a trip. She sent an airline ticket. Dad went to Yakima, but he told me he knew Mother was living on because of him- she wouldn't leave him. He also knew he had to have a change for himself. He went to Doris's in Yakima- his first time on the airplane. He was so eager to fly! After a week or so at Doris's she sent him to my sister, Claire in Grants Pass, Oregon and to my sister, Lorraine in Jacksonville, Oregon. Then to my sister, Emma in Huntington Beach in California.

I phoned him once a week and sent a card every day. He needed to know about Mother!!

The doctor came and checked her and said when she realized Dad was gone she would give up. She didn't know who I was. She could hear, but always asked for "Daddy."

One day I was feeding her and she said, "Where is Daddy" and I told her that he was visiting the girls. I knew she didn't believe me. She took my arm and pulled me to her and side, "Eiley- you're Eiley- my baby." She never called for "Daddy" again. She believed he had died!!

### **DEATHS - MOTHER, DAD & CHRISTINE**

One night Marvin fed her, and we fixed her bed, and kissed her goodnight. Marvin crossed her hands. I checked her at 5 a.m. and she had passed away in her sleep, her hands still crossed. Mother died April 21, 1942 and was buried in Logan City Cemetery April 24, 1942 (on my daughter, Scottie's 8th



birthday).

Dad was at Emma's and very sick with the flu - pneumonia. When he arrived home we thought he was going to die too. He was really ill.

Dad was getting better each day and said to me, "Well, I thought I was going to go with your Mother, but I believe God has another job for me to do, so I'll look for it, and Mother will wait for me." About a year and 3 months later he married Christine Anderson Dowdle. They were married 16 or 17 years.

Dad passed away on 4 April 1959 and was buried in Logan City Cemetery. He died of the flu. Christine passed away 3 or 4 months later with cancer. She had moved to her daughters in Hyrum, Utah after Dad passed away.

I stayed with Dad until June [after Mother died] when Jay came back from Kodiak, Alaska. Jay developed a real bad cough from all the rains there so the doctor sent him home.

## SHIPYARDS

We bought a new trailer house, rented our 20 acres to the church and left from Idaho falls and on to Great Falls, Montana. He worked on the airplane hangers for awhile. He neck still gave him trouble and we heard of work at the shipyards in Portland, Oregon. So we went to Oregon and to a big trailer court called "Vanport Trailer Court" It had 300 trailers. It was near St. Johns, north of Portland.

Jay got work doing carpenter work, but because of his neck bothering him he changed to welding. He worked on the "Victory Ships."

Mother Wadsworth wrote to us and said if I wanted to work she would take the kiddies and we could save some money, pay for our land and have money to a start after the war. We could pay her and that would help them. About that time the kiddies were walking a mile to school, and came home saying some man had tried to get them in the car and the girl that was with them grabbed their hands and ran to a house and he drove away. The trailer court was upset about it and decided to escort the children in the court to school and back again. So we decided the kiddies were safer in Idaho Falls than with baby-sitters in Oregon.

It was a hard decision to "send them." The bus lines were moving children everywhere. It was war-time. The Red Cross made all the arrangements with "tags" fastened on them and a lady took them to the rest room and meals and kept them on the bus at short stops.

We didn't have a phone, but the court had a pay phone. I stayed at the phone booth for hours until Mother called and said they were there safe and sound. On the bus were many military men. They bought funny books and goodies and gave them to Scottie and Bryce. They enjoyed the trip and were happy to go to Grandma's and Grandpa's. They were okay, but one knows the terrible anxious feeling we had until they were both alright and safe at Grandma's.

One March 12, 1943 I was a welder in the shipyards too. Having gone to school a few weeks, I worked in the buildings welding on flat work, joining steel plates together. It was in the "Hanger shop" and the plates were used on the ship around the "hatches." I also was a ship-fitter's helper, "tacking"



*"Mother Wadsworth"  
Elizabeth Jolley Wadsworth*



*Scottie & Bryce Rappleye*

plates to be welded and this was on the ship. I was number 80435 welder, Kaiser Shipyards.

Gas rations was given to cars with riders 4 or 6 to a car. There were rationing books with stamps for gas, shoes, sugar, and etc. Also there were "bread lines" just out of the shipyard gates. Every one lined up for cigarettes and government issues of surplus canned foods.

We worked night shift. It paid more money. We worked Thanksgiving, Christmas and every holiday or extra hours or so.

We never went to a show or ate out our meals. Very few people did. It was war time. We drove to Portland for clothes, but very few times. We bought groceries in St. Johns enroute to and from work. We worked hard and were tired and rested when we could find time.

We phoned our kiddies and had really darling letters from them. We missed them so very, very much; but they were safe!

I developed some polyps (growths) in my nose from the welding smoke. So we decided we would go home in June 1945. The war was over in August 1945. We were so happy to be with our kids and people we loved.

We worked in the shipyards nearly three years and made friends that kept in touch for several years later. Our welding clothes were made of leather. Overalls, coat, gloves and hard toe shoes. We had welding glasses and the bulky hood, which should have kept the sparks from hitting. We used a bandanna over the hair. I kept getting sparks down my back and I still have small burn scars.

One day I was welding, hood down and going along fine when something hit me and knocked me off the plates on to the floor. The overhead crane was carrying the large plates into position, but some how an end came loose and swept down and caught me on the upper arm.

They took me to first-aid and x-rayed and found no bones broken and I was okay and lucky I wasn't hurt more. My arm hurt and was black and blue for weeks.

Another time I was "tacking" for a shipfitter on the boat. We were in a room high on scaffolds and near the ceiling. The men on the floor needed some metal burned into and called in a burner and his torch. Before long the fumes rose to the ceiling and I began to feel "bloated" and hard to breath. They took me in an ambulance to first-aid and kept me until after work when Jay took me home. I was gassed.. and at first-aid they did everything from making me vomit to giving enemas. I was really miserable until it all "passed."

One day as we were leaving work there was a crowd gathered at the front gate. Two black women were fighting, they were rest room cleaners and had quarreled all day. We stopped to see what was going on and saw them on the ground hitting and swearing and saw one of them chew the ear off from the other- completely off! Blood was spurting. They were outside of the ship yard gate and no one stopped them...but we left in a hurry. It made me sick! We never saw either of them in the rest rooms again.

We came back to Idaho Falls and saw a doctor about my polyps which was still dripping out of my nose. He said they would clear up with the dry heat of the summer, and they did. I haven't had any more trouble.



Grandma [Elizabeth J. Wadsworth] had the kids baptized into the LDS "Mormon" Church with our permission and all of them were going to church.

### RAPPLEYE ADDITION

We wondered what we should do with our 20 acres... should we grow truck-garden or grain? The Church had grown grain and spuds etc, and still wanted to rent it. They had it until fall, so we had time to decide.

Jay did a lot of inquiring and found out the government would help finance building of homes, but only to war veterans who wanted to buy "Government Issue G-I" loans.

We had saved \$3,500.00 at the shipyards and the bank said if we got the loans we would have to put our money into the development first and they would issue more at certain stages of construction. Then when we sold them we would get our money back in the down payment and the bank then would handle the balance of the G.I. who qualified. We would use our money and build more. We had no problem selling them and several sold before they were finished.

It took all summer and winter going thru the "red tape" of starting the construction. We paid for our land and had enough to start building homes on the land on Anderson Street in Idaho Falls.

We got the government loans, but were only allowed to build and sell to the returned military "G I's." Jay's neck was stronger and he hired Bill Stone, a carpenter, and they built houses. Jay did all the architectural designing of the streets and each house. It took a long time getting government, state, county and city approval. We named it "Rappleye Addition" and one street was named after my Dad- "Dunbar Drive" and another after his folks, "Wadsworth Drive."

We built a basement house and moved in it. Then a garage for building supplies. Later on "our first home." Two bedrooms, living room, kitchen, bath and full basement and a garage. I was so grateful and loved it. The trailer homes were okay, but I was glad to get out of them. They served the purpose.

We built six houses at a time. I helped with the interior, painting and picked out the wall paper, linoleum and paint colors. The first house was sold for \$3,500.00. The next was \$4,000.00 and each one higher because everything was costing more money for supplies. Jay had 12 men working now on the rest of the homes. The families were all veterans with young children.

We built 63 homes and also donated some acreage to the city to build a park for the children with swimming in the summer and ice skating in the winter. A creek was near it where Scottie and Bryce learned to swim...Willow Creek.

Years later the city wrote me that they never had the funds to make the park, but ask if I would donate it to the LDS Church to be built on that acre. I donated it to the church and it was built near "Dunbar Drive."

Feb. 26, 1948. Page 15

**19. For Sale—Houses**  
BY OWNER, SMALL HOUSE, ANY reasonable down payment. Inquire 930 East 11th.

**TWO ROOMED HOUSE, TO BE moved.** Built-in cabinets, closet, linen closet, linoleums on floor. Phone 0138-J2 after 5 p.m.

**NEW HOMES: ANOTHER GROUP** of good homes to be ready for occupancy this spring. 4 room, bath, full basement, hardwood floors and completely decorated. Sewer, sidewalk and curb. Located in Rappleye Addition. See the ones already finished. \$2000.00 down handles the deal. Jay Rappleye, 150 East Anderson. Phone 1666-M.

*Ad in the Post Register*



PLAT OF  
RAPPLEYE ADDITION  
TO  
THE CITY OF IDAHO FALLS  
BONNEVILLE COUNTY • IDAHO

AUGUST, 1946  
SCALE 1" = 100'

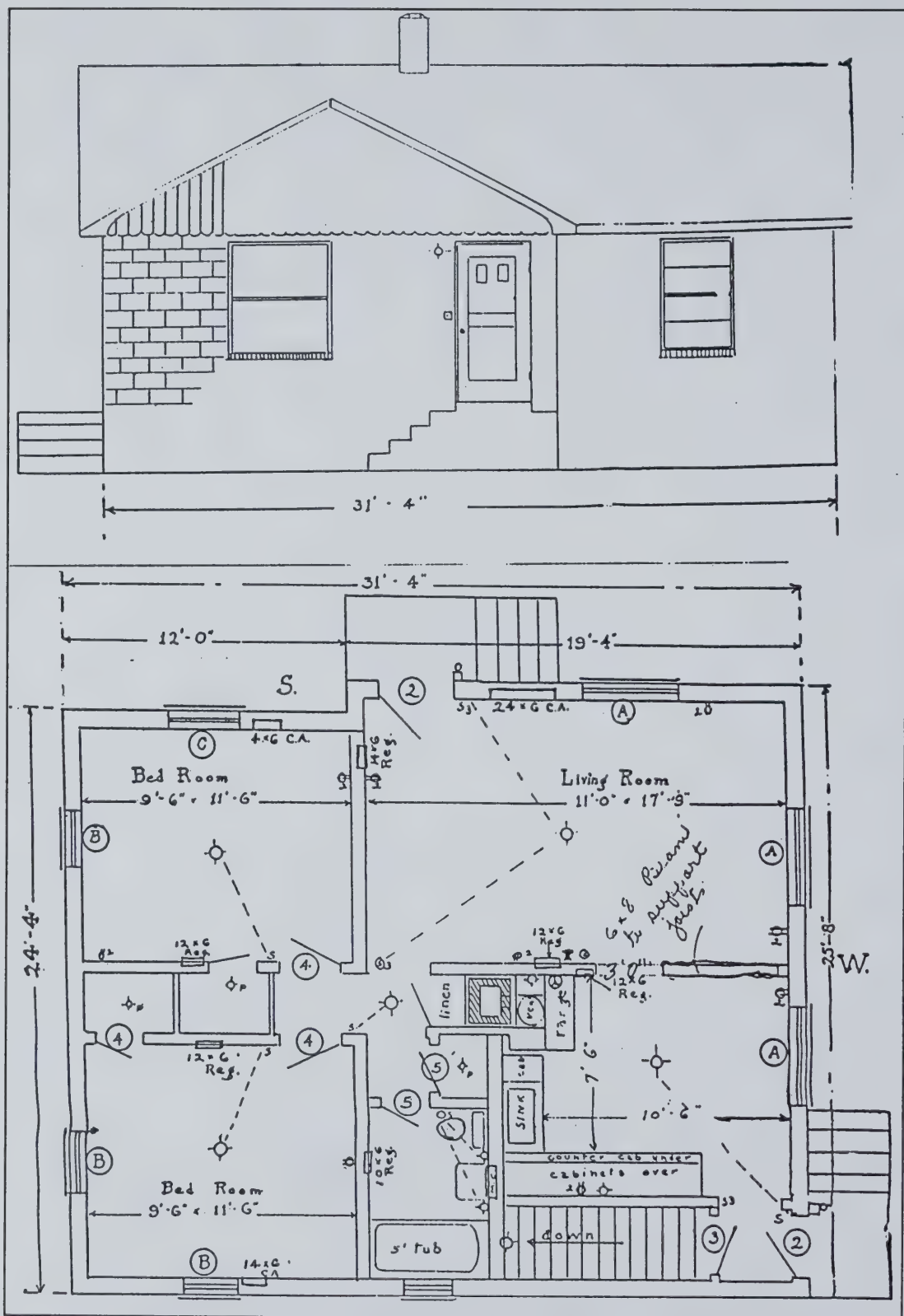
BLACK & SM.  
ENGINEERS  
IDAHO FALLS, ID.

• DEED OF DEDICATION •

STATE OF IDAHO } ss  
COUNTY OF BONNEVILLE }

Rapleye Addition, designed by V. Jay Rappleye





"Rappleye Addition" floor plan designed and drawn by V. Jay Rappleye

## ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

Jay didn't give up drinking thru the years. At times he would get drunk on occasion, but would leave it alone for weeks at a time. One time he was thrown in jail for a night for fighting in a bar. So he would never go to a bar again. He bought his bottles in the liquor store and did his drinking at home and after a drinking bout would swear and promise to leave it along forever.

In Portland we saw a hospital for alcoholics, but they wouldn't help him until he decided to "help himself." This was hard to understand.

His drinking was getting closer together. Instead of once in 6 weeks or 2 months, it was every 3 weeks, then 2 weeks and then every week end. Then more often.

We read books. We went on diets. We exercised. We saw doctors. We talked and promised, but the last year of building houses I never knew when he would come home with three bottles or hide two in the nail keg, the toilet reservoir, or in the hip boots, etc.

Adding to the problems I had to have an operation (hysterectomy) which I kept putting off. I felt like I was going to have a nervous break-down. The kids quit bringing their friends home and wanted to play at their friends place where their parents would question them about Jay.

I loved Jay so very much. We had gone thru so much together. He had always been true to me, and I knew he loved me- he told me so many times.

One day I decided I couldn't take any more and took the kids and went to Pocatello to his sister's, [Gladys], intending to leave forever. He came the next day and I knew I could never leave him - we loved each other so much, even tho at times he would mistreat me when drunk.

We decided to leave Idaho falls and sell "Rappleye Addition." We found a farm, 200 acres in Tetonia, Teton County, Idaho and paid \$500.00 down on it until we sold the housing. We believed the "geographic cure" would help. New place, new work, new friends (we lost all our others).

I think we both knew his drinking would ruin anything we tried to do- He couldn't stop- he tried over and over. Another Hurdle- what to do? How?

His folks moved to California [Long Beach] to be near relatives. We missed them. I had to see a doctor in Salt lake City and while I was gone he called to tell me he was going to California to see his folks. He would call me when he came thru Salt Lake. He never called. I didn't know what to find at home or where he was and his folks didn't have a phone.

The kids and I went home and found their pet dog dead from being hit with a car, but Jay was gone-- clothes and luggage also. For 2 weeks I heard nothing! I couldn't sleep, eat or even think. I drank a lot of coffee which made me nervous.

Then he called from California. He said he tried and tried to phone me in Salt Lake and the operator said the phone was "out of order." I was at Emma's and was waiting for his call.

He said he went to a meeting for Alcoholic Anonymous (A.A.) and had been to a meeting every night for a week and hadn't had a drink in all the time. He was staying another week or so for the meetings.

When he came home he was sober and was anxious to get in touch with AA meetings which had just started up in a home the year before (This was December 27, 1947). Jay's first meeting was in California. He never drank again.

Alcohol and jealousy went hand in hand. I wondered if the jealousy would be gone too. Could I go to the store and shop without Jay waiting in the car watching my every move? Could I go to church with my children and not have him come there accusing me of having an affair with the bishop? Could I go into the houses being built and not be accused of meeting a carpenter? Would he follow me to his



Mother's home? Could we have friends without fights? Could that terrible fear of what's going to happen next be lifted from my mind and shoulders? Could Alcoholics Anonymous members really understand the problems of the mate of an alcoholic? Could I be able to tell anyone of my internal fear and grief? Will the non-drinking just be temporary? Thousands of thoughts came to my mind!!

I had heard of A.A. a year before and had sent for the "book" and literature. Jay looked at the book and said "That's for God-fearing drunks- God has forgotten me or he wouldn't let me get in this mess" and put the book down.

After he came back from California he asked for the book- it became his "Bible."

In Idaho Falls four couples had studied A.A. and were alcoholics who were trying to help themselves. They started a group meeting in their homes a few months before and kept an ad running in the newspaper.

Jay called and told them he would go to their meetings and I was to go too as a mate to the "drunk." I expected to see some drunk and some in skid row clothes and I was surprised that the few that were there were all sober. Some had old clothes and needed a hair cut, but there were clean faces and clean clothes and they really treated us good and they cared and wanted to help- not only Jay, but also me. The main meetings were men and women telling of their drinking problems. Then the group was divided. The alcoholic men and women went to a room and the non-drinkers to another room and they were the "Ala-non" group. Then later the two groups met and visited over coffee and donuts which were bought by coins dropped in the container.

In the "Ala-non" group the people would tell about their fears and anxiety and discussed them freely. I kept thinking they wouldn't believe my experiences- then I later heard of experiences of much worse ordeals. It was so good to share my feelings and to be encouraged to "stay by my alcoholic" and support him and go to the meetings. There were mates in the "Ala-nons" that were "fed-up" with their drunken mates and said they wouldn't be back, but if their "drunks" came they could come by themselves. Some of them said this is just a "wolf-wolf" game, another "try," another "gimmick," another "promise," and "it won't last," etc.

I knew what they meant- but I also knew this was our "last try" and it had to work. I was willing to go to any meeting, and I was grateful for these people. I cared too and wanted to help them too. It was a struggle for all of us on or off the program.

These people were intelligent and at one time had been business people, attorneys, town mayor, ranchers, construction workers, teachers and laborers, etc. Some came all alone because they had lost their families, business, friends and found themselves on skid-row. It was hard to believe their tragic stories. It was hard to believe the power of alcohol having such a strong hold, and the strength it takes to break the habit.

Jay had asked a member about the "God-business" and was told to not worry about it until he had gone to 30 meetings, then to ask himself about it. On the night of the 30th meeting we went home and brought two couples with us. We made a fire in the coal kitchen stove and a pot of coffee and discussed the "God-business" part of the book and the working of it in the program. We talked all night until we sat outside and watched the sun come up over the Teton Peaks. We discovered that God was power, strength and comfort. With God and the A.A. twelve step program it will work, not only for the alcoholic, but for their mates as well and the lives of most people.

The Idaho Falls group grew, some others opened in Pocatello and also in Rexburg. The first year we had gone to 87 meetings and met many people and made close friends. There were some who couldn't make the program work for them. Some came back several times. Some weren't ready to stop drinking. Some were looking for free handouts. Some couldn't accept God -as we understood Him, and some were too sick to understand.

A year later we moved to Tetonia, Teton County, Idaho. We sold "Rappleeye Addition" and bought the 200 acre that I thought we could never have. We went to the Rexburg meetings and also opened meetings in our home. A lot of couples came and three couples were helped and their lives were

## *Journal of Eiley Dunbar*

changed, as was ours. At this writing now, three of the men and one wife has passed away, but they never drank from their first meeting.

Jay became a special member and was asked to talk at the anniversary meetings. He had found God and believed in Him and had Him by him constantly. He also loved the A.A. program.

### **TETONIA WINTER OF 1948-49**

In Tetonia December 1948, the winter was so cold and tons of snow. The house on the farm was old and made of logs chinked with cow manure to keep out the cold. The manure when dried was odorless and was good insulation. Many homes (older homes) were log and chinked. We had two bedrooms upstairs and a kitchen and living room downstairs. The water was in a well outside- pulled up by a hand pump and caught in a bucket. Later Jay made a pump house and piped the water into the kitchen. There was no bathroom so the out-house-2 holer served the purpose.

We were in the house two weeks when the blizzard came and we were "snowed-in" for three weeks. An airplane flew in and dropped the mail and yeast cakes, etc. in town. A neighbor snow shoed in and brought us some mail. Another neighbor, Mary and Joe Bahr brought us a "yeast start" to make bread; and eggs and milk. The milk trucks weren't moving so milk was fed to the chickens, pigs and dumped on the ground.

We had canned 300 quarts of fruit that summer and had 200 pounds of flour and staples, so we had plenty of food so we just listened to the radio and read.

I remember when the train tracks were cleared and the train came into the valley after three weeks of silence. The whistle blew and could be heard for miles over the clear cold valley. It was quite a sound and a special day. Its usual run was once a day. We had snow banks to the upstairs bedroom and over the shed where the kids would slide down.

The roads soon opened and life began again in the valley. I missed my new little home in Idaho Falls, but Jay had promised a new one he would build for us, so we accepted the log house until then. Most important was sobriety which made our lives so much more happy and the future with many things to do and hope.

### **FARMING**

We bought machinery, seed, miles of fencing, some cattle, a horse, cow and a few sheep. We paid for the farm from the sale of "Rappleye Addition" and it gave us the backing for borrowed money from banks to buy all the operating equipment, etc.

Scottie and Bryce liked the valley and school, and soon had their friends and activity. Scottie enjoyed the church activities, but Bryce wanted to be with his Dad farming which was on Sundays also. Jay and I didn't go to church and thought we may go after we got ourselves more organized. We helped Scottie go and once in a while Bryce would go, but we felt like they had gone thru a lot with the drinking and needed to adjust to a new life their way.

Bryce had a stuttering problem and had a fear of his Dad during the drinking years and on the farm he was not stuttering as much and needed the closeness of his Dad. He was still very thin and had weak ankles and not growing too fast. He also was allergic to several things, lettuce and wool, etc.; but we had his tonsils out in Idaho Falls and he was doing better.

We raised seed potatoes, wheat, hay and pasture. Jay had a well drilled for irrigation water to



go with the "water-right" with the farm. The well was deep, several hundred feet and with the pump, pipe and electricity it cost a lot of money.

We bought more cattle and one spring we put them in the pasture and we lost seventeen of the best young healthy ones. There had been an old potato cellar that had spuds in it many years ago. There was very little sign of anything left, but the spuds had decayed and the starch had developed into a poison and the young animals had eaten it. One by one they staggered into the yard, into convulsions, ran in circles and died. It took weeks to find out the cause and the veterinarian sending samples to Boise finally found the cause.

Jay was so upset; we simply could not afford such a loss. I nearly panicked from fear of it, also the fear of him going to buy a bottle and get drunk. How strong was he on A.A.? Other years it would take less than this to get him started.

But he stayed strong! He called his A.A. friends and talked it all over and several came to visit and Carl and Wanda Westerburg stayed 2 nights. Carl was a farmer and helped him out in the fields. They were A.A. members too, so Wanda and I could talk out my fears. What a program!! ...and now A.A. is world wide. I will always be grateful!!

We sold the cattle and bought sheep and changed the pasture from the old cellar and that was better for the safety of the sheep.

Bryce had his 4-H sheep that he "showed" in the State Fair in Blackfoot.



Jay, "Scottie" (Eiley) and dog "Rusty". Thanksgiving at the Tetonia Ranch.

Warren Fullmer and wife Luella, along with Joe and Mary Bahr helped us a lot with friendship and ideas. Warren was hired to build the miles of fencing and also helping Jay with the irrigation and farming. They lived in town, but was always willing to help in any way. He was a barber and also had a few acres that he farmed. Warren was not an alcoholic.

Jay had been interested in a commercial fertilizer plant in Wendall Idaho. He bought several shares in it, but several years later I discovered the "shares" were worthless and lost our money, but he brought fertilizer in on our fields from the plant so it wasn't a complete loss. He got Ralph Heilesen's granary in Tetonia interested and he bought fertilizer to sell to the farmers who had always used their barnyard manure on the fields. Ralph Heilesen told me that Jay was the first to get the fertilizer started in the valley and now it is always used by the farmers.

In the spring we had the baby lambs born. Jay and I had to help pull some lambs from the mothers who had a bad time giving birth. The kids helped too. Some of the mother ewes refused their lambs or had twins, so we hand fed them on the bottle and nipple. We fed 25 lambs one time.

We had two dear friends we met in A.A., Sarah and Arnold (Wannie) Madsen, and they came up from Rexburg often. We became very close dear friends. We went to their home and also met at the A.A. meetings. They later moved to Idaho Falls near "Rappleye Addition." We loved them very much. They had a farm. I have a picture of them standing with us on the deep snow by the power lines. The drift had blown so high to the top of the poles, and we climbed up on the drift.

Jay had raised seed potatoes so he built a potato cellar and it was large and held the spuds all winter. He would check it everyday for the temperature inside and during the extreme cold of 42 degrees below he would use some heat in a small stove he had inside or [heat] with electric lights. We never had the potatoes freeze.

We decided to build a small cinder block house for hired labor. Scottie was interested in drawing plans so she drew us a plan for kitchen, bath, front room and bedroom. He started it across the drive from the house, but it was never finished.

We planned on our new home to be built closer to the east near the cellar, and talked about how many rooms and all on the ground floor. It would be brick and not cinder blocks, etc. We would start it as soon as we paid the notes at the banks. We had borrowed to buy the equipment, sheep and operating expenses, also living expenses. The money from the "Rappleye Addition" had been spent on those things and for the well we dug, and was used up.

In the fall of 1950 Jay decided he would sell the sheep. The price was good and we wouldn't have to feed them all winter and lamb them out and would buy more in the spring. We could use the money to pay on some of the loans and get the equipment and barns fixed up and repaired.

## **JAY IN HOSPITAL**

On December 15, 1950 our whole world caved in on us--our plans, dreams, desires and happiness came to a halt. Even at this writing (April 1983) I can't believe it happened!

Sarah and Wannie Madsen had called. They were going to have dinner for our A.A. friends... four couples at their home in Idaho Falls and ask for us to come. We had planned on going to Idaho Falls for our Christmas shopping that day, so we said we would be there. It was on a Friday and the kids were in school. We would be back that night or early morning. Bryce had kept his 4-H sheep and we had the cow to milk and to feed. Scottie would fix their supper and sleep in Saturday morning if we didn't get back. The weather news said there would be snow coming and we already had some on the ground. We did some shopping, paid some money on the loans and knew we had some hay to sell to help us thru



the winter, then we would borrow more from the banks in the spring after we sold the seed potatoes. We didn't have very much money after paying on the loans.

We went to Sarah and Wannie's and Henry (Hank) and Dee Jensen, Carl and Wanda and Jay and I were there. The dinner was excellent with Sarah's cooking. We laughed and joked and talked about how we appreciated A.A. and what it had done for us. Sarah picked up the plates to serve dessert, and Jay felt in his shirt pocket for cigarettes and said guessed he would get them from his coat. He was gone a long time and we called, - no answer.

All of us got up and Jay was lying on the couch. He couldn't talk. The sweat was pouring out everywhere. He got up and went to the bathroom to vomit and we helped him back on the couch. The pain was terrible!! Sarah said there was a doctor living on the corner. She called him and he came right over. He said "Don't talk- anymore- this man has had a heart attack. I'm calling an ambulance." So he gave him a shot and said I could ride in the ambulance. In the hospital they gave oxygen and medication and after some time he was sleeping.

They next morning I called Mary Bahr in Tetonia and she said they would take care of Scottie and Bryce and would help with the chores, and keep the fire going so the pipes wouldn't freeze in the house and in the well house. The storm came with a blizzard and roads snowed in. So the kids were in Tetonia and I was in Idaho Falls, 80 miles away, but we kept in touch with them and the Bahrs.

Jay had the attack... "coronary thrombosis", a blood clot in the coronary artery and had survived!! The kind that usually kills one instantly, the doctor said. With a few weeks bed care (complete) and taking care of himself all winter then he could supervise the farm and hire help to run it. He was not to drive a car, or load sheep, or do any heavy lifting.

Jay had had a physical checkup the year before and he was just fine!! His heart was good, his neck was strong, and all the tests were all okay.

In the hospital Jay was wanting to get out. The nurses had a time keeping him in bed. It was getting close to Christmas and he wanted to be with the kids and me. The doctor said he could leave the hospital to go to a friends house and to stay in bed there and bring the kids down and have Christmas there.

Carl and Wanda insisted on us coming to their home. Joe and Mary brought Scottie and Bryce down and we had our Christmas with these dear friends, and Sarah and Wannie. Hank and Dee came Christmas day. School was out for the holidays so the kids stayed with us. Joe and Mary did the chores and kept the fires going in the house... coal stove in the kitchen and an oil heater in the front room so the water pipes didn't freeze.

School was soon to start and we were anxious to go home. The doctor checked him and said we could go if he stayed in bed with complete bed care--bed pan and all, and not to climb stairs and no outside work for at least 6 weeks to 2 months.

So we picked a day the roads were opened and a little warmer day. Mary and Joe brought two cots from their home and made beds in the front room and had the fires warm and food cooked for us when we got there. There was snow and ice on the road and I was really nervous driving home and worried.

The next day Jay got out of bed and walked to the kitchen and called his Mother [Elizabeth Jolley Wadsworth] to come down from Montana where they had moved. She came as soon as she could and came by bus. We were all so glad to have her with us. She was really special to all of us. The kids and I did the chores, cooking etc, and Mother kept Jay in bed and they had long talks, and a lot of it was on religion and church.

## JAY'S DEATH

On the 5th of January 1951 at 5 a.m. Jay woke up with a night mare that really upset him. He went back to sleep and at 7 a.m. he woke up again with the same dream and with some pain in his chest. The doctor had sent medication home to give him if he had pain, so we gave him a shot and he calmed down for a short time and then had pain and heavy sweating. I called a doctor in Driggs - he was out of town. I called one in Rexburg (50 miles away) and he said the roads were closed with the storm, and to give him the shot every 2 hours and that there was nothing nobody can do.

I was desperate. Mother too. We had to do something! The medication didn't keep him out of pain. I called the hospital to send oxygen out (12 Miles)-they couldn't let it go. I called Joe Bahr- he came soon and he walked in and said the roads were terrible. We couldn't get our cars out to the road. We called Lee Fullmer in Driggs. He had a van truck and he would come to get Jay, but he would have to unload the sacks of feed first. Every second seemed an hour and Jay was still in pain and could not say a word. Then came convulsions!!

Lee and Joe carried Jay, cot and all, to the road to the van. I went with them to the hospital in Driggs. There were drifts across the road that I never thought we could drive thru. The tracks the van



*Jay and his Mother, Elizabeth J. Wadsworth  
Last photo of Jay*



made coming from town were filled in again. The nurses and Mae Shaw - were waiting and had oxygen, medication and all ready. He was soon out of pain and resting.

It was a long hard day. Mother and Scottie and Bryce came. They gave Mother some medication and to bed for a few hours. We could visit Jay for 3 minutes at a time. He wanted to talk to Scottie and Bryce alone and after talking to them Bryce fainted and fell flat like a tin soldier, so the nurses put him in bed in the next room.

Jay insisted on talking to Lawrence Hatch- a man who was an alcoholic that Jay had talked to before. Bishop [Richard] Egbert found Lawrence in the pool hall. Lawrence went home and got cleaned up and came. They talked. Lawrence was crying when he came out and held my hands for a long time.

Dr. Jensen came back and took over. He used to live in Hyrum, Utah, a few miles from Logan, and I knew him from my swimming days in the Logana Plunge in Logan. He explained that another blood clot had hit the heart- another coronary - and there was little he could do.

In the short 3 minute talks Jay and I had, he said he knew I could carry on and he and I expressed our love for each other and how strong it had been to help us thru many experiences for 18 years. The nurses let me sit by him and hold his hand the last few hours that he rested. Jay died January 6, 1951 at 12:25 a.m. He died of coronary occlusion.

The funeral was held in Idaho Falls 4th Ward near "Rappleye Addition" and Bishop Egbert talked and sang. Lawrence Hatch told of Jay telling him how to "put his house in order." Lawrence never drank again.

Jay was buried in Shelley, Idaho in the cemetery not far from where Scottie was born. After the funeral Mother [Elizabeth J. Wadsworth] had to return to Montana. Grandpa Wadsworth<sup>34</sup> [Charles Warren] had been alone too long.

My sister Emma, came back with us to Tetonia. The Tetonia Relief Society had the house warm and hot food on the table. Mary [Bahr] and Isabell Hatch, Lawrence's wife, were there along with many ladies from the ward. I didn't go to church and I was surprised to see ladies I never knew. We had only lived in the valley for three years.

I went to bed- didn't sleep and couldn't believe what had happened, and didn't know how Scottie, Bryce and I were ever going to handle our situation alone----. I thanked God for our children. They were part of him so it wasn't a complete loss. I knew they had strength and courage like their Dad. Scottie was 16 years old. Bryce was 15 years old. Jay said we could make it- but I didn't know how we could.

Emma stayed a few days and we talked a lot. It was cold January winter days, so we didn't go anywhere. The kids went back to school. The bus picked them up in front of the house.

At night I could hear them crying, but when I would go to them they would be asleep (or pretend). One day Bryce sat in his Dad's chair and said "I'm not going to school. I'm going to stay home and run the farm." I knew he was badly hurt when I told him we would have to rent the farm out because we didn't have the \$5,000.00 operating expense and the bank would only loan me \$1,000.00, being a women.

I couldn't tell him that I had borrowed \$300.00 from the bank to get Jay out of the hospital and had \$30.00 left; that we had \$12,000.00 worth of debts; that we would have to sell the hay a few bales at a time to live on thru the winter, and the potatoes in the cellar would have to be sold for loans to be paid and for us to exist on.

There was no insurance. He had an insurance policy when he was building houses, but let it expire the year before.

Social Security that we paid on in shipyard work paid us \$150.00 on death benefit for burial and \$23.00 a month for each of us until the kids reached 18 years old and mine stopped when Bryce reached

---

<sup>34</sup> Always referred to as "Grandpa Wadsworth" or "Uncle Charlie." He was never called "Dad" by members of our family.

18 years and I could pick mine up again at age 65, if I didn't marry again.

I was 38 years old + 2 months. Jay was 44 years old + 10 months. We were married 17 years + 10 months.

Emma had to go home so the three of us had to start again. It seemed to me that the road of plans and dreams was a road that came to a sheer drop off. I knew the kids depended on me to show them the way. How could I? All three of us loved Jay so much and the sickly feeling of loss was hard enough to live with and it was constant all of our waking time. How could we manage?

Scottie and Bryce were priceless jewels. They went to school and came up with ideas on how to handle problems. I was surprised to see how unafraid they were about things. They would tease me to a point that I wanted to bump their heads together- and yet I knew they were trying to get attention and making me realize that they would help. They didn't go with their Dad- and we could work it all out.

I don't know what I would have done without them. Bless their hearts. I loved them so much and I do love them now and I always will love and appreciate them both.

### PROBATE

A month later in February, Harold Forbush, a blind attorney, called me and said he wanted to talk about probating Jay's will.

The day that Jay was in the hospital he wanted to see Harold. In the afternoon with several three minute intervals, Harold would visit Jay. Jay did not have a will and wanted Harold to write one. Harold told him of several ways. The doctor had told Jay he had a 50/50 chance of survival. So it was set up to be distributed three ways. Scottie, Bryce and myself and undivided property. I was to be the executrix of the estate and Harold would be the attorney. I also was set up as a guardian for Scottie and Bryce's interest and to report annually a financial statement showing their income and expenses. (Board, room school, etc.)

Jay also said Harold and I could work out the details in case he should not make it. If he did, then he and Harold would handle it. Jay said "I know it will be just fine, you both can handle it and also I want you to know that I'm not afraid of death, in fact I have a lot to talk over with the Man- my God upstairs. I haven't had Him very long and I want to have a good visit."

After Harold left he said "I feel much better now and can rest. If I go, you can start probate soon, so you will know what to do and to understand how to do it"----- then he said "I love you" and slept.

Probate started with meeting Judge Fackrell and signing papers. I was given a list of all these things I should do as an "executrix" and the responsibility as a guardian for the kids, which didn't make sense- I was their Mother and would care for them anyway. They said it was "legal" and "proper" to do it their way.

I had \$30.00 in the check book. We didn't have a savings account- and no insurance. My family and Jay's family sent us some money. Cards came with money, no large amounts- perhaps \$2.00 or \$5.00 and A.A. took up a collection and Wannie and Sarah [Madsen] brought it up.

It was hard then and now to find the right words of appreciation I felt in my heart. I knew then that God was helping me- and that gave me strength.



## HAY SALES, LAMBING & SPUD SALES

We started to sell the hay. It was in the field near the barn. It was winter with lots of snow and cold. We ran an ad in the paper and sold it 2 or 4 or 6 bales at a time. The cars or trucks couldn't drive to the stack, so it was handled by hand and carried to the cars or trucks on the road.

We had the cow for milk and Bryce's 4-H sheep to lamb out. Sarah and Wannie came to help. I remember one ewe had twin lambs and we had to enter the mother to straighten their legs and pull them. Sarah carried them into the kitchen to dry off. (There's a picture of them.)

I went to three banks where we had signed notes-( Idaho Falls, Rexburg and Driggs) and had bought machinery, fencing, wire, motor, pipes, etc. for the well. We had paid on them from the sale of the sheep in the fall, but they were to be paid off with our hay and spuds.

The bankers said they would tear up old notes with Jay's name on it and make a new one in my name and give me an extension on the due date and I could pay them off a little at a time..(which I did with \$5.00, \$2.00, or \$10.00 or any extra I had to spare.)

Being a widow and a woman, I couldn't borrow any more then \$1000.00 for operating the farm so I rented it out to Warren Fullmer on a crop bases.

I had no idea of how to sell a cellar full of certified seed potatoes which we needed the money to pay on notes and to survive thru the year.

I was shocked to learn that the price of spuds had dropped. Cellars were full of spuds that no one wanted to buy. Farmers were hauling them to the fields to plow under for fertilizers. Others fed them to their livestock. This cellar was certified, which meant it had to be empty, cleaned and limed by June inspection. I didn't have money to hire help and trucks to even empty the cellar, and Warren couldn't handle it alone.

Judge Fackrell said he knew who could sell the spuds for me- Charles Larsen- who had connections in Idaho Potato Growers Association. So I met Charles. He tried to sell them too, but no luck. The associations was full too. I could empty the cellar by giving them away, but I needed the money, so that would be the last resort.

Every morning I would drive to farmers, warehouses, and any place anyone suggested to see. I drove to Ashton, Rexburg, Idaho Falls, Blackfoot and no one would buy.

Finally I was given a man's name in Ririe, near Rexburg. He said he would "look at them." He did, and said he would buy a "few" if I sorted them. I couldn't sort them. He said he would take all of them for one dollar (\$1.00) a sack as is--. It was the only offer I had, so I sold them, and was told later I was lucky.

## SUMMER 1951

School was out and Scottie had a chance to go to Island Park to Flat Rock Club. A resort that doctors, lawyer, etc. had bought and came for their vacations. Scottie wanted to work there for a friend that was taking 2 weeks vacation. So she went to Flat Rock and worked all summer. It was only about 60 miles from home, but I was worried that she would be okay. I later knew she was in good hands and she liked it.

Carl and Wanda Westerburg wanted Bryce to help him all summer in Ucon, near Idaho Falls on their farm. So he went with them.

I took an apartment in Idaho Falls and worked in a children's nursery caring for 17 pre-school children, and signed up for nite school in secretary work and training until school started. My brother

Marvin phoned and said Dad <sup>35</sup> was in the hospital and not expected to live and to come home. So I cut the night classes short and the nursery manager said I should go, so I went to Logan and stayed two weeks. Dad got better and we had the only family reunion we ever had. His sister, Aunt Elsie and her family came from Pocatello and it had been years since I had seen Clarice and some of the rest of my sisters and brothers.

School started and Scottie and Bryce came home and it was good to be together again.

### CHARLES LARSEN

All spring Charles had phoned me or stopped by to check on "how I was doing" and when I went to Idaho Falls he called every morning at 7 a.m. and came to take me out to dinner when I could go. We decided to sell the cow and he found a buyer and I suspected he gave me more money than he received from the sale. He helped Warren [Fullmer] clean the cellar for certified spuds. He suggested many things that should be taken care of with the tractor, etc. He bought us a shed full of coal and wouldn't take money. Every time I went to town he would be there and bought a cup of coffee for us or lunch.

Judge Fackrell told me what a wonderful man he was and had 2 daughters, Diana and Marcia, 7 and 12 years and Charles' wife had died six weeks before with cancer. Also Charles was a good farmer and a good manager.

When I went to Logan he called every day and came down, stayed in a hotel and met my family. They all liked him. He was 10 years older than I was and was fun to be with. He loved to dance and party and many people told us how great it was that we were going together. His daughters lived with their mother's mother, so Charles lived alone.

Winter was coming and we decided to get married and move in a rental in Driggs for the winter and the kids could walk to school. I had a lot of building material and a complete bathroom- tub, wash bowl, and water tank from Rappleye Addition so we decided to live in his house and use this material and make a bathroom added to his house and get it all papered, cleaned and move into it in the spring.

We got our license in Rexburg and Judge Fackrell married us in his home Oct 18, 1951.

We moved to Driggs and his daughters and my two kids all moved in together. All went fine until Thanksgiving and then I noticed Charles didn't want to eat at home. He was good to build fires, bring in plenty of coal and wood, buy groceries and ask if he could do anything. He would go to town 3-4 times a day and always had something to eat there.

His mother-in-law told me she had told Charles to find a wife and care for his girls, she couldn't do it anymore. She was really a wonderful lady and I really liked her and she told me many things she didn't like about Charles and his ways.

---

<sup>35</sup> [This note was written after Jay's death from Jay's father-in-law, George Dunbar, age 84 at the time, to Jay's parents. He used very little punctuation.]  
Logan, Utah

CW and Mrs. Wadsworth

Dear Old Friends I think of you often and wonder about you both Are you well? and as happy as you used to be I surely hope for your happiness as long as you want to live and that you may pass gently when that time comes. I still want to fish and enjoy it if only for trophies same as if I was fishing for trout on Fishing Bridge Good luck to all of us and happiness I love both of you and never will never forget Jay I think of him always as a prince among men Brice and Scottie are going to make high class folks, it is born in them and when I saw them here in the house then last year, they certainly proved it

Good luck to all of you

Your Friend

George Dunbar

P.S. If any of you are coming this way We would be pleased to see you once more

George



Warren had a years lease with the farm and wanted a 5 year lease so he could buy some equipment. Charles wanted to run the farm.

Harold [Forbush], my attorney, thought I should auction off all the equipment and auto and pay my debts. Charles said no.

I was beginning to realize Charles wanted a house-keeper and what goes with it and some one to care for his girls. I knew he thought a lot of me- but love was too distant. I suggested a honeymoon in Salt Lake and to shop for Christmas and to talk about our marriage and love and to why he eats out and many other areas. He really didn't want to go- but we went and it was a FLOP- He bought a lot of presents and me some lovely clothes and we came back and had Christmas and all that went with it- gifts, food, dancing, friends, etc.

January came and we had a "big talk." He didn't deny marrying me for a mother for his girls, and he wanted to have my 200 acre farm, but said he thought a lot of me and he would try and make the marriage go.

I was at fault too. I knew I could never love any man like I loved Jay. I never expected to- but I loved Charles in a different way and was willing to try harder too- to build up something great between us, but it didn't change. It got worse and was over in February.

My kids and I moved out to my farm and on June 13, 1952 we were divorced. Charles became a friend- he offered his help in the farming; offered to send my kids to college; asked if I needed money and still bought me coffee if I saw him in town. He stopped to see me if he knew where I was and I still loved him in the only way I could. We later talked it all over again and decided we made better friends than as man and wife. The marriage was wrong. We didn't have the foundation.

After Scottie, Bryce and I moved back to the farm, they told me that if I wanted to go back to Charles it was okay with them, but they weren't going- they would stay at the farm alone. Charles and his girls moved to his farm and five years later he married again and later, years after, he died of a heart attack.

## HOSPITAL JOB & JIM GROVER

I got a job in the Teton County Hospital and worked as an "aid." I liked the work and the nurses and Dr. Larsen. They were great. I was paid 50 cents an hour. \$1,500.00 a year.

I dated Al Bennett- an A.A. member, until I had to call Sheriff [Dwight] Loosli to come and run him home after he walked in my house at night--drunk!! He brother, Ed and wife Edna were real good friends of mine, but even tho Al was a good guy- he wasn't for me.

I also dated James Grover from Victor. He was a patient in the hospital. I enjoyed being with him. He treated me so special and I liked him, but he had a problem adjusting to his life after his wife was killed in an auto accident and he was driving and he blamed himself. He had a daughter that didn't live with him, but with relatives.

We were friends for a long time and talked on the phone often, more than we had dates. Years later he married again, but he passed away- he was drinking- and I felt he died from a heart break from the loss of his first wife. He couldn't forgive himself.

## SWIMMING & NATIONAL AQUATIC SCHOOL

I was swimming a lot and on my day off from the hospital I would go to the Canyon (Green Canyon Hot Springs) 20 miles from Driggs. Etha Bohi was teaching Red Cross swimming there and I helped her. We soon had a program set up. The school buses were arranged to bring children from town to the pool during the summer and we taught them swimming.

## *Journal of Eiley Dunbar*

Scottie went to Flat Rock for the summer every year. Bryce worked for J.O. White irrigating his fields and Warren set aside 5 acres of ground for Bryce to have as his own and raise spuds. He lived at home.

In July I had an offer from American Red Cross to send me, expenses paid, to Arizona to an aquatic school and to come back and teach swimming at Green Canyon.

Before the offer I had been asked to coach girls baseball games for the Church in Tetonia. I wasn't going to church, but Scottie went regularly; Bryce at times. So I started to coach the girls. They weren't working very hard and a lot wouldn't show up, so I told them I would teach them how to swim and have a swim club if they would play ball. They were all for it. So I taught them to swim and we had a great baseball game and won many times. Their names were: Donna Douglas, Jannette Hatch, Michael Clements, Lorraine Campbell, Rosa Smith, Luena Campbell, Sara Lee Heilesen, Bonnie Hansen, Jerylyn Reilly, Mary Nelson, Joan Goodsell, Fay Reilly, Jacqueline Banks, Sharon Gee, Colleen Smith, Reah Banks, Laura Lee Pehrson, Carol Stewart, Renee Hansen, Irene Pehrson, Sherleen Cook, Margaret Wade, Lorraine Mitchell, Delpha Beard, Myrna Mickelson, Naomi Kempton, Connie Campbell, and Sybillie Bocker (a German exchange student).

I drove my car and other mothers brought a load of girls. We had a lot of fun. I taught the club in the morning and helped Etha in the afternoon and most of our baseball games were on Saturday or in the early morning and late afternoon. My work at the hospital was rotating morning or afternoon or night shifts every two weeks.

I accepted the offer of Red Cross and Dr. Larsen said I could take my vacation and go to the National Aquatic School at Granite Dells in Prescott Arizona. I was met at Prescott at the bus and others came too and took the aquatic bus to Granite Dells. We had to handle our own luggage. I had a sleeping bag, suit case and purse and carrying all this I tore some ligaments in my right arm, which bothered me all thru the two weeks training and for weeks after.

It was hard work from early morning until night. We learned first aid, survival swimming, boating, canoeing, water safety, pool leadership and swimming strokes. We put on aquatic shows for the Prescott people to see. We had swimming, diving, water ballet and water dancing. We had church on Sunday in the hills with a cross mounted on a pole and we sat on the rocks or ground. I really enjoyed it. It was hot weather and I had to protect my freckled fair skin. There were 76 people there. We ate and slept in barracks. Food was cooked for us, and at night we were all ready for sleeping bags.

I met two girls there and I appreciated their friendship. They knew my arm gave me trouble and they helped me with many things. Their names were Temp and Sarah Bell Heard. They were nurses in a hospital and also taught swimming. When the training was over and we were leaving they said they were going to go thru Oak Creek Canyon to Prescott and I could go with them and catch the bus at Prescott and they would carry my bags. They had a car. So I went with them. Oak Creek Canyon was beautiful. We slept under the stars and swam in pools and eddies in the creek. The scenery was colored rocks and pine trees. It was a good time and relaxed us from the aquatic routine.

They left me at the bus depot, but I would have to wait until the next day. So I went to a hotel and checked the sleeping bag for the next day bus. I took a shower and suddenly I broke out with a rash all over my body. I thought it was heat rash because we were in the hot sun in the canyon. The hotel clerk told me where a drug store was, but sent his son to go and buy me some calamine lotion. I used most of it and went to bed. I itched and was miserable. Next morning it was still there and still was itching. I put on my hat and dark glasses and caught the bus for home. Several people asked if I was okay and I said it was heat rash. Dr. Larsen said, "measles"!!

I heard from Temp and Sarah Belle and they didn't catch the measles, but I wondered about the hotel clerk and his son and the people on the bus.

I worked at the hospital again. Swimming at Green Canyon Hot Springs had started and Alta



Oglesby was teaching with Etha. Etha got her aquatic certificate in Coer d'lene, Idaho. Alta got her aquatic certificate in Boise, Idaho and mine in Granite Dells, Prescott, Arizona.

We taught swimming for 260 students on Monday. The three of us had the best swimmers from the years before help us with the classes. They were age 10 to 40 years for the students. We were in water most of the day with an hour lunch break between the buses. Our skin was a mass of wrinkles and when I got home I just laid on the floor exhausted. We taught beginners, intermediate swimmers, junior and senior life saving; also diving classes.

### LIFE SAVING JIMMY MEYERS

LuAnn Hatch was a cripple in a wheel chair. She was our secretary and took care of the records. She rode with me in my car. One night as we were leaving the pool, (training was over and the pool was opened for the public) the Meyers family came to swim from Sugar City, Idaho. We knew them and talked to them. We went to the lockers to gather all our things. I pushed LuAnn to the counter so we could have a cool drink. We then got to the door and heard some one scream that Jimmy Meyers, 9 years old, was on the bottom of the pool. The pool had a mesh fence around it so I had to run around to the gate to get to where he was. By that time, some one had got him and was pulling him on the side and everyone was crying and screaming and just watching him - hysterically --

I put him on his stomach, checked his tongue and started artificial respiration, the "back pressure-arm pull" method I learned at school. I don't know how long I worked- but it seemed a long, long time. Finally a small groan- a sound I'll never forget- water was coming from his mouth and after awhile he started coughing and crying. We wrapped him in blanket, gave him a little coffee- he was shaking so bad it was hard to hold him on the bench. His dad called a doctor in Sugar City and was told to bring him to the hospital. He was kept all night and released the next day.

I worried about him having brain damage because he was showing no signs of life for so long. He turned out to be a good healthy boy. His parents sent me a nice letter and a gift of necklace and earrings.

LuAnn wrote to American Red Cross and they called me and said they wanted to meet me in Driggs at the Rotary Club. There was the Rotary Club members and Mr. Fred Sequest from San Francisco Red Cross; Mrs. Claudia Stott, Teton County chairman, and Mr. Herb Knight from the Red Cross, presented me with a Certificate of Merit from Washington D.C. and signed by Dwight D. Eisenhower, honorary chairmen. He said it was the 4th such certificate given in the Western Area. LuAnn was with me so they asked her to tell them about me saving Jimmy Meyers, Jr. and the Rotary served us a nice lunch.

I taught swimming in 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, and 1956. I received a 5 year certificate, a Service Bar along with pins, and certificate cards.

In the winter after the kids graduated from high school, Scottie went to Ricks College in Rexburg and Bryce went to Idaho State in Moscow, Idaho. I moved to Driggs in the Harris Cabins for the winter after Christmas because the winters were 30-40 degrees below zero. I could walk to the hospital to work, and to the grocery store.

Scottie and Bryce came home for the holidays so I would bake a turkey , 6 or 8 pies and all the trimmings. They would bring in their friends and play games, eat, play the piano and sing. Also pop corn, make fudge and had a real good time. I knew all the kids. They had come many times during the years. They were good clean healthy kids.

Bryce went with Kay Swainston during high school and wrote to each other when he was at school in the winter and saw each other all summer. I loved Kay and always thought she and Bryce would marry when he got out of college. Scottie dated with several young men in high school, but no

one special. At Ricks College she met and ambitious young man named "Budd" (Spence) Munns. She dated him for awhile until he want to the Army, then she wrote letters to him.

**DON NEWELL**

I had a friend in Driggs, Carma Hillman. She lived near the hospital. She always had coffee ready for me when I worked the day shift and I stopped there on the way home. One day another widow, Delilah Daniels (Penfold), and I decided we would drive to Jackson Hole to see some live night shows, souvenir shops, and watch the people. We decided to ask Carma to go with us.

When we stopped at her place she had company-Donald Stewart Newell. She had met him in Teton City at friends, and he had stopped to visit her. She didn't want to go with us, but she suggested we take Donald. Well- we didn't expect that- and we didn't know him, but she said he was a good guy and she said she thought he could protect himself with two widows. Don said he was from California and had never been to Jackson Hole, but would be happy to go.

So we took him, but he insisted that he use his car. We had a really fun time. Don walked between us and took turns dancing with us, and we stayed there for the late show. On the way home he said he would like to see Jackson Hole

in the day time and suggested we all three get up early and drive back for breakfast and spend the day at Jackson Hole. Delilah had a date with Virg Penfold the next day so she couldn't go, but I had a day off from the hospital so Don picked me up about noon and we spent the day in Jackson Hole. He treated me so special and told me about himself:



*Don and "Scottie" (Eiley) Newell*



Donald was born in Hobson, Montana on December 4, 1911 [son of Spencer Newell and Mary Anna Stewart] a year before my birthday November 4, 1912. When he was young his folks took him and his brother Lynn, his sister Beth and his sister Margaret to Santa Rosa, California. The family followed the harvests, going to the cities picking fruit and later found jobs near Santa Rosa. Donald found work in the shipyard near San Francisco. He married Nina Govey. They didn't have children, but she had had four pregnancies, but lost them before their due dates with miscarriages. She was never very well. They had hunting dogs and hunted as often as they could get off work and go with other hunters and hunt for bear, bobcat, mountain lion and would sell the hides.

Nina had been told that she had cancer of the liver and a year to live, so they sold everything they had- dogs and all and bought a trailer home and for a year he took her everywhere she wanted to go and she loved the hills, so the last three months was spent in the hills until the pain got so bad he put her in the hospital in Marysville, California where she passed away. Her father passed away the same day and telegrams passed each other in notifying Don in California, and her parents in Oregon. Her body was cremated and sent to Oregon, where she was buried with her father.

Don had a friend, Pick Pickering, that worked in the shipyard. Pick's wife Marge had allergies and had to move to higher elevations, so they moved to Teton City, Idaho. He opened an equipment repair shop and later made potato diggers and ask Don to come help him. So he came. Carma knew Pick and Marge and had met Don through them, and other people she knew in Teton City. Carma was much younger than we were and went with younger men.

Don had a girl friend in California and wanted her to come to Idaho and get married, but she refused to leave her mother and leave California. So he stayed in Idaho and worked for Pick for several years, going to visit his folks during the winter.



*Clifford & Scottie Rappleye Munns*

## MARRIAGES

We dated from spring until December 14, 1954 when we got married in the home of Wannie and Sarah Madsen by Bishop Ricks in Idaho Falls. The Pickerings and Scottie and another Pickering (Jack and

wife Fran) were there. Bryce was at school.

We went to California for our honeymoon and met his family and spent a week at Yosemite Park and that area.



*Bryce & Myrleen Morgan Rappleye*

Scottie had written that Budd<sup>36</sup> had come home from the army and they were getting married in March 1955. So we came back to the hospital job and Don building the spud diggers and our vacation was over. We had a beautiful wedding for Scottie and Budd. They were married in the Idaho falls Temple (LDS) and had their reception in the Archer Church where Budd lived. They were both students at Ricks, and they lived in Archer, near Rexburg.

I taught swimming again that summer and worked in the hospital. In the fall, Pick and Don harvested spuds around Idaho Falls and Blackfoot area.

Bryce came home from school for the summer and decided to go to Logan, Utah State College to school. [He married Myrleen Morgan the following year in the Logan Temple- December 21, 1956.]

### **MOVE TO CALIFORNIA & THE JENSEN'S**

Don didn't like Tetonia winters and wanted to go to California, so in December 1955 we went to Wheatland, California and lived in his trailer home.

Don liked the summers in Idaho and in the evenings we drove to Jackson Hole or took a lunch and drove in the hills for a few hours. He missed his dogs and the hunting. One day he went to town

---

<sup>36</sup>Clifford Spence Munns



and bought a dog and shipped him to his friend in California to care for him.

He loved Scottie and Bryce. He said the last baby they lost at 6 months pregnancy was a boy and he would have been Bryce's age. He admired them in their thoughts and actions and he was glad to have a family. He was afraid to hurt their feelings or say something wrong so kept himself reserved. I thought too much reserved. The kids liked him really well. So there was never any trouble between them. The grand kids loved him.

He was very good to me. Kind and considerate and I found out I loved him so very much, but not like I loved Jay. I couldn't compare them. It was as much, but in a different way and for different reasons. Perhaps like a parent has love for each of their children, only in different ways.

When I was teaching swimming, he would meet me at the pool and make a fire outside or in the pool fire place and have hot dogs and coffee and sit there and talk. He was great!

When we got to California, we went to Mary and Jim Jensen's. Warren [Fullmer] still wanted the farm to rent and I quit my job in the hospital. Jensen's lived in Wheatland which was just south of Marysville. We had the trailer in their yard and Don helped Jim set up the milking equipment for the dairy. Jim had a lot of cows and sheep and 150-200 acres of land- a rancher.

Jim and Don knew each other before either of them were married which was a long time ago. They made me so welcome, and we became very close friends.

## YUBA CITY FLOODS

We got there the first part of December 1955 and it was raining and had been for days. We decided to go to Santa Rosa to see his folks, so left the trailer at Jim's. The people by the rivers in Marysville and Yuba City were worried about floods. The weather had warmed up and was melting snow in the high Sierras.

The Feather River runs between Marysville and Yuba City and the Yuba River runs on one side of Marysville making the town an island. Both rivers run into the Sacramento River below Yuba City. The engineers sand bagged around Marysville thinking it was going to flood. They evacuated the town of all people and animals.

It was Christmas Eve 12:30 a.m.- just past midnite and the river broke thru into Yuba City where all three rivers came together. The 18 foot wall of water crashed thru houses, barns, trees and for 10 or 15 miles to the levees and stopped and filled the area. Cars, Christmas presents, animals and people were hanging on to trees and were all mixed together. Terrible experiences and deaths.

We knew Don's and Jim's friend, Jack and Lucille Jolley's home was in the water to the ceiling, windows broke and presents, cats, dogs or what have you were floating.

We had gone to Santa Rosa when it happened and the telephones were out, so for days we didn't know if Jim and Mary were washed out or our trailer floating somewhere. There was a creek running back of Jim's barn. The bridges were washed away so there was not a way to go there at Jim's.

The rains kept coming. The snow in the Sierras was melting and kept the rivers high. I counted 40 days of rain! (like Noah?). We finally heard from Jim. Our trailer was okay and they were too, but the creek in the field had flooded to his barn so the pasture for the cows was under water, so he had moved the cows to higher fields. Coming back from Santa Rosa we crossed roads with water running across and detours.

Christmas Eve the people went to bed feeling safe because the radio station said all was safe. After the flood had calmed down there was an investigation. Why the radio said all was safe and the levee was breaking? Some of the city officials had left town to go to Christmas Eve parties or for the holidays and the people left to take care of the danger were inefficient or inexperienced-- anyway it was a scandal and lay offs and changes were made. It was terrible!!

Jack and Lucille had decided to take the gifts and bedding etc. and go to their daughter for Christmas in another city. When they came home they asked Jim and Don to help them. So they drove Jim's pickup as far as they could in Yuba City and put a boat in the water and rowed down the road guided between light poles. They rowed in Jack's front window and picked up all they could floating in the house. The water had dropped from the ceiling to the window edge because pumps were being used to pump the water over the dike into the river 10 miles from where the levee broke.

They rowed back to the pickup and brought back the items to Jim's place. Lucille would wash them off with the hose; Mary put them in the washer and I dried them over the floor furnace. There were things that Lucille had never seen. Boxes of dishes, dolls, toys, blankets, suits, dresses, etc. They had a drawer full linens and doilies Lucille had made; Jack's best suit and coat and clothes and bedding. Furniture had come unglued and parts floating. Some things she could use, but covered with red muddy water. We didn't know what it was until it was put under the hose. They stayed in the trailer home they rented. Six months later they started to build the house back up. (We kept the routine going three days.)

After the water was gone we went thru several homes. Hardwood floors buckled; wall boards fallen; fireplaces bricks crumbled; red mud everywhere. I opened a cupboard in the kitchen and you could see soda, baking powder, salt, etc all covered with red dirt. The owners used a water hose to wash out the mud on the floors and later tore out the walls and left the frame and roof to air and dry out for months. The smell was terrible. Several years later one would never know there was a flood there. Lawns and gardens were better than before. With the levee breaking in Yuba City and not in Marysville where it was expected, the people moved back to their homes which were dry.

There was a lot of work to do and men were needed to clean red mud out of equipment, so Don got a job in Yuba City. We moved our trailer to a Marysville trailer park- 10 miles from Jensen's. Don worked long hours and used the pickup and I had my car.

I found out that there was an LDS Church in Marysville, so I decided to go to Relief Society and the first time there I was called on to say a prayer. My heart flipped. I had never said a prayer in public. I didn't even know what I said after I sat down, but it didn't create a problem so I guess the good Lord is on my side and put words in my mouth. I went several times and enjoyed it.

## OROVILLE

After the planning of the big Feather River Dam for 10 years they finally started to build in Feather River Canyon, so we moved to Oroville at the foot of Feather River. Don joined the Operators Union and got a job at the dam driving big equipment.

I took a refresher course in swimming and taught swimming to the adult ladies in the evening in the high school. I enjoyed it.

In Oroville, we pulled our trailer in a large trailer court and every morning I would go down to the river and swim. It was a nice park with trees and picnic tables. One day I broke out with heat rash-covered from head to toe. I didn't realize that the temperature was 117 degrees and my fair skin and water didn't mix. So in the summer my work outside had to stop by 10 a.m. or after 6 p.m.

We met friends in the court and their husbands worked on the dam also. Marge and Budd Hedrick, Leonard and Marion Meyers and Thelma. We played pinochle and formed a club called "The Improvement Club" which was a joke, but had fun. We had the meetings in the afternoon (all girls) and in the evening we would get together with our husbands for pinochle and dinner.

After the dam was built, Marge and Budd moved to San Francisco; Marion and Leonard to Chico, California; and Thelma stayed in Oroville. We exchanged Christmas cards and still do except Thelma quit writing soon after we left so I never hear from her.



We decided to move from the trailer and rented a house from Mr. and Mrs. Gilley (Scott and Elsie). Don got his dog and several more and started to go hunting- his favorite sport.

In the evening after work he goes hunting for the evening. There is always someone to go with him. Most of it is to train the dogs. The dogs are expensive to buy. From \$150.00 to \$1200.00 and depends on their training. They hunt bobcat, mountain lion, bear and coons (raccoons). Years before they had a camp in the Sierra mountains and several families would go and stay a month or more. The hunters seem to have a lot to do and now could only stay a week or 2 nights. I would go if other wives were going, but for one evening Don went with one or two other hunters. Sometimes they could sell the hides of the bobcat or mountain lion, but hunters wanted the bear hide for themselves. I enjoyed going with a group in the hills. The wives would fish or walk, read or just visit and also cook for the big dinner at night when they would come in and build a bon fire and sit around drinking coffee and telling stories. I wish I could remember all their names: Jim Jensen, Pat Patterson, Vic Minton, Tom Adair, Ray Bledsoe, Ross Lyons and his 2 brothers, Hoyt Short, Harold Thornstrong from Sonoma California, ? Pogue, and Pick Pickering from Teton City Idaho, ? Christman from Paradise California. There were others, but they weren't the regulars. I knew their wives; some of them I knew more about them like Mary Jensen, Elsie Patterson, Ruth Pogue, Helen Christman, Edna Lyons, Mary Lyons, Marge Pickering, and Libby Bledsoe. I still get a card and letter from them at Christmas and Mary and Jim more often.

Don always set up a tent, but he preferred to sleep out in the open under the moon and stars. He was not a Mormon, in fact when his family lived in Montana they lived 50 miles from any church. On Saturday they would hitch up the team to the wagon and go to town for supplies, sometimes staying with friends enroute over night. On Sunday, Mother Newell [Mary Anna Stewart Newell] would take the kids to church- Protestant- and after church they would get their groceries and supplies and leave for Hobson. Sometimes twice a month.

While he was growing up they moved from place to place wherever there was fruit to be picked or job openings. Church wasn't part of their lives. They all believed in God, but couldn't accept life after death. God was their religion. Don would say while camping that he was closer to God with the hills, moon, stars and bonfire than any one who went to church. They believed our lives were like the trees. We are born like new leaves in the spring and grow to maturity and drop off in the fall and back to dust. This is something God makes and they can see this with their eyes. They referred to young people as being in the spring of their lives; Teenagers and young married's as the summer of their lives; Fall as the matured part of their lives; and winter as the old and dying part of their lives.

They accepted and respected people and their religion- no matter what church. They never rejected me or my religion and asked very little about it. When Scottie and Bryce had Temple weddings, they were happy for them and did what they could on any expense. When I went the few times to church in Yuba City, Don said, "That's great." It gave me something to do. He never objected to any part of it.

We bought a home at 24 Grand Avenue in Oroville California. The work at the dam would last many years. It was small, 2 bedrooms, living room, kitchen and bath. No basement, but had a utility room for the water tank and washing machine. It also had a 2 car garage and a storage room; also 2 small chicken coops, which we tore down and made dog kennels with cement floors and wire walls, tops and dividers. Don kept 7 or 8 dogs. Sometimes he would sell or trade one.

Our neighbors were Mary Bidleman and Naomi and Vesper Stockwell, whom I loved very much. We had fruit trees, grapes and a garden. We both liked to care for the yard, but he had less time, so I did a lot of it.

## MARY AND SPENCER NEWELL

Don's folks lived in Santa Rosa (150 miles away) and were getting older. Dad N. [Spencer Newell] had lost his hearing, but used aids. His Mother [Mary Anna Stewart Newell] had operations, small strokes and was very slightly paralyzed.

His sister, Beth, passed away with a brain tumor. His sister Margaret was living with their folks. She had two sons and divorced and the boys lived with their father. Margaret was an alcoholic and spent nights in bars. Don's brother, Lynn and wife Ruth lived in a distant city.

A week or so after the funeral we went to see his folks. They were upset about losing their daughter, Beth. She had done so much for them and phoned or wrote often.

We stayed several days and cleaned their house, washed clothes and bedding, took them shopping and cooked food for the meals and refrigerator. We left in the morning thinking we would try to come more often. We stopped in Davis, California to have dinner with Scottie and Budd and got home late at night to see lights in house. We went in and found Dad and Mother Newell!! We had left them in Santa Rosa in the morning!! They decided they didn't want to care for themselves any more or didn't want to worry about Margaret and her drinking and her gone most of the night. So they loaded their clothes and food (that we had cooked), turned off the lights, heat and water meters; hammered nails in the windows and doors so Margaret couldn't get in, and drove to our house 150 miles and moved in to stay!!

Don loved his parents very much and they loved him. They accepted me with love and warmth and called me "Don's little Doll." I loved them too. They were hard-working-down-to-earth-people. The year before, 19 April 1958, they had celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Beth, Lester, Don and I planned a party for them... sent out cards, bought them clothes, wedding cake and all. There were many friends that came, and they were so happy, except Margaret didn't show up until the next morning. Lynn and his family were there. Don, Lynn and Beth told Margaret she would have to find another place to live- that the folks were kept up at night worrying about her and they kept finding cigarette burns from the couch and rug to the kitchen and were afraid of fire, but she ignored them and still stayed. After the folks came to stay, she moved to San Francisco and we never knew her address.

We kept the folks with us for several months then moved them in an apartment next door, but took meals to them and watched over them. Dad had arthritis and was hard to care for. Mother had small strokes and was in the hospital for several weeks in a coma. She came thru that okay, but the doctor thought they should go into a nursing home. There was one not too far away and it was a tiny 2 room house with a shower and intercom where they could call to the main house for help. They were happy to be by themselves. Not long after, Dad would put Mother in their car and come up every day and said they weren't getting enough food- but we knew good food was brought to them 3 times a day. We fed them their afternoon lunch and they would go back for supper in the little house.

Soon Dad kept saying he couldn't give Mother her shower anymore and he wasn't going to call the main house for help. So I would give her a bath, shampoo and curl her hair and feed them. They were paying the nursing home \$300.00 each for the house and food. So we decided to bring them home with us again. They were happy. This is what they wanted. Don took Dad everywhere he went, but at night hunting they came home early.

Don took Dad on a 3 week trip to Hobson, Montana- their old place where Don was born. They renewed old friend and enjoyed it very much. Dad slept most of the way.

Mother wasn't able to ride that far, but she was glad they could go and she had told Dad to repeat over and over (and over) about the trip and people they knew, when they came back home.

They found the town of Hobson was changed to Philbrook and it is located in Fergus County and near Lewistown and Sand Springs Montana. Old friends were still at Sand Springs. They found the house that Don was born in and took a picture. They really enjoyed the trip.

Mother kept on having small stokes and each one left her arm and hand more crippled. We got medication. She would get up at night and put on a coat and go our the door- she would say, "I'm going to Frisco to see Margaret." We didn't sleep sound and always got up and caught her as soon as her door would "squeak."

Dad's arthritis sometimes would be so painful he stayed in bed and his feet would swell so bad



that they looked like they would burst. After several days of orange juice diet he would be better.

Mother got so bad with strokes and small convulsion that she went to the hospital. She hated it and would run away when she could. The doctors said she should go into a nursing home in Paradise, California, 10 miles from us. Soon she didn't know who we were and passed away with a stroke.

Dad gradually got worse with his hearing, arthritis and his kidneys developed into uremic poisoning and he was in the hospital a few days and then to a convalescence home in Paradise. His mind was clear and was up and around all day, but one week later he died in his sleep.

Dad- Spencer Newell was born 23 Aug 1883 and died 1 Aug 1965. Mother-Mary Anna [Stewart] Newell was born 16 Jan 1883 and died 25 Feb 1964. They were married 19 April 1908- 56 years.

They lived with us six years. Lynn and Ruth and family came to the funeral. Margaret phoned and couldn't come. Beth's family came also. They are buried in Oroville, Butte County Cemetery. They requested cremation (which I couldn't accept), but went back to dust as they believed!

I loved them and Don and I missed them even tho their care was confining to us- we didn't dare leave them alone. They gave us their love and thanked us many times. They were good parents!

### NEWELL'S CONSTRUCTION

The Feather River Dam was near completion and workers were being laid off. Don and Ed Nieto decided to buy two heavy tractors and go in business for themselves. They repaired them and ran ads in the paper and had many jobs to do. Mostly leveling ground and moving dirt. They did fine until they had to borrow more money and have more insurance which required signatures from them and their wives. Ed's wife refused to sign so they split [the] partnership and the equipment. I didn't want to sign either because Nieto was creating some problems for Don.

"Newell's Construction" was on its way and soon Don was hiring several men to work for him.

One mess we got into was when a man and his wife came to town and put a payment down on an olive orchard to build a lot of homes to sell with nice acreage. They hired Don to make the roads and gave him some money to start. They were hard to contact for more money, so we borrowed from the bank for our expenses. This couple said they were born in Poland, spoke good English, but spoke French to each other.

The house lots sold real fast. They were in a pretty setting and good price. The buyers could have a home built from pictures in a book. We even picked out a lot and decided to buy it with a settlement when the roads were finished.

The couple had opened a "Real Estate Office" and deals were made with payments for the lots and more down payments for the house to be built.

Don kept hearing remarks about the couple doing things that weren't right. He could contact them on the phone and they would say come in a certain day and get our expense money, but the door would be closed with a sign "Be back soon" or "gone to lunch", etc. Don was worried.

One morning Don got two policemen and went to their home and no one answered. They looked in the window and nothing was there. The door was unlocked and just some old boxes and broken furniture. They had left in the middle of the night and was never traced.

It was a scandal. The buyers had put down payments on the lots and houses. The owner of the olive orchard was left holding the bag. He had only a down payment and all the tractor work had been done on his ground, so he was responsible for our expenses. His ground was improved with roads, bridges, etc.

All the people who had paid down payments on the lots and homes were upset too. Some had paid for the lot in full. The couple took it all. We didn't get all the money we had coming because Don settled with the owner for a smaller amount.

## FOREST FIRE

There were a lot of jobs for the tractor, so he kept busy. Some jobs would take him out of town for a week and I stayed with the folks at home.

The winters were too wet with rain, so the work would be from spring until rains in the fall, so they would do most of the hunting and dog training in the winter.

There was a big forest fire that broke out in Northern California and everyone who had a tractor was called in. So Don went to fight the fire and was gone a week or so. When he came home he wasn't feeling very good. The day before he was running the tractor fighting fire on the fire line. He had broken a cable on the tractor. In trying to get it free to repair or replace it, he pulled hard and when it came loose it knocked him down against a tree. There was no one else around. He sat there and had some chest pain and nausea. Finally he repaired the tractor and drove it into camp. It was the end of the shift for him. The camp cooks had big steaks, potatoes, and etc. going, so he sat down and ate his supper and went to bed. The next morning they told him to go home and rest and maybe come back if the fire got worse.

When he got home he said he had lost his supper and his left arm was giving him some trouble. He didn't want to go to a doctor. He said it was strained from pulling the cable. I insisted he go anyway. The doctor said he had had a "heart attack" and sent him to Chico (20 miles) to a specialist who told him the x-ray verified there was a heart attack, but he survived it, so now he had to be careful. No heavy work, go on special diet and lots of rest.

There was no way Don would give up work or hunting<sup>37</sup>, but he took easier jobs and cut down

---

<sup>37</sup>On Nov 29, 1965 the Oroville Mercury-Register published a story about two lost bear hunters: Don Newell and Rodney Manning. The following letter was written November 30, 1965 by Eiley to her daughter, concerning this incident.

"Dear Scottie and All:

Well, I got home about 3 p.m. and about an hour later this mighty bear hunter came in, and you should have seen him!! He was so tired he could hardly walk. His face was swollen and dirty from bonfire, and his coat was burned along one sleeve. You can tell by this news clipping that he has the best bear story in 1965, so prepare for the story over and over again!!!! This is the way it went:

He came home from your place Fri. Fixed himself a quart of coffee, a lunch box full of sandwiches, had his supper and set the alarm for 4 a.m. Got up, made coffee, but wasn't hungry, and left for the hunt with Tom, Rod and Thompson about 7 a.m. Thompson stayed with the pickup. (He had his pickup, Don had his and Tom and Rod had a jeep) Thompson had a walkie-talkie and Tom had the other end. The dogs picked up a bear track and Don, Rod and Tom and the dogs started to follow. The dogs took off fast and some time later had the bears (2) up a tree. Tom followed the track, Don and Rod made a loop around a hill. Tom got too tired and made his way back to the pickups with Thompson helping directions thru the walkie talkie. Tom's legs gave out and he went back sideways, couldn't lift his legs forward.

So Don and Rod still following the howl of the dogs at the tree. Finally got there at 5 p.m... Started at 7 a.m. BUT all this time they were walking thru 2 feet of SNOW with 2 inch crust, which had to be broken with each step. (you know) Don blazed the trail, Ron followed. Ron weighs about 240# and about 32 yrs. old. When they got to the tree they killed the bear, cleaned them out, but found themselves exhausted. Don wanted to stay there where there was wood and come out in the morning but Ron was getting scared and wanted to come out that night. Now there was plenty of wood there and big rock for protection, but Don thought they would find another place, but they didn't find a place. There was only enough wood to build a small fire about the size of a pan. The lunch box was in the jeep ...of course.. along with the thermos. He had broken his pocketknife cleaning the bear, and this was getting about 9 p.m. Sat. night. Their feet were wet all day, they were about 6,000 elevation, so freezing weather. They were both so tired, Rod was shaking so they did what they could with the small fire and being tired. In the meantime Thompson and Tom had been going everywhere looking for them, and slept in the pickup, and called the Sheriff in the morning. About 11 a.m. Don and Rod came out, so the Rescue Unit was called off. Don got home about 4 p.m. Sunday.

They hadn't eaten since Friday night!!! Couldn't bring out the bear. Too exhausted!!! I fixed him some soup and coffee, he took off his shoes... been wet since Sat. morning. His feet started to swell, and that white-grey cast was covering. He had no feeling in them. We warmed them as best we could with our hands. Didn't dare put them in water, and he was too exhausted to go to a Dr. so to bed he went. He went to the Dr. yesterday and today. The right foot isn't so bad, but his left one has a blister, and black and blue spots. They are still badly swollen, both feet, and both still no feeling. They are feeling warm to touch, except for the tip on one toe. He is taking medication (Arlidin) to enlarge the veins for circulation, and giving the hot-cold foot baths several times a day. His cold is worse, of course, so he is taking Tetracycline (antibiotic). He is feeling better, and the Dr. is watching his toe, which is better today...some, but still has a cold spot, and no pulse can be felt yet, the Dr. said, in the left foot. Rod thought he had broken his foot, so told Don he had an appointment in the afternoon for an X-ray, but Don



his crew of men and no jobs out of the area.

Another time he was moving a mattress and had pain and nausea, but it didn't last too long and seemed okay with several days rest.

## HUNTING AND DOGS

There was a big hunting plan made for several families for Mt. Lion in Trinity Mountains in Northern California between Redding and Eureka. We were to meet at Weaverville and hunt at Burnt Ranch and Willow Creek. It was about a 60 mile area and would take several days. We got to Weaverville and stayed all night and during the night Don wasn't feeling good and went for short walks and was nauseated. We had a shrimp dinner at Weaverville so blamed it on the food. The next day the other parties came in we went to Willow Creek and made camp. The hunting wasn't good, so they all decided to go elsewhere and different ways, but Don said he thought we would head for home and take a couple of days and hunt here and there.

At his next doctors appointment, he told the doctor about the trouble, so after tests and x-rays, the doctor said he had had another attack, but wasn't real bad, but he damaged some lower veins in his heart.

He decided to sell the tractor and work for construction jobs using their equipment. He kept on hunting and training dogs. Once in awhile he would trade or buy and sell a dog. His top lead dogs were Rowdy, Birdie, Ring and Spot. Others he was training were Blackie, Sue and Ranger. They were expensive to buy and to feed. Most of them were black and tan, black and white, and tan and white. Blackie was all back and longer hair and curly. She was gentle. I could bring her in the house and she would sit by me very quietly. The others were running and jumping all over the place.

---

*said that it was a frozen foot, not broken. So his Dr. wanted him to go to the hospital, which he hasn't yet.*

*Being in the paper, you can see my kitchen is being filled with bear-hunters, coming to see the feet!!!*

*Why he didn't have a heart attack bucking that snow, I'll never know!! Maybe it was because his stomach was empty. He said that he never felt one ache of any kind with his heart.*

*Here he brings me out of the snow country...cause he doesn't like snow, and brings me down here where he freezes his feet in snow!! Always I have worried about him having an attack out in the hills, or about him having an accident, but never had I worried about him not taking care of himself. He said he knew he should have stayed where the bear were, plenty of wood to get warm and dry out, rest, and come out easy, maybe with the bear, but Rod was sort of panicky, and thought more wood was available. He sleeve caught fire when he went to sleep for a few minutes, so he has a blister on his arm. Rod took Rowdy and had him lay on his chest, so he slept some.*

*He isn't in pain, and walks around okay, feeds his dogs, etc. but I'll be glad when the swelling goes down, and he can feel something and I think he will be okay, or I do believe the Dr. would have put him in the hospital..*

*He probably won't go back after the bear, cause one fellow told him that bear meat will spoil in a day. Don turned the bear over against the snow with the hide still on covering the meat, but I guess there is so much heat that it can't chill soon enough.*

*This is the shocking part: They walked 9 miles thru that snow to the tree. Just like they were hypnotized from the dogs baying the bear...what else would make them do that???*

*The winner of the bear prize had a bear weighing 340 pounds so they would have been beaten if they had brought out the bear. Don was just talking to Rod, and he said he didn't go to the hospital, that his feet were better, but still swollen and frosted.*

*Well, I guess that's all about the news, and I'm glad that I was here when he got back, for the house was warm, and the coffee was hot, and he needed sympathy...and I should have handed him the dictionary and told him to find it there... but he was so sad looking.*

*Sure want to thank you for the hospitality and for being so nice to me. I enjoy being with you.*

*I'll let you know when his foot is all better and he gets over saying "You'll never catch me in any snow again."*

*Bye for now,*

*Mother and Don*

## GRAND-KIDS

When Scottie or Bryce and their families came up, Don would take the grandkids on a hunt in late afternoon. They would always want to go. Don loved the grandkids and he was so happy to have a family with a son and daughter and grandkids.

If we went to Scottie's for Christmas he would roll up his sleeves and make special thick egg-nogs and the kids would sit on the bar stools and watch him. They lived in Alameda, California.

I think it was Derric's first birthday that Don trimmed his hair. Feb 12, 1967.

In the summer the grandkids would come and stay two weeks. They would take turns, one of Bryce's, and one of Scottie's or two from a family. We lived in Oroville. I would take them swimming which they all loved. Even Janan was eager to go, but she would never want to get her hair wet, but she would go in the water and enjoy that.

We enjoyed each and every one of these special grandkids. We lived 80 or more miles from each family so didn't see them every day. We were together for the holidays, or Easter and a time or two in the summer. We had a big back yard and lots of shade. It was so much fun.

## IDAHO TRIPS & FRIENDS

Warren [Fullmer] still leased the farm in Tetonia. We made trips there sometimes twice each year. Papers had to be signed by me with the government for grain and potato allotment that were limited at that time.

Don and Pick would go hunting and I would stay with Marge Pickering or with a friend - Delilah Penfold. (She had married Virg Penfold.)

One trip we took Mary Brown with us and stayed at some cabins in Driggs. Mary Brown was a good friend and lived in Yuba City. She was a widow and we had some fun times together.

Sometimes we would stay at Wannie and Sarah Madsen's in Idaho Falls. We were close friends for years and had many experiences with them. Wannie passed away years before Sarah did and all of us missed him so much. They were friends that understood and we could talk about anything. He was special to us and to a lot of people. Sarah missed him very much. They had four children and she lived with them for awhile in her home. Her son bought her home and she lived in an apartment, which was easier for her.

Sarah passed away in August 1973. She was visiting her daughter. I truly miss her. Her letters, phone calls and visits were so meaningful. It was a friendship that comes very few times in a lifetime. May God bless her.

My friend in Marysville, California, Mary Brown passed away June 9, 1973, the same year, so my heart was heavy for her also. I didn't know Mary as long as I knew Sarah, but she was fun and was a good sport in everything we did. Don thought a lot of her too. She had only one son and he passed away a few years before she did and she never accepted his death and grieved for him.

Don loved to travel whenever he could get away. He took me thru the Redwoods in Northern California with the drive-thru-tree; and to a cafe made from a huge redwood stump; the worlds tallest 364 foot tree; Kings Canyon; General Grant Redwood; Mt. Shasta; Trinity Mountains; Fort Bragg; Oregon's Crater Lake; The Dalles on the Columbia River; San Francisco Bridges; Zion, Bryce and Yellowstone Parks. In Jackson Hole, Wyoming we rode the Snow King Mountain chair lift.

Don and Nina, his first wife, traveled to places in the western states I hadn't heard of. He had a movie camera and carried it with him everywhere.



## GOLD MINING

In Oroville, Don met two men that were gold mining in Feather River- underwater mining. They sold him a one ounce nugget for \$25.00 and they did pretty well with their mining.

Don decided he was going to find gold near the Feather Falls area. He made camp, took his tractor there and moved dirt and used water hoses- a large one and placer mined thru chutes and thru a rocker. He spent a lot of time and money and found small amount of gold dust. He always felt there was something big there- but never found it.

Jim and Mary Jensen and their kids Charlie, Steve, Sandy [Sandra] and Jack were dear to us and we had picnics, swimming, dinners and just visits. Jack had a vocal disability- damaged at birth, so he lived at home. Sandra married Jack Gilbert and has two sons. Steve married Jill and has two children. Sandra lives near her folks and raises nuts. Steve runs a pottery store in Greenwood, California.

Charlie went into the army and to Viet Nam, came home, and a few months later was killed in an auto accident fire and was burned terribly. It was hard on Mary and Jim. Charlie was young and very active and we loved him too. He died April 24, 1969, two years after Don passed away.

## LAST HUNT

The hunting days were changing. Some hunting areas were sold and homes were being built. "No trespass" signs were everywhere for night hunting. Now they would have to travel a long ways back in the hills which meant several days and camping. The hunters were discouraged and were selling their dogs. A lot were sold to hunters in the eastern states.

Several decided they were going to Nevada where there were rumors of mountain lion being there. Don went with them. They were gone a week and had good luck. Don's dogs worked really good and he was so proud of them. Just the hunters went, but no wives went with them.

Another trip to Stony Ford with Kenny and Bobby (who I didn't know) for all day and a night which he enjoyed, but the bobcats were too few. This was April 16, 1967.

On the morning of April 20, 1967, Don got out of bed early. I asked him to sleep longer because he had a restless night. He said he wanted to get up and study his books for a couple hours and then maybe go hunting.

He had joined the Masonic Lodge a few weeks before and had a lot to memorize. He was really happy about them and had received several of their items (apron, etc). There was to be a ring presented to him the following week end.

I stayed in bed so he could study. When I got up he was gone. He studied from 6 a.m. till 8 a.m., had his breakfast and left me a note telling me he loved me and was going to Feather Falls, which meant just for the day.

He and Hoyt, (Hoyt Short and wife Virginia) a tree cutter who worked at the timber camp at Feather Falls, were together at their first stop. Their dogs found a track of a bob cat down a steep canyon. Don and Hoyt waited on the hill until the dogs had treed the cat. Hoyt said he would climb down and bring the cat up to the pickup which he did. They loaded up and decided to go up the road a ways.

Hoyt got in and waited for Don to get in the other side, Don was to drive. Don never got in so Hoyt went around and found Don sitting on the ground. He said he felt dizzy and nauseated. He tried to vomit, but very little came up. Hoyt was holding his shoulders to support him. Don never raised his head, he was gone!

Hoyt knew first aid and gave him resuscitation until a car came by and Hoyt sent them on to the

lumber camp for the ambulance. They came and tried to revive him all the way down the canyon to the hospital in Oroville, but he was dead on arrival. 20 April 1967.

Hoyt called Tom and Donna Adair to come tell me. It was unbelievable! I couldn't say anything- just got sick with nausea and diarrhea. Tom and Donna and I just sobbed.

I had a fear of this after he had the heart attack and he promised he would never hunt alone again. Several hunters told me that Don had times where he had to sit down and put a nitro under his tongue and rest on some of the hunts and they worried about him and tried to protect him from climbing, but he never would tell me these things. One time he said "When my times comes to leave this world I hope I am in the hills hunting." His wish was granted. He loved the mountains. It was peaceful to him.

Scottie and Bryce, Mary and Jim [Jensen] and Tom and Donna all came and stayed with me thru the funeral. Pat and Elsie Patterson came also. I am so grateful for my family and friends.

My sister Irene and husband, Deryl Ryan, were the only member of my family that came to the funeral. My other sisters, Lorraine, Doris, Clarice and Emma didn't come.

Of course Scottie and Budd, Bryce and Myrleen were there, but none of the grandkids. Scottie asked me if they should bring them and I told her I couldn't stand the thoughts of them seeing Don being dead in a casket. I thought it would be easier on them to remember him taking them hunting and picnics in the back lawn. The oldest grandchild, Kade [Munns], was 11 years old. Derric [Munns] and Wayne [Rappleye] were one year old. Shane [Rappleye] wasn't born until 5 years later.

Since then I have seen many children brought to funerals. Perhaps I was wrong- maybe the child needs to see death early in life, so they can accept it and understand it is part of life. At that time I was feeling pain and hurt, and I didn't want that for my loved ones.

The funeral was held on the 24th of April which was on Scottie's birthday- 33 years.

Don's brother Lynn and wife Ruth and family came. His sister Margaret called from San Francisco and said she appreciated what we had done to help the folks and a good wife for Don. Since the funeral I have not seen or heard from either of them to this date (1983).

## ANOTHER HURDLE

My Father and Mother are gone- my three brothers are gone- my in-law parents (Newell) are gone. So here I was- alone again for the second time and another hurdle to climb over, and didn't have the strength and desire to try. Where would I start?

There was a big difference between now and when Jay passed away. The circumstances were different. I was older- 55 years instead of 39. My two children have families and responsibilities of their own. I knew I could move in with either family, but that wasn't an answer.

I was very fortunate that the little Grand Avenue home was paid for. We sold the farm in Tetonia and each of us three got our share so mine went into the home. Don left me with insurance from Operators Union. He had a policy and we had some savings, so I had enough until I could get started doing something.

I checked with the county hospital. They said they would gladly use me for volunteer work, but weren't hiring any other workers. I had an offer to work in a child nursery to age 7 years, but it didn't seem good for me.

Hunters came and called about buying the dogs. They offered small amounts. I knew the price value from what Don had said. After several months of feeding I knew I had to sell them. They were working dogs and I couldn't take them hunting. I finally sold them. Victor Minton bought Rowdy for



\$400.00. Birdie sold for \$200.00; Ring \$200.00; Spot \$50.00; Blackie \$50.00 and Sue and Ranger I gave to good hunters that would be good to them. These were higher prices than what I was offered and lower than what Don would have sold them, but I had to let them go. I nearly kept Blackie. She would be company for me, but she wouldn't have been happy not working and perhaps would run away at the scent of a skunk or coon.

I visited my kids and they visited me which all helped. They phoned often. Tom and Donna [Adair] lived in Oroville and came over and cut the lawn or whatever they could do.

### TRAVEL- OREGON, IDAHO & UTAH

My sister, Doris, wrote and sent money to come visit her. So in the fall I decided maybe I could get myself together and go to Yakima, Washington. Perhaps I could get some ideas of what I should do or not do --anything which would be easier. After I was there a few days her husband Bill [William Stephen Bolger] who had been a manager for many years at J. C. Penneys, told me not to pull the blinds and feel sorry for myself-- but to work! Any kind of work. Keep my mind off myself and the sooner the better for me. The old days of wearing black dresses, closed doors and blinds, and the years of mourning were over. This was 1967-- times had changed. He said I was young (I felt very old) and could do anything I set my mind to do! I remember my grandmother saying the same thing to me when I was 6 or 7 years.

Before I left Oroville, I had been taking the Teton Valley News and had read where Dwight Loosli had lost his wife, Hazel [Glover], with cancer. He had seven children and I wondered how he accepted the death of a loved one.

From Doris' I went to Lorraine's (my sister) in Rogue River, Oregon. She lived in a trailer home. Her daughter, Eileen, lived next door and had a swimming pool so I went swimming. Lorraine, Hyrum and I went for long walks in the wooded area on the place. They said to be active in religion - their religion- Christs Bible Church, the one that they had started from the Bible. I could move there and get involved and go places and fill my days and nights with their church. I wasn't even going to my own church which I thought I would go to if I ever went (LDS). I was an inactive member.

From Lorraine's, I went to Claire's and Frenchie's [Oliver Ovila DuBois, Claire's husband]. We went to bowling alleys where Frenchie belonged to a bowling league. They drove me around Grants Pass, Oregon which was a pretty town. Claire and I kept talking about our days in Logan and how she felt bad about leaving us with all the housework for me and Emma to do. They belonged to the John Birch Society and bridge clubs. I couldn't get my mind to be receptive of either one, but we visited and talked about other things in general. Lorraine came from Rogue River and we had dinners.

I took a bus to Idaho Falls. I called Sarah, but her son said she had gone to Ashton, Idaho to stay with her daughter, Wilma.

Mother Wadsworth was in a nursing home there so I looked for her and was told that she was in the hospital having an operation. She was 89 years old! I found her at the hospital and checked in at the hotel and for 8 days I visited with her twice a day. She recovered very well and was going back to the rest home which she said they were good to her and she liked living there. Bless her heart. I truly loved her.

She told me that I should marry again- it's too hard and too lonely to be alone. She said my happiness was working in the Church and to marry someone who was active in the Church. We talked about the old days of trials and happy times. It was a great visit. I had always loved her and in all the years we never had a quarrel. She did so much for me and I'll always be grateful. She was a hard worker and a wonderful understanding Mother.

She had married Joseph A. Ott when she was 17 years old. He left on a mission and he died [10 January 1896] on the mission in Germany a few days before her 18th birthday. She later married Ezra

Tunis Rappleye II and had Jay and three daughters. They were divorced. They lived in Southern Utah-Marysville. She moved to Shelley, Idaho and married Charles Wadsworth. He died in 1955. She then cared for herself. After awhile in the Idaho Falls rest home and her surgery, her daughter, Gladys opened a home in Pocatello and brought Mother to her home and cared for her until Mother died 7 April 1970.

After visiting Mother W. in Idaho Falls, I called my friend in Driggs Idaho, Delilah Penfold. She wanted me to come visit her a few days. We had a good visit. While in Driggs, I saw several friends that told me Dwight Loosli had been there a week before. They told me to give him messages when I got to Salt Lake.

## SALT LAKE CITY

I was getting very tired of traveling and wanted to go home, but decided to visit my sister, Emma in Bountiful, Utah and my sister Irene in Salt Lake City.

When I got to Salt Lake I called them from the bus depot. No one answered at either place, so I checked in at the Temple Hotel, ate dinner and went to bed.

The next morning, I went over to the Temple Square and came back to the hotel and rested and went back over in the afternoon. I was glad to be alone and think! I walked all around the square and in the afternoon I sat on a bench and prayed like I couldn't stop. I cried so hard! I had dark glasses on and a newspaper so I really let the tears run free. People walked by- but did not notice me. I prayed for guidance! I prayed for strength! I prayed for work or for a challenge that would keep me so busy that I could adjust to the loss of Donald in a short time.

I had this ache! This pain! This lonely feeling that I had when Jay died. It had taken a long time to adjust to him being gone, and now the feeling was back again and I knew it was there to stay a long time unless I could do something to change it. This would be very hard to do- because I really didn't want to do anything. Nothing mattered. I was full of self-pity- being left alone again, and my desire to do anything was gone. I went back to the hotel and cried myself to sleep.

I tossed and turned most of the night so I slept late. I called Emma and she was just leaving for work and she said she would pick me up after work. I called Irene and no answer. They were on a trip. I was tempted to just catch the train and go home and visit Emma and Irene at another time.

I had breakfast, walked around some of the stores in Salt Lake and again the Temple Square and again a long tearful prayer. In the afternoon I went to the hotel and read the paper. I looked at the phone and tried Irene again. No answer.

Then I thought about Dwight. How was he taking his loss of Hazel? Did he feel the pain and hurt that I felt or was it different for one who was close to church and its activity? How could it be different? A loss of a loved one is a terrible feeling- so what could make it easier to bear? It was in late August- four months since Donald passed away. Hazel died in June- two months.

I thought of the messages I was to call Dwight and tell him. I didn't think they were important enough and I didn't want to give the idea that I needed a meal, so I decided to not call- just forget it! But I couldn't forget it! We were friends, but we had not seen or talked for several years- 7 years- so maybe the phone call could help to console each of us.

So I phoned. He answered and said he had just got home from school and wanted to see me. I told him Emma was coming for me so there wasn't time. He told me to call her. He would take me to her place in Bountiful- which I did. He came and picked me up and we went to Snelgrove Ice Cream Parlor and had a "banana split" and talked about what happened to Donald and Hazel. He took me to Emma's and she and Denny [Dennis Rex Hovey, husband of Emma] visited with us and then he went



home to West Jordan. It was a strange event!!

I spent several days at Emma's and Dwight came out every night. The second night Emma invited him to dinner. She liked him, except he hugged her and she was surprised.

I still hurt and had the lonely pain and wanted to go home, so I left Salt Lake City for California.

## HOME AGAIN TO OROVILLE

It was hard to go in the house in Oroville. Lonely! Empty! I called Scottie and Bryce to tell them I was home and where and what on the trip. I read my mail and paper, went to the grocery store, and checked the yard to see if the hired boy took care of it okay. In the evening the phone rang- it was Dwight! Every night he phoned and then every other day there was a letter from him.

In October, Budd and Scottie said they were going to October conference in Salt Lake. Would I like to go? Dwight said "please do"... so I went again to Salt Lake. Budd and Scottie stayed with friends and I stayed at a motel. Dwight came and picked me up after school and took me to his place where I saw his kids again. We knew each other in Driggs during the seven years I lived in Tetonia and the visits back after I married Donald. Hazel was 11 years old and I had seen her once when she was about 4 years old. Richard and Ruth were married. Ruth was in Germany. Richard was in Provo. Kathleen was married in June 1967 and lived in West Jordan.

It had been 7 years since I had seen them, so there was a lot to talk about and to remember. Saturday- no school- Dwight came and picked me up and he took me shopping for school supplies in Salt Lake, then to his home. They insisted I stay there that night, so I did. Sunday night when Dwight took me back to the hotel, he gave me a gift! An engagement ring! He said he showed it to his kids and got their approval- except Hazel, she just cried and said nothing. The others were happy about it?? So he said.

Everything was moving so fast- how could I decide to accept it or refuse the ring. We were going to California the next day, so I had to make a decision. I knew Dwight was a good, honest and respectable man. Also he was religious and active in church; but seven children!! How could I adjust to caring for seven children? Terry was on a mission; Marianne lived at home and worked in the telephone office; John was in high school; Hazel in Jr. High and the other three married. Even though I knew them, except Hazel, it would be hard. I thought of all the meals to cook, washing clothes, shopping and problems that may arise. He convinced me there would be no problem and it could be worked out, so I accepted the ring.

I didn't want to get married for a year, but Dwight said he wanted to be married right away. There was the long distance between us and each of us could change our minds. He was in school and couldn't leave except on holidays or Thanksgiving or Christmas.

I kept thinking of the sincere, crying prayer I had to God. What did I ask? A challenge!! Work!! Something to do that would help this pain, hurt and loneliness for losing Donald. Was this God's answer to my prayer? So soon? Everything was moving so fast. Dwight being so insistent??

I returned to Oroville with Scottie and Budd and when I showed them the ring. I felt that they really weren't surprised. Later I talked to them and to Bryce about getting married. They knew Dwight and thought he was a great guy, but the decision was up to me!!

Alone in Oroville in the lonely house, I thought of sending the ring back, thinking of what was involved- giving up my home, moving farther from the kids and grandkids, my friends, my interests. Was it worth it all? I still wanted a challenge- and as time went by I felt my prayer was being answered. If I found a job in Oroville, I still wouldn't find much time to visit my kids, or my friends and I knew by experience the loneliness of being alone.

## MARRIAGE TO DWIGHT

So in November I caught the train for Salt Lake to be married. In talking to Bishop Ross Butterfield about the short time since we lost our mates, he said at our ages, how much time do we have left? Ages of 56 and 55. If we waited a year what would we gain? We already knew each other for 20 years!!

We were married 21 November 1967 by Bishop Ross Butterfield in his home and went to Elko, Nevada for our short honeymoon during Thanksgiving holidays from school. We spent Christmas in California with my family and didn't move my furniture, etc. to Salt Lake until 7 March 1968.

Dwight was living in a rented house which had a small living room, a small kitchen, three bedrooms which were small and a garage that had been closed in for another bedroom. There was one bath for five people.

After the honeymoon we came back to his routine of teaching and had talked about making our bedroom in the closed garage. In going in the room the bed was covered with washed clothes from the line and ribbons with words attached from Hazel's funeral!! Bows, wrapping paper and miscellaneous items. The clothes closet still had Hazels clothes in it!! I was numb!! She had been gone five months. We were gone three days to Elko, why hadn't it been moved?? Can I adjust to things that were surprises? It was a Challenge!

Everything seem to fall into place. I was happy for Dwight. I was ambitious and shopped, cooked, scrubbed cupboards and walls and floors. Washed clothes in an electric washer with a wringer and double tubs (Dexter), hung them outside to "freeze-dry." The ironing was huge- lots of shirts. Marianne and Hazel did their ironing and helped



*"Scottie" Eiley & Dwight Wilson Loosli*



with dishes, etc., after work and school. John kept telling me how happy he was about the marriage and would carry clothes to the line and asked if he could help- many times. I started to cook breakfast for all of us, but soon discovered no one ate breakfast except John, so he and I ate alone in the morning and got better acquainted. He was so considerate and good to me.

I didn't like the rented house- I just couldn't adjust. I was constantly being reminded of "Mother Hazel" by little things and I felt an undercurrent of feelings with the family. I tried to talk it over with Dwight, but he said it was my "imagination." Hazel was quiet and said very little. Sitting for hours in the front room and she said nothing until I asked a question and she would answer with a "yes" or "no." I didn't know what she thought! Was she happy? unhappy? what? I later discovered that is Hazel! Quiet and reserved.

In March and April I went to Oroville to pack my furniture, etc. I had a garage sale. It was hard to part with so many treasures and Donald's tools, etc. I made enough money to pay the freight moving to Utah.

### WEST JORDAN & NEW FAMILY

During the winter I searched the newspapers for a home and found one in West Jordan. 8533 South 1836 West (also called Shulsen Lane). There were two mortgages on it. The owners couldn't make payments so the loan office, Murray First Thrift, had to reclaim the house. It was a red brick, large living room and kitchen; master bedroom with bath; another bathroom and two bedrooms; a full basement; utility porch for automatic washer and dryer; large lot and trees. I loved it! Being repossessed, it sold for a good price, \$17,000.00.

Dwight was earning \$650.00 a month and putting Terry on a mission. There was no way he could put money in a home, because he owed \$7,000.00 in accounts. (Another surprise!)

I had some money from insurance, sale of Don's pickup and his dogs and savings from sale of his tractor, so I bought the house myself. I rented the house in Oroville, California, so that helped. I bought it on 7th May 1968 and moved mine and his furniture, etc in the house.

We went to Driggs for a couple of months and rented a cabin. John and Hazel went with us for summer vacation. Marianne had to work so she stayed home.

When we returned from Driggs, the undercurrent feelings could be felt by me. Dwight said, "Nonsense." He soon found out Marianne and Hazel resented the house, the ring he gave me, and our kissing and the togetherness.

Dwight called a family counsel and a lot of things were ironed out, especially about him not paying for the house, which they thought he had.

It wasn't easy for the family to adjust to a new "mom." Time had been too short since Hazel passed away. Even tho they knew me for several years, it was different than my coming in their home and cooking, shopping, etc., my way. They missed their Mother and realization was creeping in-- emotions were active-- and to accept me was not easy even tho they badly needed some one in the home to do the housework, meals, cooking, shopping and laundry. And to share their Dad with another that wasn't their Mother, was hard to accept.

It wasn't easy for me to adjust to them and to understand Hazel's quietness and the girls whispering in the bathroom and going to Kathleen's, complaining about my different ways of doing- etc.

I'm sure, now, that if we had waited a year, they would have been better prepared, and so would I. I was like them, trying to adjust to the loss of Donald and to learn and understand Dwight's ways.

Moving in the house made it much easier for me to run the house- arranging cupboards, furniture my way instead of the fear of hurting someone's feelings or of changing things their Mother had placed here or there.

## *Journal of Eiley Dunbar*

Kathleen was married 5 months before we were, but she was pregnant and having problems with her husband, Herman [Steinfeldt]. He was a pill taker on drugs. In five years and two children later she divorced him.

During the first five years of our marriage, surprises popped up and several times I felt I had made a big mistake and I wasn't capable of meeting the "challenge" I prayed for. I missed Donald, and had my crying times thinking about him, but being busy and other problems helped time to pass and helped the "ache in my stomach." Quite often I still think of Jay and Donald and tears come easy. My love for them is still very strong, but time has helped me to accept the new and different life.

I began to go to church- giving up my coffee drinking wasn't easy, but I did! I enjoyed church and getting acquainted with new people helped me feel like this is where I should be. It helped our marriage, and I found a dear lady whom I am very close to- Ethel Cook.

I had my sister, Irene, in Salt Lake and Emma in Bountiful (35 miles north), which I called on the phone often; also my two friends Alta [Alta Jacobson] and Melba [Melba Roskelly], and the visits all helped me to adjust.

### MELISSA GLOVER

One special lady Melissa Glover- the step mother of Dwight's wife Hazel, was very helpful in being a friend and a "mom" to me. She had married Parley Glover (they were cousins). They didn't have children, but Parley and his 1st wife Hazel (there are 3 Hazels- Parleys wife Hazel; Dwight's wife, Hazel; and Dwight's daughter, Hazel) had nine children. Hazel [Parley's wife] passed away when their baby was two years old. Two years later Melissa married Parley, caring for the children and she was teaching school. Parley ran a nursery (floral).

Melissa and I would talk on the phone, go to the genealogy library and have lunch at different places and to each others homes. She helped me to understand the Loosli children. Little Hazel was like her grandma Hazel, etc. Marianne was like the her mother Hazel, etc. We could talk about every thing and when I felt depressed I could always call her and she would tell me things that I would change (me). Time would pass and adjustments would be made on both sides. She was right.

After having a heart pacer, hospitals and nursing homes, she passed away 25 March 1981 at age 92. She was kind, understanding and very active in church, genealogy and Daughter of Pioneers Auxiliary. I loved her very much and truly miss her.

A year after I married I went to the hospital with a gall bladder operation and that didn't help the situation, but a few months later I was okay again.

At the time we were married, Richard and Joanne [Smith], Dwight's son, lived in Provo. Ruth and Jesse [Cruser], Dwight's daughter were in the army in Germany. They had a son, Merrill who was born in Germany. Dwight's daughter Kathleen and Herman [Steinfeldt] had been married five months and lived in West Jordan. His son, Terry, was on a mission in Ireland. John was in high school- senior year. Marianne was living at home and working in the telephone office. Little Hazel was 12 years old. Scottie and Bryce and their families were living in California, so we saw them very few times.

Dwight's kids knew my kids. In Idaho at county fairs, Dwight would take Richard and their 4-H sheep and pick up Bryce and his sheep and take them to Blackfoot fair. Bryce was six years older than Richard so the boys would be together-alone- for a week and a couple of times Ruth came to our place and stayed over night, so they all knew each other and Richard and Ruth knew me.

In the seven years I lived in Tetonia, we knew the Loosli family. When I worked in the hospital Dwight's wife, Hazel, was there as a patient- and lost a baby in pregnancy, so we got acquainted. Dwight, being a sheriff would bring accident victims to the hospital and the kids would come visit their



Mother. So with this background the older kids knew me and Scottie and Bryce, which helped the marriage.

As Grandma Melissa said "Time, patience and understanding will help." I look back now and I can see things I should have done differently, but I had no way of knowing the problems of marrying a man with seven children. My background and experiences were completely different than theirs. They were born and raised in the small town of Driggs in Teton Basin where the biggest activity was sports in the schools and church. They are all sports minded and I wasn't. And they still are sports fans, and the boys were active in it.

## CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Things began to change. Dwight took a second job- a guard for Linton Industries on North Temple after school to keep Terry on his mission. I saw less of him. I kept busy with the house and the yard, flowers and lawns. I was teaching Primary in the Church- the "Trekker" class of boys. Later I became a second counselor in the Primary presidency. Then I was Inservice Leader for the Primary teachers.

With the division of the ward and bishopric, my next calling was a ward (5th) librarian. Two years later I was called to be the "Building Librarian" over the four wards in our building. Each ward had a librarian to assist me and they in turn had assistants to help them. I was in charge of all of them. (16 in all)

This later changed to the "Block Program" where no primaries or Relief Societies were held during the week. Everything is being held on Sundays for 2 1/2 to 3 hours for each ward. This cut down the librarians to two or three in each ward.

I was a librarian for eight years and in the same ward and the same building. I was kept really busy. I didn't think I had time for anything else, but I picked up the genealogy "bug." Every week I would go to the Salt Lake genealogy section in the LDS Church building office. Hours and days were spent there, sometime weeks on one name, but gradually finding information on my ancestors. It is so interesting to me. I have found many records of families, their births, deaths, children and some of them seem to come alive for me. They lived so many years ago and yet they are so close. I wish I knew their background in detail.

## FAMILIES

Bryce and his family moved from Fair Oaks, California to Heber City, Utah- 60 miles east of us. It was good to have them closer, to visit and watch my grandchildren grow. Sometimes one of Bryce's kids and one of Scottie's would come to visit us together and stay one or two weeks. They also did that in Oroville when Don and I were together.

Later when Scottie's Kade would go to Rexburg, Idaho and KayCee and Janan came to BYU at Provo to school, we would meet the plane and put Kade on another for Idaho or take the girls to Provo.

KayCee graduated from BYU with high honor of valedictorian. Her farewell speech was beautiful. Janan didn't graduate, nor Kade, but Kade went back east to a school for horse shoeing and learned the trade. Sometimes Scottie and Budd would drive up and take the kids back home.

Things began to change at the house. Marianne decided to move to Salt Lake with a friend from Driggs and two other girls. She wanted to live her own life and it was closer to work.

John graduated and decided to go on a mission to Northern Central States in Illinois area. After the mission he stayed there and worked a while. Later he came home and joined the army- Green Berets-

Airborne Division.

Terry came home from Ireland, went to BYU for awhile and married Colleen Barben and both went to school. Colleen started teaching school and Terry later dropped out and went to work (carpenter).

Hazel graduated from school and went to Dixie College in St. George and later to Utah State in Logan. Then she decided to go on a mission to British Columbia, Canada Vancouver. She spent a full 18 months and came back and worked for the Deseret Pharmaceutical Co. in Sandy, Utah.

## DWIGHT'S RETIREMENT

In June 1977, Dwight retired from teaching in Vista Elementary in Taylorsville. He loves to go fishing and has planted a garden every year. He attends his football and basketball games in Provo and Salt Lake, and other sports. He is very active in church; a counselor in the bishopric, also a secretary, a teacher of Gospel Doctrine class and a assistant in the High Priest Quorum. He loves to read the newspaper and church books, and watches television along with reading.

With his age of 72 (1983) he is active, feels good, but has some high blood pressure and medication for it. He looks good and the garden work helps his activity.

I am 71 (6/1983) and I feel good, also have high blood pressure and medication for it. We both have our good days and some not so good. I am subject to inner ear infections, but thank goodness- not very often.

## TEMPLE

In May 1981, Dwight and I had a very special calling to work in the West Jordan "Jordan River Temple" as ordinance workers. We were thrilled about it and have met some very special people. The temple president, Donovan Van Dam, set us apart.

We started to work in October, 1981 when the temple was built and we were guides for the temple open house. In November and December we started to learn all the ordinances performed in the temple. To learn and memorize all the blessings and promises was very difficult for us and many times thought we couldn't learn, but we soon found out that with God's help and time with experience, it came to us. We also found out that without the practice it soon leaves our memory.

The temple is two miles away, so we are truly blessed to live in our area. For awhile we worked there on Mondays, then they closed that day. We started work in January 1982 and worked on Tuesdays and Fridays.

The supervisors over us were great and Dwight was an assistant supervisor. After Mondays closed we kept in contact with the supervisors and their wives. They were Clyde Hart and Harriet Hart, she was over the sisters; Everett Mackey and wife Ruth; Sidney Scott and his wife Norma, they were from New Zealand; and Tracy Reynolds and his wife Lillis.

Every once in awhile we would get together and have dinner and play the game "Uno", a fun card game. Also we have gone to each ones' home and to dinner in restaurants.

We now are working Fridays and Tuesdays- in mid-day mostly, 10 AM to 4:30 PM. The supervisors on these days are very nice and friendly as well as all the sisters I work with and the brothers that Dwight works with also.

Our clothes are white suits, shirt, tie and shoes for the brethren. The sisters wear white full length dresses with long sleeves and collars on the neck or some have lace around the neck. Some are form



fitted and some have belts. There are many alike. Jewelry is limited to tiny earrings, watches and wedding rings. I also, as several do, wear a dinner ring that I had made from Jay's and Donald's wedding rings. I also wear the wedding rings from Dwight.

We have had some special experiences in the Temple that are spiritual in working with the patrons who come to do ordinance work: baptisms, endowments, initiatory, sealing and marriages. Some come in for their own work, but most come in doing the ordinances for people who have passed away many years ago.

Many times I have felt like these spiritual people are there. One instance was when a young lady came to do the work for her mother who had passed away few years before. In giving the blessings and promises to her for and in behalf of her mother, I felt something and goose-pimples came over me, also tears. I saw that she too, had goose pimples and tears. When I got thru she quietly said, "She's here isn't she?" I truly felt that she was there!!

In the Salt Lake Temple on 31 March 1972 I had taken out my own endowments. I didn't know what to expect and being nervous and emotional I never grasped the full meaning of them all, but now as a temple worker I can understand how beautiful and sacred the blessing and promises are and the temple itself is so peaceful, quiet and a special feeling for me when I am there. I can work all day and really not feel tired, until I come home at night, then I am exhausted from the pressure of being at the proper assigned place at the right time, doing the right thing at the right time, saying the right words-word perfect- at the proper time and place.

The first year, 1982, we were given schedules monthly to follow where we should be working and what time. We work three sisters together. This year 1983, our schedules were for two months and in July they will be for three months, and again in October.

Another spiritual experience I had was when I was sealed, 27 June 1972, to Jay Rappleye. Also at this time my daughter, Scottie was sealed to me and Jay. Dwight, bless his heart, offered to be proxy for Jay. We were being seated by the ordinance worker. I was to sit in the chair next to the witness. When I went to sit down I had a strong feeling to leave that chair and sit in the next one, which I did. My first thought was why did I do that? I put my hand on the arm of the chair and then I felt a very soft touch on my hand like my sleeve moved. I looked and my sleeve hadn't moved, then I knew that the chair was occupied. Jay was there! I felt very comforted. I even felt he was happy that Dwight was his proxy. What a beautiful experience!

Later on in the Oakland Temple, 18 Aug 1972, when Bryce was sealed to me and Jay, Dwight was proxy again. One of the witness was staring at me and I wondered why. After the ceremony he came and shook my hand and said, "I know you don't you know me, but I am Jay's first cousin, Rex. ( Merle R. Jolley)." The other witness was Richard Lyman. The sealer was Thomas C. Byrne.

The witnesses in the Salt Lake Temple were Clifford S. Munns, Scottie's husband, and Imanuel G. Ruegner. The sealer was Edward Evan Morgan, Bryce's father-in-law and Myrleen's father.

## GENEALOGY

Genealogy has been very interesting to me. It is very lucky to have the Salt Lake Genealogy Society Building so close. I've spent hours and many dollars trying to find records and proof of my ancestors. Sometimes I have spent full days there and never found a record and other days I may come home with two or several clues.

I have a friend here in West Jordan, Ethel Cook, and she's interested in it also. We ride the bus into town and it stops nearly at the door. I might add that both of us being over 65 years (senior citizens) we can ride one way for 25 cents. We leave about 7 AM and back about 5 PM. We buy our lunch in the cafeteria.

Ethel has been a dear friend for the 16 years I have known her. We live in the same ward and

## *Journal of Eiley Dunbar*

talk on the phone and meet for lunch (a hamburger) now and then. She has inspired me to do the research and helped with the clues.

Scottie A. is also interested in genealogy and it makes me happy to know she works at it and also encourages me so much.

One day my niece, Marlene Dunbar Griffin, received a letter from the post office addressed to any member of the George Dunbar family. She told me it was from Australia. I followed it up and it was from Elspet Hooper [Elspet Irene Bray Hooper] who is the granddaughter of James Dunbar, my Dad's oldest brother. I was thrilled! I told my sister, Lorraine, about it and she told me that she wrote letters to Elspet's mother, Elspet Bray (our cousin). She gave me a picture of Brays and later young Elspet sent me pictures of her sisters. We correspond every Christmas and once every now and then when something comes about genealogy.

Another time I was looking over family group sheets in the archives and found a sheet of Lawrence [Lawrence William Hyde] and Winifred Hyde. For some reason I was inspired to follow that name, being my Mothers's name- but I could not remember anyone by that name. So I phoned him and he was a cousin I didn't know I had. His dad, William, was my mother's brother.

He told me that when he was younger he spent his vacation in our home and went with George and Gene. He remembered two small children and one in baby blankets. Again- what a thrill! I have kept in touch and he is blind and nearly 89 years old (Born 1896).

My sister, Emma, started a family reunion once a year. It has been fun to see all our relatives every year and Lawrence and Winifred brought their son Paul [Paul William Hyde] and his family.

Another thrill came thru Emma's daughter, Susan [Susan Hovey Durran]. She received a letter from Lorraine (Laurie) Lineer from Sacramento, California. She gave Lawrence the letter. He called me to follow on it- which I did and discovered she [Lorraine Lineer] is a granddaughter of Annie Hyde Marshall, a sister of my grandfather, Joseph Edward Hyde Sr. She has come to our reunions and is interested in genealogy on the Hyde family. She has sent me pictures and we correspond.

## **PETER DUNBAR**

Several years ago my sister Doris and her husband Bill [Bolger] went to our Dad's birthplace in Scotland (Lumsden) and she inquired about Dunbars or Peter Dunbar and two very elderly ladies told her they remembered Peter killing a woman and was sent to prison. Well!, Doris kept it quiet for some time and finally she told me and I started to research for that prison record. I spent hours and days and nearly three years. There was no prison records in the library, but I was given a name in Aberdeen, Scotland and finally to D. H. Hunter in Edinburgh Record office. For \$25.00 I could have a copy of the whole court case<sup>38</sup> of Peter Dunbar, including what the witness said. Well, there were 33 pages and my grandpa Peter was given seven long years in prison for stealing 27 sheep!!! Year 1877.

In researching more- Peter was 47 years old. One month before his trial he had lost a daughter in a "poor house." His wife- very ill- Elspet [Shiach], was taken to a hospital and died while he was in prison.

After his prison release he married again and lived until age 90. Records show he had a butcher shop and they lived in the same building above the store in Lumsden, Aberdeen when he was with his family- wife and eleven children.

It was a relief in my mind and also for our family that Grandpa Peter didn't kill a lady that those

---

<sup>38</sup>See chapter on "Peter Dunbar Indictment".



women told Doris about. Of course stealing sheep isn't good to be proud of - but somehow I feel that if we could find out the true circumstances around it perhaps it would show a different picture. Like- why was his little daughter in a "poor house" and passed away there?

For our reunions I made copies of our parents history and gave to our families and I will insert them in this journal.<sup>39</sup>

It has been interesting to me to be able to find certificates and records of birth, marriage and death of our families and also a few pictures. Some came from England and Scotland and others from Salt Lake Genealogy Library and state records.

Since working in the temple I have cut down on genealogy research, but I hope I can find a day now and then to continue.

December 31, 1984 we will have worked three years in the temple and sometimes I wonder which is more important: working in the temple or researching our ancestors and have their temple work done for them. I would love to do both, but in time I may not be able to do both or perhaps neither. Time will tell!!

### CAMILLA KIMBALL

The work in the temple is great, even tho I am tired at night. We are more relaxed now with memorizing all the words -word perfect- and are able to do any ordinances that we are asked to do. There are so many special experiences that come our way.

This summer, 1984, my supervisor asked me if I would like to be an aid to Sister Camilla Kimball, wife of our Church President, Spencer W. Kimball. I wanted to so bad and yet I was scared I would do something wrong, but I agreed. She would come next week. I worried all week and the day she came-with security- I met her in front. She was in a wheel chair. She shook my hand. I helped her change from her street dress to temple dress. She stood up and helped me. We went to the session room. Her daughter and a granddaughter were with her. I pushed the chair. Also the temple matrons walked along with us. Of course patrons would see her and come shake her hand, but she had told the matrons she wanted to come as a Jane Doe patron with no special treatment.

In the session room I helped her with the things we do. I had a glass of water which she needs now and then and set it on the floor by a seat. Can you imagine my emotions when I looked at it and some way I had knocked it over and spilled the water. I didn't know what to do!! When the film started I sneaked out the door to the fountain and got back and no one knew I had gone- (I hoped).

I wheeled her to the locker room, meeting people and shaking hands along the way. She helped me to help her change clothes, then I took her down to lunch. When I got her all ready she put her arms around me and gave me a hug and a kiss and told me I was sweet and she enjoyed being with me and hoped I can be with her again (me too!).

When we got off the elevator for lunch the security people took over. She has lunch in the temple with the matrons and when she goes home she always takes a strawberry pie from the kitchen to President Kimball. She said he shares it with his nurses.

Well! It was a very special day for me. The spirit was so strong- I felt like an angel. Sister Kimball is so special and makes you feel good. She does not act superior. In getting her dressed she said "I'm such a bother" and I told her she is a special blessing to us workers to be able to be with her. Our supervisors try and let us take turns helping her. I hope I can help her again.

Sister [Flora] Benson, wife of Ezra Taft Benson from the Quorum of Twelve, comes out to the Jordan River Temple also, but I haven't had a turn with her yet, but I hope I do.

---

<sup>39</sup>See chapters on "Dunbar Roots Summary" and "Hyde Roots".

## *Journal of Eiley Dunbar*

Both of these special sisters say they would rather come out to the Jordan River Temple than to the Salt Lake Temple because we are more friendly, it takes less time and they enjoy the ride out of town to the country. There are other special church authorities that come. Some just for a session and some to seal marriages and sealing of families.

Our supervisors asked the workers if they wanted to continue working in 1985. If we don't, then we let them know in December. If we do stay then we will be re-certified with tests.

There also is a "rumor" that Salt Lake Temple was not letting people work after age 70 years old. If that will be true, I'm sure other temples will follow. Time will tell.

## GOLDEN WEDDING

March 17, 1983 was a special date for me. Jay and I were married fifty years ago.. 17 March 1933. I look back to that day and the life and changes that have been made over fifty years of time. Time seems to be going so fast. Jay being gone for 32 years, there could be no big celebration. Bryce came down and Dwight and I went out to a nice dinner. So I suppose Bryce was a proxy?? Anyway it helped fill my heart.

I thought of the three lives I've lived. The first life... school, marriage, children, farming, cattle, sheep and being a wife of an alcoholic and Alcoholic's Anonymous, and accepting the death of a husband.

The second life was with a new husband, eleven grandchildren, construction of dams, roads, etc., Mother and Dad in-laws and their care, dogs and hunters, and again accepting the death of another husband.

And now the third life of a new husband, seven step children, nineteen grandchildren of Dwight's, school teaching husband, church , genealogy, retirement and temple ordinance workers.

I can't believe all the things I have seen in my life time. From the horse and buggy days to airplanes and space missiles; from coal and wood heating and heating stove to electric stoves and microwave cooking; the telephone with cranking of a handle and talking to an operator (female) to dial and push buttons; and from 4 legged bathtubs to modern showers with adjusted spray nozzles.

So goes the world and I wonder what is next!

## CHRONOLOGICAL EVENTS 1984

In March 1984 my grandson Derric [ Munns] went with a group to Lake Tahoe for winter sports. He and two others were "tubing." The tube hit an object and threw them in all directions. Derric injured his back [compression fracture]. The help was very careful in getting him in the hospital where he stayed for several days. Scottie drove up and stayed with him, staying at a motel. They moved him home and he wore a brace for a long time.

In July 1984 my friend Alta [Jacobson] McCleery lost her husband, Lawrence Val Jean. He died of cancer of lungs (a heavy smoker). He was in and out of the hospital for a couple of years. My heart aches for Alta to adjust to being a widow and she is so lonesome. Her first grandson was born on Thanksgiving day- just couldn't come at a better day. Alta called and yelled on the phone "I'm a grandma!!!" So now she is sewing and making plans for Christmas and really busy.

November 4, 1984 brought me my 72nd birthday. I lived longer than my Mother (70+), but not



as long as my Grandmother (80). The Loosli family gathered at Marianne's for a "family home evening." I received several cards and "Happy Birthday Mom." Scottie sent me a box of "See's Candy" and a "Cabbage Patch" doll for senior citizens. Cotton stuffed in nylon and shaped into arms, legs, fingers and a face with 2 moles and grey hair, cute dress and carried a wooden fork. Really homely, but adorable!

Bryce called me and talked a long time which I'm always happy to hear from my kids. He has his problems and adjusting to second marriage, but I feel time will take care of a lot of adjusting. He's got a nice family and Marilyn [Marilyn Christensen Rappleye] is working right with him.

Wayne graduated from high school and got a job in Centerville in a service station. He said he wants to go on a mission when he's 19. He lives with his mother and Shane. Myrleen is renting out her Midway home (divorce settlement) and renting a house in Centerville. She has 2 sisters near by and her parents in Salt Lake.

November 21, 1984 Dwight and I have been married 17 years. I can't believe how the time has gone. We had plans for a dinner and a show, but the night before he picked up a "stomach bug" and was in bed all the next day.

November 22nd was Thanksgiving. KayCee and Steve [Sawyer] invited us for dinner. It was in her new home they bought this year and it was her first turkey. She did a beautiful job! It was a full dinner- yams- dressing- her special hot rolls and pumpkin pie-etc. She had a lace table cloth that had been given her on her 21st birthday when she was in England with the BYU tour for several months. The lady that gave it to her said in England age 21 was a highly celebrated day.

KayCee has been busy hanging doors, frames, sheet-rock walls, ceilings, painting walls, building shelves in the closet and laying rugs all to finish a room in the basement for Shannon. It's a beautiful job and with a borrowed hammer! Steve works long hours and hasn't time to help her. They are a happy family. The three kids are adorable [Shannon, Sage & Race].

It's December again- Christmas is coming too soon, so we are busy gathering cards and stamps. We have many to do with my family, my sisters, cousins, etc. Also Jay's sisters and Don's relatives. Dwight's family and relatives of his first wife, also friends we have in Idaho and California. Christmas gift shopping has been easier since we decided to give money and a few gifts. It does away with trying to find the right size, colors, and duplicates of what they have already. Several of our friends do the same thing for their families.

We are on vacation from the temple from December 15th to January 4th and I plan on doing extra work in the house- but the way time goes so fast, I wonder if I can do what I plan on doing.

Sunday, December 2nd President Kimball's great grandchild was blessed in our ward. His granddaughter goes to our ward. Several years ago she had another child blessed and President and Sister Kimball both were there. Dwight was assigned to help security. When they walked down the aisle I was on the end and I had the chance of shaking their hands as they went out. Dwight helped them to the car and when they got there the security driver broke the car key in the door, so they went to the security back-up car and President Kimball thanked Dwight and reached up and kissed Dwight! It was really an experience for us both.

Sister Kimball is 90 years on December 7, 1984. She has missed the last 2 Tuesdays in coming to the temple. They said she wasn't feeling too good and it's been very cold. We were told that President Kimball was tired, but still has meetings with the apostles. They didn't say if they met in the temple or in their apartment. I sure hope I will be asked to help Sister Kimball in the temple again. It's so special!

Dwight just had his 73rd birthday on December 20th and had received lovely gifts and cards. Our friends, George and Melba Datwylor and Alta McCleery met us at the "New China Cafe" for dinner and later came here at our home and played "Rummy-O" and "UNO" games.

It's cold winter days with 32 degrees daytime and 17 degree nights with lots of snow with a wind. The day light is short, but the shortest day, 21st is here so we will slowly have longer light.

Dwight's brother, Larry, and wife Dell came from Biloxi, Mississippi. Their son Kent and his girlfriend came too. They came on the Amtrack train (3 days and 2 nites). They have a son and daughter in Provo.

Christmas 1984 arrived with many gifts and phone calls. The Loosli family decided to get together Christmas day in the afternoon to exchange gifts. The families wanted to be home Christmas morning for the young children.

Christmas Eve was an experience. Dwight and I were alone. It was so different! We were used to having "family around," but I cooked a turkey and we had a good meal and talked and watched television movies. It was good!

I missed seeing my kids for Christmas. They are all busy with their families and I remember how it was with us when my kids were young. We didn't go to my parents home for Christmas and a letter and box of Bluebird candy from Dad and Mother was such a happy gift- especially during the depression years when it was luxury to have candy.

Bryce and Marilyn came to Marianne's Christmas day and again they came here after Christmas to bring us gifts-candy and a backpack carrier to be filled with three day supply of survival items to have handy in case of emergency, which we will do when Marilyn sends me the list of items. Good idea!

Bryce, Marilyn, Dee and Sharon [Miller], Dale [Rappleye] and others went to San Diego to the big football game and a week of golfing, etc, so when they got back they were very rushed with Christmas and a house full of their families. They hadn't slept much and looked very tired trying to get it all organized for Christmas.

Dwight and his brothers, Shirl, Keith, Mark and Larry along with all their families, met at the Chuck-A-Rama restaurant- about 30 of us and had a dinner and 3 hour visit in a reserved room. It was good to see them and lots of laughter!!

Steve, KayCee and 3 little ones went to California to be with Scottie and Budd. Janan and her family were there. Kade and his family and Derric came home from college. I was happy they could all be together. Of course we talked on the phone.

New Years Eve Dwight and I went to Emma's and Denny's [Hovey]. She had a nice dinner and we went to Salt Lake City (from Bountiful) to see the beautiful lights at Temple Square and the nativity scene of the birth of Jesus in the manger. It is on the lawn. A new expensive building was built in town called the "Triad Center" with shops, restaurants and an ice skating pond. They had the trees covered with tiny lights like Temple Square and pop-corn, hot dogs and drinks in carts on wheels here and there. It was beautiful.

We went back to Emma's and played games and watched the New Year come in on television in New York with horns, balloons and music. We stayed all night.

New Years Day we had breakfast and the parades and football was on television. Denny and Dwight were "glued" to it. Of course BYU Football team has made the great "Number One" team so that made the game better. Early afternoon Emma and I drove in to Irene's and picked her up and went out to "Chuck-A-Rama" to dinner and had a good visit. Emma's and Irene's kids were like ours--had the new



year with their own families.

We came home before dark to watch the special football game on TV which Dwight enjoyed, but we also have a small black & white TV so I went to bed and watched a movie.

Football, basketball, hockey, wrestling is sure not to my interest, so I have many projects like genealogy to do so Dwight isn't restricted on his games and I do other things.

oOo

1984 is now history... 1985 is beginning. I'm going to include news clippings<sup>40</sup> and one on the conviction of Grant Affleck for "fraud scheme." We knew him and his wife personally. He lived in our ward and a good LDS family. We attended his court hearings (2) and knowing him, we feel it was not a planned "fraud scheme," but he went too far trying to save his business and it turned out bad for a lot of home owners. He has lost everything they owned and now is in prison in California (Federal prison) for 10 years. His wife, Sonja is working in a pharmacy (and hadn't worked for 25 years). They were wealthy people and lived in a huge picture home in West Jordan. She now has a 2 bedroom apartment. Her son Bob and 14 year old daughter lives with her. Through it all they said they hadn't lost "faith" in God and the Church.

oOo

Well, its taken me a long time to catch up on my journal and I hope I can keep up the new year with more detail. I'm sure I have left out experiences that slipped my mind trying to remember over many years.

[Editors note: Since the conclusion of this portion of Eiley's journal, (she continues to keep a journal) many members of her family were not yet married or born. Updated (summer 1992) births and marriages can be found in Section Two of this volume.]

## **BRYCE RAPPLEYE & FAMILY 1984**

Bryce met Myrleen Morgan in Carmichael, California. They were married 21 December 1956 in the Logan Temple (Utah). He was going to the University of California, Davis working his way by working in a service station and for a veterinary hospital as night watchman. After marriage he couldn't go on to veterinary school because of being color blind. They moved to Salt Lake and he worked for Myrleen's father selling vacuums, but that didn't work out.

Daniel Bryce was born in Salt Lake City, Utah 12 Oct 1957. They returned to California and Bryce got work from Raleys Drug Store in Sacramento. He then opened his own business selling nylon hosiery and built it up to a profitable business.

---

<sup>40</sup>News clippings not included in this volume .

*Journal of Eiley Dunbar*

Patricia Lynn was born in Sacramento, California 8 March 1959.

Lorrie Ann was born in Sacramento, California 12 June 1961.

(They moved to Fair Oaks a few miles from Sacramento.)

Dale Alan was born in Folsom, California 23 July 1962.

Donald Jay was born in Roseville, California 8 July 1964.

Wayne Dee was born in Roseville, California 14 Oct 1966

Robert Shane was born in Roseville, California 27 May 1972.

Bryce moved his family to Heber City, Utah and sold his nylon business. He worked for Turner Hardware and left that store to survey with his friend, Dee Miller, in Price, Utah area. He later worked again for Turner Hardware.

They decided to build a home in Midway, 5 miles from Heber City. He hired a carpenter and Bryce along with Dale, Don, Wayne and little Shane built their home. A large 2 story , 5 bedrooms, living room, family room, kitchen and 2 car garage. They gathered large rocks (light weights) from around the valley, washed them at the car wash and lined the wall around the family room fireplace and also around the fireplace in the upstairs bedroom. It took several years to build and they sold their home in Heber City and moved in the house during the building and at this date, November 1984, there are many things to do in the house to completely finish it, along with the yard and landscape.

Daniel was on his mission in Rosario Buenos Aires in Argentina, South America (Endowed 13 July 1977) and when he came back he helped build on the house and worked in the hardware store.

Bryce decided to buy the Turner Hardware store and changed the name to Timberline Hardware. Myrleen was working in Safeway store, but left there to work in the store along with Bryce.

Daniel left the store to work for the golf course in Midway. He met Audry Lyman and they were married 8 October 1981 in the Salt Lake Temple and sealed by Daniel's grandpa Morgan [Edward Evan Morgan]. In the winter he worked for an electric company and went to school. In the spring he worked in the golf course in Salt Lake. Audrey works in a bank. They have a son, Spencer Daniel, born 16 October 1982 in Provo, Utah where Daniel went to school at BYU. Later they moved to Salt Lake. At this date, November 1984, they are expecting another baby in the spring.

Patricia Lynn went on a mission (Endowed 19 June 1981) to Boston Mass. She returned home and went to school at BYU and worked at the Training Mission Home at Provo. She met Eric Linn Millis at BYU and they were married 25 August 1984 in the Salt Lake Temple and sealed by her Grandpa Morgan [Edward Evan Morgan].

Lorrie finished high school in Heber City and found work in different places and had a few problem to over come, which she did. She progressed and is now very ambitious and has good ideas.

Dale Alan left on his mission to Fresno, California. He was endowed 14 June 1983. He left for Fresno 6 July 1983.

Donald left on his mission to New Zealand 3 November 1983. He had his endowment 14 October 1983.

Wayne and Shane are still in school and work in the Timberline store.



All the kids took their turn working in the Timberline and saved their own money to help on their missions.

Wayne graduated from high school in Heber City and got a job in Centerville (above Bountiful) in a service station. He had a pickup and rebuilt it and learned a lot about mechanics.

Eric [Lynn's husband] is going to school at BYU and Lynn is going to trade school. She wants to teach school. They are very happy and busy.

In this life there are many hardships and hurdles to go over and unhappiness. So it was with Bryce and Myrleen. Their marriage began to fall apart over the last few years. They tried working it with marriage counselors, bishops, etc., but didn't make it. They were separated and then the final divorce 23 August 1983. With the divorce, Myrleen was awarded the home that they had built in Midway and Bryce was awarded the store.

They both went thru the heart ache and despair as most divorces do and of course the children went thru all the emotions and heart ache that each one had to go thru.

There are no words to describe what a mother and grandmother's emotions were at this time.

Bryce started going to singles dances and he met Marilyn Christensen. They dated and decided marriage was what they wanted and were married on 7 Jan 1984.

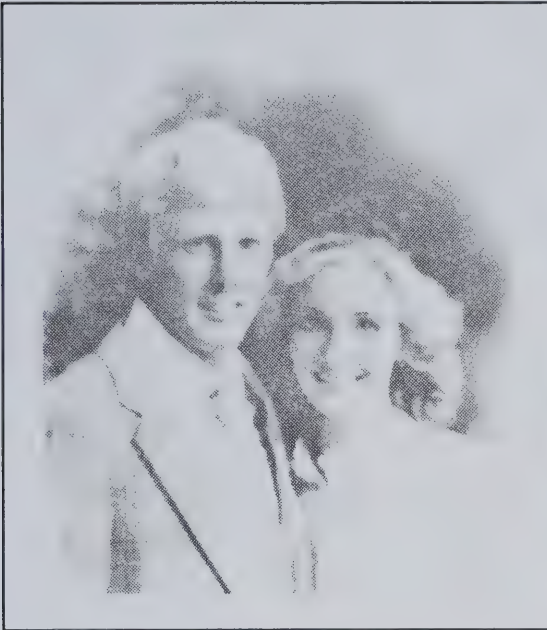
They lived in Charlestown (next to Midway) Utah. Marilyn had three sons and three daughters. Cindy was married to Van Dicker and had Heather, James and Grant. They were divorced in 1984. Sherrie married and lives in Oregon. No children. Todd is a returned missionary and a student at University of Utah (medical) and born 25 Jan 1962. Valorie lives at home; Born 22 Aug 1963. Mark, a student at Heber High School born 29 Sept 1966. Cory a student at Jr. High born 24 April 1971.

Marilyn was born 24 April 1936, had been married to a military medical doctor and divorced. Bryce and Marilyn were married in Marilyn's ward in Sandy Utah.

[Editors note: Bryce and Marilyn were divorced and he later married Linda Jean Hodges.]



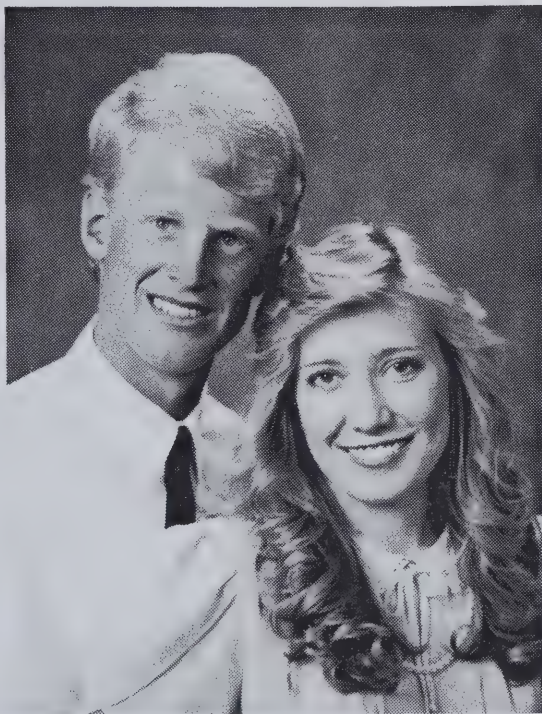
*Bryce & Jean Hodges RAPPLEYE*



*Daniel & Audry Lyman RAPPLEYE*



*Dale & Kim Cappadnia RAPPLEYE*



*Donald, DeNae Dennett & DeNae with sons Jay & Aaron RAPPLEYE*







*Annette Beers & Wayne RAPPLEYE*



*Lorrie Rappelle, Tobias Alec (on lap), Joel,  
& Jason Levi MANLEY*



*Eric Linn, Bradley Evan, Jamie Lynn, Patricia Lynn Rappelle &  
Alyssa Ann MILLIS (on lap)*



*Robert Shane RAPPLEYE*



*Derric J. MUNNS*

#### **SCOTTIE AND CLIFF MUNNS FAMILY 1984**

Scottie A. Rappleye and Clifford Spence (Budd) Munns were going to Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho when they met. He went into the army and she stayed at school until he came home. They were married 9 March 1955. They lived in Archer [near Rexburg], Idaho. Budd decided to be a veterinarian so they moved to Davis, California to attend veterinary school. He graduated and they moved to several California cities and finally to Alameda where he practiced.

Later they moved to Antioch, California and built a veterinary hospital there. They bought an orchard in Oakley, 5 miles from Antioch, built a new rambler type home in the almond orchard. They built a nice barn and planted several types of nut trees and fruit, citrus, and grapes. They have a horse, sheep, ducks and three peacocks. They raise their own beef. They had 12 acres, but sold part of it. They have opened another hospital in Oakley and he has a doctor in each one and works in both of them. Scottie does the books in both hospitals. Budd was a bishop and now is a stake president. Scottie works with mutual girls. They have four children:

#1- Kade Rappleye Munns was born 24 June 1956 in Rexburg, Idaho. He graduated from Alameda High school. Later went to Rexburg to Ricks and to work. He met Leisa Kae Terry from Parker, Idaho and were married 14 Feb 1981 in Parker Ward house. They moved to Antioch, California and he works at an electronics shop. They had a daughter Tiffany Kaye, born on 12 Dec 1982. They now have a son born 10 Nov 1984 named Judd Laren. Kade also works for Scottie and Budd in the orchard. Kade is ambitious and quiet spoken. A serious boy. Dark eyes and hair. Good looking!

#2- KayCee Lee Munns was born 21 September 1957 in Marysville, California where they were living. She graduated from Alameda High School and went to BYU. She graduated with high honors and was the valedictorian. She met Steven Michael Sawyer at BYU and were married the day after graduation on 21 April 1979 in Idaho Falls Temple where her grandfather, George Henry Munns was a





*Left: Janan Munns & John WILLMAN. Raquel WILLMAN*

*Bottom: Ashley, Amber, Aftin & Kyle WILLMAN*



sealer and married and sealed them. Steven graduated from University of Utah as a social worker and is working for the Odyssey Home for wayward boys with problems of drugs, etc. He is over 20 boys ages from 15 to 18 years. They live in Salt Lake City.

They have three children. Shannon Lee was born 29 Feb 1980 in Provo, Utah. Dark eyes and blond hair. Sage Robert was born 26 Oct 1981 in Provo, Utah. Race Clifford was born 25 January 1984 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Race has blue eyes and blond hair. Sage has black eyes and blond hair like Shannon. KayCee is primary president and there are 45 teachers and 300 primary children. They bought a home in West Valley, Utah (4007 South 6500 West). KayCee is hanging doors, sheet rock and painting to finish a bedroom for Shannon in the basement.

#3. Janan Marcene Munns was born 23 June 1960 in Woodland, California, a few miles from Davis University where Budd was in school and they lived in a trailer home. Janan graduated from Antioch High School and went to BYU for a couple of years. She met John Edward Willman Jr. at a dance in a ward in Concord, California. They were married in Idaho Falls, Idaho by Grandpa [George Henry] Munns in the Idaho Falls Temple. John is working in construction (lather) and lives in Arizona. They moved to Mesa Arizona and they have a daughter, Aftin Marie, born 29 Nov 1982 in Mesa. They later bought a home in Phoenix, 19633 North 6th Place, where they are living at this time (11/84).

#4. Derric Judd Munns was born 12 Feb 1966 in Alameda California. When he was one year old Grandpa Donald Newell gave him his first hair cut. Derric graduated from Antioch High School and at this writing (11/84) he is going to California State University at Long Beach taking electronics and learning the Russian language. Derric was interested in "Karate" sport and did very well earning the "Black Belt."



*Scottie Rappleye & Clifford Spence MUNNS*





*Back: Shannon, Steve, KayCee Mumms & Sage. Front: Race, Mason & Carlie SAWYER*





*Back: Tiffany, Kade, Leisa Terry. Front: Judd & Whitney MUNNS*

#### **DWIGHT LOOSLI FAMILY 1984**

Dwight Wilson Loosli was married to Hazel Glover. They had seven children.

#1-Richard Dwight Loosli was born 29 June 1941 in Rexburg, Madison Co, Idaho. He married Joanne Smith on 11 June 1965 in the Salt Lake Temple. They had a daughter, Monica, born 8 April 1972 in Provo Utah. She passed away 9 April 1972. They received an adopted son, Steven Richard, a few days



old and he was born 8 June 1972 in Salt Lake City Utah. They had a daughter Melinda [Mindy], born 9 July 1974 in Provo Utah. They had a son Aaron Dwight, born 6 Dec 1976 in Provo Utah. They had a daughter, Janali, born 27 June 1979 in Provo, Utah. Richard is a computer operator for Pacific Steel Company in Provo, Utah. They live in Orem, Utah and active in church. Joanne also teaches piano lessons.

#2- Ruth Loosli was born 14 August 1943 in Driggs, Teton Co, Idaho. She married Jesse Joseph Crusier, (born 27 March 1943 in Rexburg, Idaho) on 16 April 1965 in the Idaho Falls Temple. They had a son, Merrill Dwight, born on 27 Feb 1967 in Stuttgart, Bad-Cannstatt, Germany when they were in the army. A daughter, Jolyn was born 10 Dec 1969 in Provo, Utah. They had twin daughters, Krisanne and Susanne born 7 Nov 1971. Susanne was still born. A daughter, Nanette was born 21 June 1973 in Salt Lake. A son Charles Christian was born 2 Nov 1977 in San Jose, California. A son, Richard Joseph, was born 5 Dec 1978 in San Jose, California. Jesse is a manager of K-Mart store in Cedar City, Utah (1984).

#3- Kathleen was born 13 March 1947 in Driggs, Idaho. She married Herman Steinfeldt 14 July 1967. They had a daughter Terri Anne, born 13 June 1968 in Salt Lake City. They had a son, David Shawn, born 5 Oct 1970 in Driggs, Teton Co, Idaho. Kathleen and Herman were divorced on 9 Aug 1973. Herman died 23 Aug 1980 in Idaho Falls Idaho. Kathleen married Elburn Cecil McConnell on 21 Feb 1975 in Sandy, Utah at Elburn's folk's place. They had a daughter Amanda, born 17 Dec 1975 in Salt Lake City. Elburn was in the navy and while they were in Maryland they went to Washington D.C. Temple and were sealed 27 May 1979. Children of Kathleen and Herman were legally adopted by Elburn 30 Aug 1976.

#4- Marianne Loosli was born 13 March 1947 in Driggs, Teton Co, Idaho. She married James Anthony Madrigal Jr on 4 Feb 1978 in Elko, Nevada. They had a daughter, Andrea Rose Madrigal born 15 June 1978 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Marianne and James were divorced. Marianne works for Mountain Bell Telephone and has for many years.

#5- Terry Grant Loosli was born 3 April 1948 in Driggs, Teton Co, Idaho. He married Colleen Barben 29 Jan 1970 in Salt Lake Temple. They have a son, Kelly Terry, born 29 May 1971 in Murray, Salt Lake Co, Utah. A son, Tyler John was born 13 June 1973 in Murray. A son, Peter Wade was born 16 July 1974 in Murray. A daughter, Summer was born 29 Sept 1978 in Murray and a son, Blake Matthew was born 8 Jan 1983 in Murray. Terry went on a mission in April 1967 to Ireland. He now is a carpenter. Colleen teaches school.

#6- John Roy Loosli was born on 17 Nov 1949 in Driggs, Teton Co, Idaho. He married Deborah Howell Anderson [born 18 March 1950 in Pontiac, Oakland, Michigan] on 7 Jul 1977 in Las Vegas, Nevada. They do not have children. John went on a mission in Northern States near Chicago about May or June 1969. He later joined the marine corp (Green Beret). He returned and worked for the Tooele Army Depot and later transferred to Sierra Vista, Arizona for the army as a civilian. Debbie comes from Tennessee. She had been married and divorced. She is an nurse.

#7- Hazel Loosli was born 30 Aug 1955 in Driggs, Idaho. She went on a mission about March 1978 to British Columbia, Canada (Vancouver). She is not married and lives with her sister, Marianne, and works for the Deseret Pharmaceutical in Sandy Utah.

## DUNBAR ROOTS SUMMARY

---



[This summary was written by Eiley in September 1982]

My Great-Grandparents, James Dunbar and Elizabeth Smith were married on the 23 June 1818 in Huntly, Aberdeen, Scotland. James was born 10 June 1795 in Dunbeman, Huntly, Aberdeen, Scotland and Elizabeth was born August 1794 in Burngarrie, Gartly, Aberdeen, Scotland.

They had eleven children: Jean, David, George, Isobel, James Gordon [or Gordan], Margaret, Peter, Isobel (2nd), Elizabeth, John and Elspet.

My Great-Grandparents (on maternal side) were James Shiach and Elizabeth Shearer and were married 20 May 1816 in Rothes, Moray, Scotland. James was born (chr.) 20 May 1787 in Blackhall, Rothes, Moray. Elizabeth was born (chr.) 9 January 1797 in Newtown, Rothes, Moray, Scotland.

They had eleven children: Elizabeth, William, David, James, Alexander, John, Christine, George and Janet (twins), Helen and Elspet.

My Grandfather, Peter Dunbar, and my Grandmother, Elspet Shiach, were married 5 September 1857 in Warhead, Mortlach, Banff, Scotland. They had eleven children: James, Peter Jr., John, Alexander, Rosa Ann, George, William, Margaret, David, Elspet and Ann. Three daughters passed away early in their lives; Rose Ann at 7 months old; Margaret at 3 months and Ann at 1 year and 3 months.

They were living in Mortlach when James, their first son was born, then they moved to Aberlour where they had a farm of 34 acres. Three children were born in Aberlour. The next move was to Lumsden, Auchindoir, Aberdeen, Scotland from Aberlour, Banff County. They next seven children were



## *Dunbar Roots Summary*

born in Lumsden.

Peter was a farmer and a butcher by trade. In 1871 they were living at #43 Butchershop House and Shop in Lumsden.

They were very poor, times were hard, and serious problems developed. Peter was arrested and pled guilty having been found with 27 stolen sheep. He was convicted<sup>41</sup> and sentenced for seven years in prison, 1 November 1877. One month later on 14 December 1877, their baby daughter, Ann, passed away.

Elspet became seriously ill, and went to Aberdeen to a hospital where she passed away with kidney disease on 25 March 1880. Peter was still in prison.

Elspet's sister, Christine [Christine Shiach Murdane/Muirdane] took the children into her home to care for them along with three of her own. The older ones, James, Peter and John were old enough that they could have cared for themselves. The younger ones stayed with Christian Muirdane until the missionaries came to the home (L.D.S. Missionaries).

With the changing of the household, every one went in different directions. The oldest son, James went to Aberdeen City to find work. He married Jane Elphinstone and later went to Australia. He later returned to Scotland and passed away on 17 October 1934 at age 77 years. James' daughter named Elspet married a Mr. Bray [Harry Bray] and they lived in Australia. She corresponded with our Aunt Elsie [Elspet/Elsie Dunbar] in Pocatello, Idaho. She also corresponded with my sister, Lorraine, and sent her a picture of herself and Mr. Bray. Elspet and Mr. Bray had several children, and one was named Elspet [Elspet Irene Bray], named after the mother and grandmother. Elspet [Elspet Irene Bray] married Mr. Hooper [Alfred Robert Hooper] and they live in Australia, and we have been corresponding (Second cousins). In 1981 Pat [Patricia Ann] Bolger Jennings, (my sister Doris' daughter) went to Australia and met Elspet and her daughter, Helen [Helen Elizabeth Hooper], and also a sister Valerie [Valarie Iris Bray].

The second and third sons of Peter and Elspet Dunbar were Peter Jr. and John. They were not with the family in 1871 census. They would have been 12 and 11 years old. They could have been "farmed-out" to relatives or to friends. (I'm still searching.)

The fourth son, Alexander, came to America years later after my Dad, George, came. I did not know him. He made his home in Ogden, Utah. He never married. He became a pauper and died in 1939. He was buried in the Ogden Cemetery.

The sixth son, George, (my Dad) came to America on a Convert Ship named "Nevada." They sailed from Scotland 29 August 1883. The missionaries had come to the home and converted him, and his younger brothers, William and David and their sister, Elspet (Elsie). They were from the Missionary LDS Branch in Aberdeen, Scotland. They were baptized in the River Dee, and at different times. George was baptized and confirmed by David Burnett, George F. Hunter, and David McKay, (father of LDS President David O. McKay) on 10 Nov. 1882.

William and David were baptized by John Hendry and confirmed by George F. Hunter on 2 April 1884. On the 9th of April 1884 they sailed on the ship named "Nevada" for America. They were 15 and 11 years old. (Emigrations records said they were 11 and 10 years old.)

There was a Mrs. Jane Ross, age 54, who sailed with Dad and Elspet, and she came to Logan and on to Paradise. She took the four children and cared for them until they were able to care for themselves. Dad had told me that he had found work in Z.C.M.I. in Logan, and he walked from Paradise to Logan each day. Records show them moving from Logan 6th Ward to Logan 7th Ward 2 Sept. 1888.

Elspet (Aunt Elsie) was 9 years old (Emigration records say 4 years old) when she came to Utah. When she left Mrs. Ross, she went to Pocatello, Idaho to work and for schooling. She met LeRoy Huston

---

<sup>41</sup>See "Peter Dunbar Indictment" chapter in this volume.

### *Dunbar Roots Summary*

and had two children, LeRoy and Genevieve. He left one morning and never came back. She took in boarders to make a living, and one boarder August Martin, who worked for the railroad married her and they had two children: Harry and Florence. He later opened up a shop called "Martin Spring Works" in Pocatello Idaho. I remember going there several times. Elspet died in Pocatello on the 7th of October 1956 and is buried there.

My parents, George Dunbar and Lillie Annie Hyde, (who was the daughter of Joseph Edward [Sr] and Annie Lorraine Farrell Hyde) were married in the Logan Temple on the 28th of September 1892 and sealed by Abraham H. Cannon. They made their home in Logan. Lillie Annie was a type setter for the Logan Newspaper before her marriage. In 1902 they built a large home at 207 South First West. It was a two story white brick; four bedrooms upstairs; one bedroom downstairs; parlor; dining room; kitchen; bath; front hall; back enclosed porch and half unfinished basement. Their children were all raised in the same home, and the home was occupied by two other families, after Dad passed away. In June 1975 the home was torn down and replaced by a school.

George and Lillie had ten children. Their first child, Lillie, was born and died the same day. Mother had had a stroke while carrying her first baby, which left her crippled on half of her body (left side). She had four more strokes during her life and managed to care for her children in her way. She passed away at age 72 on 21 April 1942 and five months before their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

The ten children: Lillie, George Lyle, Annie Lorraine, Wallace Eugene, Doris Hyde, Irene, Clarice, Marvin, Eiley and Emma Gayle.

After Mother passed away, Dad married Mrs. Christine Dowdle, who had several children, and who was a housekeeper and did nursing in other peoples homes. They were married 17 years until Dad passed away 4 April 1959. Christine passed away two months later in June 1959.

Dad owned a men's clothing store on Main and First North in Logan. His store was named "Dunbar and Robinson" for several years, then it was changed to "Dunbar and Hyde." Hyde was my mother's brother, Joseph Edward Hyde Jr.

Dad also had a small farm on the East foothills which had cows, sheep, fruit and vegetables. His brother David lived in a small "Shanty" there and took care of everything. David was deaf. He never married. I remember him very well when he would bring the vegetables and fruit to the house in a wagon and horses. He would buy his supplies at the store and return to the farm. David passed away 18 January 1934 and is buried in the Logan City Cemetery.

Dad's brother William worked in Logan in a grocery store. He died 8 April 1888 at age 19. An accident when large boxes fell on him and broke his back. He is buried in the Logan City Cemetery.

At the time of this writing July 1982 five of our family have passed away: Lillie, 18 August 1893; George Lyle, 14 July 1962; Wallace Eugene, 21 March 1961; Marvin William, 14 June 1963; and Annie Lorraine, 9 January 1976.

The five sister living are: Doris Bolger in Yakima Washington; Clarice DuBois in Grants Pass, Oregon; Irene Ryan in Salt Lake City, Utah; Emma Hovey in Bountiful, Utah, and me (Eiley ) in West Jordan, Utah.





*George Dunbar. Taken in 1930*

## GEORGE DUNBAR'S OWN STORY

---



*[The following was written by Emma Gayle Dunbar Hovey after an interview with her father, George Dunbar]*

*On Nov 22, 1956 I sat with my Dad and held his hand and as he talked, I took these notes from the things he told me. His mind was sharp and alert, his memory quite clear on that day, so I write here a record for my enjoyment and the enjoyment of my family.*

I was born at 62 Skeen Street, Lumsden Village, Aberdeen, Aberdeenshire (County) Scotland on December 16, 1867. I was a small boy when I attended school until the age of 14. I remember the Mormon missionaries came to visit our house. We had a large family- many children were around and Sister [Jane] Ross was our housekeeper, as my mother was ill. My father was a butcher and was not around very much. I remember running to the fish market to get some fish for the missionaries to eat. I only saw a picture of my father, I never remember seeing him. There were 12 or 13<sup>42</sup> children. I was baptized in the river Dee as it flows into the ocean in the city of Aberdeen. A poem I learned in school about the 5 rivers of Scotland;

"The Dee, the Don they shall run on.  
The Tee shall join the Tae,  
And the bonnie waters of the Urie shall bear the bass away."

---

<sup>42</sup>As of 1992, eleven children have been found.



### *George Dunbar's Own Story*

The missionary that baptized me was David McKay (Father of David O. McKay). John McQuarrie assisted in the baptism. My brothers William, David, Alexander and sister Elspet came to America with the housekeeper Sister Ross<sup>43</sup>. My father's name was Peter Dunbar, my mother was Mary Elspet Shiach<sup>44</sup>. Scotland was a place where granite was sold all over the world. Porches were made of solid granite (Aberdeen Granite -as they called it). Much fishing was also done there. Many fish were caught and sold. I apprenticed in the mercantile business and graduated before I was 14 years old. I received my apprenticeship papers.

I was happy to join the church. Mrs. [Jane] Ross was good to me and my family. We traveled by ship and took sick aboard. There were no sanitation facilities and the stench was nearly unbearable. There were 1400 people aboard and we traveled for 14 days. I'll never forget that ride on the ship. During the trip, the helm chain broke on the ship and there was nothing to guide the ship, and we nearly lost our lives. Water washed over the ship 3 days out of Castle Gardens, New York. We had diarrhea and throwing up- both. When we arrived at Castle Gardens, New York, we were all stopped as immigrants and disembarked and were vaccinated. We arrived in Logan September 15 at the Logan depot. Mr. Ross, the husband of Sister Ross was a caretaker and was coming to Utah to work for President [David O.] McKay's father who owned sheep in Paradise, Utah and needed help in Eden where the sheep were (East of Ogden). We all stayed with Sister Ross in Paradise. I picked potatoes to last all winter. I didn't like carrots, and Sister Ross made me eat them. She would say "Eat them or take the safter[?] side of your tongue." Simon McKinsey was also a sheepman for McKay. David McKay's brother lived at our house.

My first job was with ZCMI at Logan. Mrs. Burnham also worked there. I show my papers to the manager and talked "Dutch" to him. I got a job, \$20 a month. I lived in Paradise and 1 month after I got the job, I moved to Logan. I had been walking 12 miles everyday. Some days with only a piece of cheese in my pocket, and dogs barked at me on the way. I moved into the Brown's Hotel (by the telephone office) then to a boarding house. My joy at ZCMI was to deliver by driving a team of horses and a wagon. I was 14 years old. I lost my right pointing finger when driving the delivery wagon. One night it was 40 below zero in the winter and it was after dark when a delivery was to be made up on Temple Hill. Another man who swore like a trooper, Pete Affleck was his name, was supposed to make the trip, but refused- it was too cold for him, and so he quit. He wouldn't deliver, so I took his place. I froze my finger because of stubbornness. Food, clothing, blankets were to be delivered by 9:00. I wouldn't leave my job, I was too stubborn- all Scotch people are stubborn. My finger was out in the wind while driving that team and my finger got frozen. I didn't sleep a wink that nite. *(I noticed his next finger had been broken and was extremely crooked.)*

Then I met Mother [Lillie Annie Hyde]. She lived west of Quinney's. Joe Quinney was my pal. Mother went to school at the BYU and she worked setting type while going to school. She was well educated and a top notch speller. She went to school and worked while I worked in the ZCMI grocery business. We had lots of fun. She like riding horses and we rode outside of town stalking deer, finding watercress in February and rode up Blacksmith Fork Canyon to find it. Mother had lots of pep and loved to jump and run. She loved jumping ditches and was healthy and happy.

We were married in the Logan Temple. Our first home was a new barn we built until we were able to build a new house in front. We were happy. We built the barn at 207 South 1st West where we lived when Irene was born. We were a happy family and Mother was happy too.

---

<sup>43</sup> Immigration records from the ship "Nevada" sailing 29 August 1883 from London show passenger #21 Jane Ross, 52 years; passenger #14 George Dunbar 14 years; and passenger #23 Elsie Dunbar, 4 years. William and David also sailed on the "Nevada" the next spring, leaving London 9 April 1884.

<sup>44</sup> Elspeth's birth and marriage record do not use the name "Mary"

### *George Dunbar's Own Story*

I went into business, "Dunbar and Robinson." [Bishop] Skanchy was a 3rd partner. (A silent partner). He was a good and wealthy man. E. Robinson was my partner in the business, and also mayor and school teacher. We were in business 10 years when he passed away. Then Mother's brother, Edward Hyde [Joseph Edward Hyde Jr.] and I went into business and had the store "Dunbar & Hyde" for 7 years. Then I was made president of the Cache County Fair. M.R. Hovey was secretary also were Charlie Harris and Mrs. Harris who played the piano. I called a meeting at the Chamber of Commerce. I went to the Chamber and told them of the cattle and other animals in the valley that couldn't sell, and if we could show them, we could sell them. So the Fair idea took over and we 3 worked together working and visiting around the valley singing and playing and talking "County Fair" Then H.E. Hatch became the president. We had lots of fun and were happy. We told Bishop Skanchy all we needed was money, and he helped us. We took out rain insurance. To get started, we borrowed from Thatcher Bank and we were determined to start it, and it was a success. We started it with \$1500.

*(DAD'S ENTHUSIASM AND CLEARNESS OF MIND WAS REMARKABLE. We went through his old metal box together, and his alertness and eyesight were unusually sharp)*

"We asked for \$30 each as a donation from the Chamber of Commerce. Members opposed and I had to talk them into it to wake them up! I was convinced and had faith in people coming through with the money we needed. I said it as a good investment and they wouldn't lose their money. It was quite a heated controversy. So I offered to go and get the money from somewhere."

*(At this point, we were interrupted, so continued our talk on December 21, 1956. At this time, I sat with Dad again and he continued to tell me his experiences.)*

I was called on a mission. Lillie (our first baby) and George Lyle and Annie Lorraine were born. Dave gave Mother \$25 a month while I was away on my Mission to the Southern States. This house wasn't built, we rented a little house in the 6th Ward. H.A. Hansen and Skanchy and I were in the Bishopric. Skanchy was called on a Mission and we were in charge until he got back. We had a lot of fun gathering eggs for donations for the building of the new meeting house. We called them "Sunday Eggs." My mission was hard, and Mother was having a hard time with 2 babies and being handicapped as she was with her stroke that left her paralyzed. I believe Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God and received revelation, and made the prophecies that he did. I don't like polygamy, it isn't right. I've had revelations and I know Joseph Smith did what he said he did. He did see the revelations. I don't like to talk about it very much. When I first came to Utah I paid tithing. \$2 out of every check of \$20 each month. They withheld it from my paycheck before I received it. That was the order of the Church. Lillie Annie<sup>45</sup> was the first baby, then George Lyle who was 1 1/2 years older than Lorraine. After my mission is when I went into the work for the Fair.

I just remembered about my parents, that Mother was very sick. My father was 92 years old when he died. He wrote me a letter once.

One day I came home and found Irene in the hall on the floor from falling over the bannister. I thought sure she was dead. When I picked her up- she opened her eyes and said "I want a banana." I was glad in my heart.

At Christmas we always had a tree, we always had a Christmas. I've always had fine memories of your Mother [Lillie Annie Hyde]. I look at her picture every once in a while and think of her. My brother David lived on my farm, but he was happy. He became deaf because he was hot and sweaty from working, he would put his head under the cold water of the river to cool off. I used the sign language

---

<sup>45</sup>Headstone says "Lillie Dunbar".



### *George Dunbar's Own Story*

to talk to him. Everyone in North Logan knew him and he liked kids.

I became interested in chickens when I sent back East and got 2 show birds and \$20 apiece. They were all Plymouth Rocks. I won a blue ribbon with them in the Fair- also red and gold ribbons from that date 1933 to 1951. (Ribbons were sewn together to make a nice throw.) Trophies were won from 1949 to 1952. I started with my chickens in 1898.

"Belle D" was my favorite pacer. I raised her and broke her. Riley Kent took her down to California and made records with her. There is a difference between trotters and pacers- both are harness horses. I like horses and chickens- all kinds of animals.

*(I asked Dad what he liked about Mother and he said "I liked everything! There wasn't anything I didn't like about her." (What a nice tribute to our Mother!) I asked him who Sister [Jane] Ross was, and he said "She was my housekeeper-like the lady in the kitchen is- (referring to his second wife Christine [Christine Anderson Dowdle]). It was obvious that he loved Christine as a housekeeper, but the one that really made his heart twang was our dear Mother.)*

*As we went through Dad's strong box together Dec 1956 we found:*

*Missionary blessing*

*Call to the Southern States Mission*

*Marve's baptism record*

*List of names & birth & baptism of the Dunbar children*

*Logan Irrigation Co water rights paper*

*Fire insurance policies.*

*Notes:*

*--Dad married Christine Anderson Dowdle July 10, 1943. She was born Oct 12, 1872.*

*--Aunt Elsie [Elsbet Dunbar] in Pocatello gave us a picture of our Grandfather Peter Dunbar at the age of 92.*

*--The name of John McQuarry is on Dad's baptism record. (In church offices Dec 1881)*

*Dad arrived in Paradise, Utah Sept 1883. He left Liverpool, England Aug 29 1883.*

*He left school at age 11 years old and was self educated. He had beautiful hand-writing and excellent language.*

*He never swore, or used foul language. He was very clean, modest.*

*He was a naturalized U.S. Citizen in to the country of America.*

**WHAT A WONDERFUL PRECIOUS HERITAGE WE HAVE. LET'S ALL BE GRATEFUL FOR OUR DEAR FATHER AND GRANDFATHER AND GREAT GRANDFATHER, GEORGE DUNBAR!**

**Emma Dunbar Hovey**

## GEORGE DUNBAR'S MISSIONARY JOURNAL <sup>46</sup>

---



[Editors note: The following was written by Eiley D. R. Newell April 4, 1960]

*My Dad...George Dunbar, spent two years in the State of Texas on a Mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saint...Mormons. He kept a diary, hand written with indelible pencil. This is a copy of the remnant of that diary. The pencil is faded. Five pages are missing from the front of the book, and perhaps twenty pages or more between pages. The remnant ends at Thanksgiving. This copy covers partial time between April 23, 1896 and November 27, 1896...testimony of faith and courage...*

*George Dunbar, Dec. 16, 1867 - April 4, 1959*

April 23, 1896 . . .hills for miles and miles covered with grass of all kinds, dotted here and there with Ranches along the line of D. & R.G. RR. Among the most prominent is the X Ranch at the foot of Ranges most fertile. We arrived at Pueblo, Colo. at 5:15 p.m. Wed 23rd very dusty. Here we went to wash, had a colored man black our shoes and a man shave us, after which we felt like new men. In our party there were Pres. E. Kimball, Elders Carlston, Hansen, Gates and myself. Hansen, Gates and myself bound for Texas, balance for Chattanooga, Tennessee.

At 11:05 p.m. we left Pueblo. All decided to take a sleeper which cost us \$1.00 each. Double

---

<sup>46</sup>Only the names of the Elders with which George Dunbar labored are indexed in the "Index of Section One". Other persons he met or made mention of are not indexed.



*George Dunbar's Missionary Journal*

sleepers. Pres. Kimball invited me to sleep with him. Slept well all night from 11:30 to 6:30. Felt better in the morning. At Newton, Kansas, we left Pres. Kimball and the others, proceeded to have dinner here. While eating, we met a man from Texas going to California, and while talking, informed him we were from Utah. He said "Why, I don't see any of your wives here!" First we heard of Mormonism since we left Salt Lake.

April 24. . .Left Newton 5:30 p.m. arriving at Purcell, Oklahoma at 1:30. Changed cars, arriving Fort Worth, Texas at 8:30 a.m. Left Fort Worth 9:40 arriving at Greenville, Hunt County, at 1:30 p.m. Met at depot by Elders Wells, Miner, Kimball and Hess. Put up at Kingsley Hotel. Had a very social time with the Brethren. Appointed to Labor with our partners in various counties. I appointed to labor with Elder Wells in Hunt County.

Sunday we separated. Bro. Wells and I traveled about 5 miles SE of Greenville, and here I visited the first family. They seemed peculiar people. Quite ignorant and reminded me of Josiah Hendricks. However they made us welcome, fed us and gave us a comfortable bed, and we sat up in the evening on the veranda and listened to the Whip-poor-will. They sang all night long. In the morning we went out in the woods to pray, and we saw the WPW. This was at Mr. Luca's place.

April 27th Monday we traveled northward. Stopped at Greenville for dinner, shipped our valises to Celeste. In the evening we walked out about 4 miles north of Greenville. On our way out I saw my first Peacock. The most beautiful bird that I had ever seen, tail about 5 feet long, neck a purple blue, and strutting around with his feathers displayed in grand array, could shake every one of them individually and separately. Stopped over at a friend's place, named Reese at H.C. Next morning we walked 14 miles to the Saints, stopped at a Mr. Masons. In the morning we walked out in the woods and I caught 2 possums, caught them by the tail. They were larger than a cat, not very nimble. Let them go up a tree and left them.

April 30--Thursday night we held meeting at Mr. Cooper's. Elder Wells occupying the time closing remarks. Elder Miner and Hess came from Flannin County just before meeting where they had been driven out and we sat up in the evening listening to the story of their night previous. They said they were just about to retire when the mob of about 12 or 15 men, masked and blacked, came up to the house, called for the owner to turn out the Mormon preachers. They blew out the light and Mr. Gregory, the owner of the house, reached down his gun and told the mob to leave his premises. . .that there were no preachers for them. The Elders, in the meantime tried to make their escape from the back door, but on opening it found the mob confronting them as they had surrounded the house. So Elder Miner and Hess climbed up on the rafters of the house and crawled back over the ceiling of one of the rooms. There they lay for several hours awaiting the mob to act. They were determined to kill them, for a few weeks previous they had taken them out and gave them 5 lashes each, stating that if they did not leave their neighborhood in the morning, they would kill them. They left the neighborhood, of course, but had returned to get their valise and clothes, intending to leave again in the morning. The mob were persistent and begged Mr. Gregory to let the Elders out, but he would not. Finally two young ladies of the Gregory family came home and found the house mobbed, and realizing the danger, began to plead for the mob to disperse and go home, telling that the preachers were better men than they were and had not done anything to justify them in mobbing them, but all the mob had to say were insults and oaths saying they would set fire to the house and burn up the whole gang if they did not let them have the preachers. The Elders heard all that was going on and great fear would come to them at times thinking that their time had come. They prayed to the Lord of deliverance and the fury of the mob would rage and abate

according to the faith of the Elders when they doubted the Lord in protecting them the mob would howl with fury and try to get in the house. When their faith was strong, they could hear and feel the mob relent and their power giving way. Mr. Gregory was a staunch friend at this time of need and he stood, shotgun in hand, and told the mob that the first man that would enter he would shoot his head off. Finally the mob withdrew and the Elders watching them close, saw every one of them leave the place and on retreating they turned and fired their guns, peppering the shingles of the house with bullets. The Elders left the house retreating to the woods and lay concealed in the brush until daylight when they breakfasted and left on the next train.

May 2nd. . .Friday morning we left the Saints, headed for High Mound. Got permission to hold meetings, tracked the neighborhood, held meeting at 8, Sunday at 11 and 8, Monday at 8 and Tuesday at 8. Wednesday we went to Greenville, got our mail and back on horseback, about 20 miles. Made an appointment to hold meeting in High Mound. Thursday we went to Alliance. Stopped at Mr. Mock's. Had a good time talking to Mrs. Mock and Miss Wells. This young lady seemed very earnest in seeking after the truth, for she thought she had it, and we had almost convinced her that she did not have it, so she was very much put about and her mind was very unsettled, she seemed so anxious that I felt very much for her and I desired that she might find the truth, and while going away I wanted to shake hands with and try to find out whether she was seeking for the church of Christ or not, but did not have the privilege, simply wishing her good-by across the room. Next day we were informed that Mr. Mock did not care to have us call on him any more. He is quite a big man in the Baptist Church and policy I guess said not to entertain Mormon Elders. He treated us very well while we were there but his wife and Miss Wells were too much interested in our Doctrine to suit his Church Co-Leagues. . .

Saturday night we held meetings as per appointment. Had a good house. Stayed at the Saints over night. Sunday, Elder Wells took sick with chills and fever. It was then about 90 degrees in the shade. Chill came on him and he shook, and the fever would almost burn him up. After he had suffered about 2 hours, he called me to administer to him, which I did and while my hands were on his head, he broke out in a sweat and the chills and fever left him immediately. He got out of his bed and said he felt as if he had risen from a night's rest, when chills came on they usually came every day, but this is the third day and no signs of chills and fever yet. Monday we walked about 3 miles farther north to visit some more Saints. While on our way we met a young man who had been investigating into our Doctrine. He said he wished to be baptised. We performed the Ordinance at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Elder Wells officiating. This was the first baptism that I had assisted in and it made me feel good to think that at least there was one man in Texas who was sincere in searching after the Truth.

May 12, Tuesday Elder Wells took another chill, was a very hard one, worst he had had. Administered to him, while in the act, all pain left him. Also same day Mrs. Aaron took sick with pains in her back, had been troubled with same trouble before, came on suddenly, disabled her completely, had to be helped to bed. Last time it stayed with her 12 weeks, had Doctor attending her. She asked us to administer to her, after doing so she said she felt better. In the evening we administered to her again and the second day she was around doing her work feeling well.

May 12 in the evening about 7 o'clock, a storm came on the people becoming very much frightened, most severe that many of them had experienced. Thunder and lightening, wind and rain. I never felt the thunder so close and so heavy and terrible. Lightening without ceasing, it seemed that we were in the very center of thunderbolts and hurricanes. The house we were in reeled and our host got braces and braced the doors. Every moment we expected to be raised in the air and carried with the



*George Dunbar's Missionary Journal*

wind. Rain fell in sheets driven by the wind and in a few minutes our floor was covered with water coming through the shingles and leaking from the ceiling down on the beds and all over the house. Trees were torn up by the roots. Wire fences and posts ripped during the storm. We looked out of our window in the north and within a mile or two, a barn had been struck by lightning and the flames lit up the whole north. This added to the terror of the night. After a little the storm abated some, we went to bed and all through the night we listened to the roll of the thunder and the howl of the wind until morning the storm ceased. 30 miles south of here we hear that a town had been riddled. Houses blown down and several persons killed. People here dig storm houses in the ground to go into when storms of this kind come on.

*(Parts of the diary are missing at this point, but continues.)*

. . . stopped, turned around and said, I could not stand to look at her. I went to the place I started from, woke up, found my body perfectly numb, like your foot gets sometime, and unable to move for a few minutes, after which I sat up in bed and thought about it.

May 30, Sunday. . . held meeting at John Duff's. Spoke a short time.

May 31st. We organized Sunday School at Indian Creek. Among the Saints, 19 members enrolled, good start. Stayed with Saints.

June 2nd. Elders Miner and Hess came to Indian Creek, met with us, had a good time together.

June 3rd. Wed. Went to get mail, 12 miles.

June 4th. We went to Alliance. Appointed meeting for Friday night. Stayed at George Sprinks all night. Friday we held meeting as appointed. Stayed with Parson Davis Saturday. We walked to Indian creek. Sunday took train from Celeste to Greenville. Met Elders Miner and Hess, Chidester, Maycock and Wilcock. Did shirts, sang songs and rejoiced together. Monday Wells bade farewell to all the Elders, they going to the Southern part of Texas. Met at the train Elders Oversen, Smith and Gates on their way to Galveston. Bid them all goodbye and went back to Kingsley Hotel.

June 8-9. Talked with Elder Wells about what we should do, he expecting to go home, decided that I should go to Galveston on the next train. Left Greenville at 7 p.m. Wells going to some friends near by Greenville. I met the other Elders about 3:30 in the morning at Taylor, accompanied them to the Coast, got there about 12 o'clock. Went up town, had dinner at a restaurant, took street car to South Beach. Grand sight, fine beach. Walked along the shore, gathered some shells, went out on the pavilion, watched the bathers, ships, waves. . . reminded me of long-bygone-days in Scotland. Beach Hotel is a grand building.

June 11-15 We put up at Palmer House. Rates 50 cents a day. Stayed here 11-12-13-14 and 15th. Tuesday morning, having no companion, accepted proposition from Elder Hess to travel with his companion if I would pay his Hotel bill. So we left, Elder Miner and I, for the East part of the country. After traveling for hours we came to a fine country restaurant belonging to John McCurdy, he being a big landlord having many renters on his farm. After introducing ourselves, he invited us in which, of course, we accepted, talked over various subjects, including what we believed in, he asked us to stay to dinner,

introduced us to his family, who received us very well and we sat down to the finest meal we have had in Texas. We traveled on, inquiring for some place to hold meeting, and not meeting with much success. Towards night, after traveling about 7 miles, we approached a house. Elder Miner introducing us and asked to stay all night, but we were refused and recommended to his neighbor. Of course we went on and after retiring to the woods, came upon a very beautiful spot or little grove of Live Oak with light grassy moss hanging down a few feet from the ground, which made it very shady. Here, we did receive encouragement. . . and proceeded on our journey. Approached our aforesaid neighbor, asked him to entertain us overnight, which he did, and treated us very nice. In the morning he invited us to visit his orchard, where we had a fill-up on plums and peaches.

June 17. . we continued on our journey until about noon when we came to Harmony Grove School House. Passed on south about a fourth mile, called at Mr. Fox and he inviting us to dinner, stayed with him 3 or 4 hours, and directed us where to find School Trustees. Obtained consent from all of them and announced meeting for 18th. Tracted until sundown. Was entertained by Mr. Alexander, a young man and his wife. They treated us very nicely, giving us the best they had.

June 19th.. we dined at a Mr. Robinson, father of the man who could not entertain us 2 nights previous. Had a house full at night after meeting, we had 4 or 5 invitations to come home with them. Mr. Fox, being first, we went with him. Had announced meeting for 20th. Stayed all day with Mr. Fox, about 5 we went on to visit some more houses, they being very much scattered some miles apart. Called at an Englishman named Glover, asked for a drink of water, it being near supper time, while his wife was bringing some water we talked to him of his fine farm. I said it was the finest I had seen in Texas, seemed to please him very much, he asked us to stay to supper and stay all night, and we could have a room all to ourselves. His whole family consisting of himself, wife, six sons and daughters could sleep in one room. Went to meeting, had a fine time after which the people pressed around to have us go home with them. The next day, 21st, we had breakfast with the Englishman, they had already killed the spring chickens, and we sat down to fine breakfast, picking the chickens as we ate. Had a watermelon about 10 o'clock and another about 4 p.m. Went to meeting with the Englishman and his family that night and the school house being once more filled, and overflowing. Accepted invitation from Mr. Lane and his wife to stay with them, sat up until Sunday morning talking religion.

June 22. . .went to Sunday School and preaching Fasting, as that was 3rd Sunday when all missionaries fasted for their health, in southern missions. Held meeting at 3:30 also at 8, and the schoolhouse could not contain more than half of the people. This being our last meeting, we gave it to them straight, calling upon them to repent and believe the Gospel that they may not be partakers of the judgments that will be sent out among them that know not God. That night we stayed with the man that refused us entertainment, he apologized for not having his house fixed to entertain us before. On the 22nd, we came to Lockhart, rode 4 or 5 miles with a Mr. Shin who had been to our meeting the night before. He invited us if we came his way to stay with him. About 11 we came to the Palmer House. Met there Elders Wilcock, Chidester, Maycock, Hess. Did our shirts. Chidester and another Elder Shirts leaving on the 23rd for the north part of Caldwell County. Maycock being sick with fever, stopped over. Wilcock and Hess left for Hays County on June 24th.

June 28. . Elders Chidester and Shirts came from north portion of the county, had held a few meetings, and got rotten-egged. Maycock and Miner left on Monday 29th for Austin, without purse or scrip, intending to work the City. Later in the day, having made an appointment to preach at a private house. Being left all alone, I am about to take up a line of study resolving to take up the Gospel and



outline on paper the subjects commencing on Faith in the Scriptures diversified by the reading of New Testament and Doctrine Covenants.

June 30. Tuesday morning Wilcock, and Hess returned from Hays Co. Hess not being able to stand the hot sun and long walks. Wilcock is suggesting that I accompany him and let Hess lay over to recuperate. So July 1st after breakfast, we started for Hays County, walking 16 miles on R.R. track. Hot sun. Without dinner. Towards sundown we made several inquiries if they could entertain us, refused 3 times. At last we found one man with a soft heart who entertained us in high style, Mr. Bost. Gave us a fine supper and good bed. We sat up until 11 singing songs for him and his wife. They enjoyed it very much. Next morning being fast day, we started without any breakfast, felt very weak. Having gone without anything to eat the day previous, the long walk in the heat, had prevented me from eating very much supper the night before. About 9 we came to the San Marcos river. The first running cold water that I have seen since leaving home. Here I am, now, at this writing, sitting on the side of the hill at the bottom of which runs the San Marcos. As I listen to the waters gurgling over the roots and brush and hear the hum of the waterwheel of a Mill just above us, it reminds me of home. . .and I enjoy the sight as my thoughts are away in the West. After resting about half-hour, we continue our journey, through mesquite brush, corn and cotton fields, crawling through b. wire fences, toiling laboriously on making for a house on a hill in the distance. Finally we reach it, my companion making knowledge our business. The gentleman, Mr. Hacker, inviting us in, which of course we never refuse (about this time of day especially). When we had been fasting since the night previous, we done justice to a fair meal. Bacon, biscuits, corn bread, molasses and winding up on cake. About 2 p.m. we proceeded for the school Trustees of the German House, continued announcing our appointment for the following night, and inquiring for a place to stop overnight. After receiving six refusals, about 9 p.m. we found a man with an open heart, a German named Mr. Ficker, lived in the edge of Guadalupe County. His good wife and daughters procuring for us some nice sweet milk and baker's bread, ham and mollasses which hit the spot. After supper we sang several songs for them, and his daughters and son singing for us two songs in German, as we sat on the veranda retiring to rest about 11, we comforted our weary limbs.

July 3rd. After partaking of breakfast with our German friends we traveled onward, stopping about noon, at Mr. Flemmings, had a good dinner after which we made for the German House. Here we remained until about 9 p.m. Three boys on horseback were all that came out, so we had no meeting. Sought entertainment, had 3 refusals, went into the corn field, filled up on corn and put up with Uncle Sam (slept in field). Was aroused in the morning by a Mexican going through the mesquite, was quite sociable, sat down and watched us get out on the road. After going about a quarter mile we approached a German's place. After telling him our business he showed us the road, said we ought to be hoeing cotton instead of traveling around preaching something we did not know anything about. This was indeed encouraging after arising from Old Sam, not having had anything to eat since noon the day before. We went on, however, and about 9 we found a trustee of Methodist Church who invited us to eat mushmelon, after which we went to see the other Trustee to get his permit to hold meeting, which did not receive. He thought it would not be safe to let the people hear our Doctrine, because if one of their members should leave their faith, it would cause trouble.

July 4-6th. About 1 o'clock we called on Mr. Tucker, he invited us in, had dinner, stayed all night, then we spent the nation's birthday. Stayed all night. We left for San Marcos. Elder Wilcock got the mail from Pres. Dalley and from home. Sat under the rail-road bridge on the banks of the San Marcos river and read them. Went on to the Blanco river and here we had a fine bath and washed our clothes. Was refused entertainment 4 times, put up with Uncle Sam.

*George Dunbar's Missionary Journal*

July 7th. In the morning we started out, we not having had anything to eat, beginning to feel faint, so we trod visiting from house to house, but no invitation to eat. We walked until about fagged. About 2 p.m. we came to the school house where we rested about 3 hours. I have often heard of people fasting for 2 days, but when I experience it myself, it makes quite a different impression. We were walking about 10 miles a day in the hot sun, which added much to our weak condition. About 6:30 we called on Mr. Whitby at High Prairie, and he invited us to eat, and we did eat. . . sure. Held meeting at the school house, stayed all night with Mr. Whitby, and had breakfast.

July 8th. We started for mail to San Marcos, met Mr. J.W. Green of High Prairie in his field. He invited us to come to dinner with him that day as we had appointed meeting for that night in the school house, and of course we accepted, so we left our grips with him and proceeded for the mail. I received word from Elder Hess that my companion would be in Lockhard about the 15th and by that time he will accompany Wilcock. Had dinner with Mr. Green and Mr. Roland on the veranda, which resulted in Mr. Roland admitting that our people were the most liberal in religion.

*(Several pages lost at this point)*

... 4 o'clock we found a German who was the main trustee, storekeeper at Adar. We introduced ourselves as Ministers of the Gospel. He said, "You don't say so?" We asked him if we could have the privilege of holding meetings in the school house. He said, "We have all the preachers we want here, don't need any more" and walked off and left us. We went on, came to another German, asked to stay all night, said he had a fine neighbor—a widow—who would entertain us. We thanked him, went on, found his neighbor quite reluctant but, by our persistent effort, and the lateness of the day, she consented. I thought we were not made welcome, but I concluded that we would leave her feeling better, which we did, she requested us to stay longer.

July 24. Temperature 100 degrees. We walked all day, working among Germans, not meeting a white man all day, until night. We came back to our friend, Mr. Stocks, stayed all night with him.

July 25. We came to West Point, met Elder Oversen and Tomlinsen.

July 26th. Sunday, stayed at hotel.

July 27th. Monday, we bathed in Colorado river, had a good time with the Elders.

July 28th. We left for a trip south. Stayed all night with Jim Bylor. Had a 4 hour discussion on the Gospel from 7 to 11 a.m. Had dinner, left for Ivy, about 5 miles east. Stopped with Mr. Acy Hotsten, could not procure the house to preach in, tracked the neighborhood, proceeded on to the next Bethemy. Had dinner with Mr. Green, had a cold reception in Bethemy, first man we tackled said he did not want to hear anything of Mormonism and wanted us to get out of the country. We could not accommodate him, but could not get the church house to preach in. Had 3 refused entertainment. Slept with Uncle Sam without supper.

July 31st. Had no breakfast. . . walking right along, became very weak, found a ranch, asked for



*George Dunbar's Missionary Journal*

something to eat, said they had none to cook it, begged a piece of bread. . .we could not walk much farther without it. He said he would see if there was any. He found four small biscuits, which we devoured in a hurry. . .tasted fine. We felt a little better, continued on to the next place, Cistern. Many Germans, Bohemians, etc. We tracked the place, had dinner at Jon Yeates. Did nothing; we could find no one to take care of us, so did not hold meeting, only two American families in the district. We came to Mr. Stevens on our way to Fords Prairie, stayed all night with him.

August 1st. Came to Fords Prairie. First house we came to the man said he did not want any L.D.S. Doctrine here, showed us the road, tore up our track. Their Minister had previously warned them not to receive us, said if they let us have the Church house to preach in, he was done with them, so we tracked them and left them. Came back to West Point to the hotel. Walked 59 miles since Tuesday night to Saturday night, very tired and foot sore.

August 2nd, Sunday. Stayed at hotel.

August 3rd. We went down to the River, had a nice bath. Elders Oversen and Tomlinsen came in. On the 4th we went again to the River, and had another bath, went 3 miles to shoemakers. Aug 5th we left for another jaunt. S. & I. for the Capitol, and Oversen and Tomlinsen for Flatonia. Walked 12 miles in the afternoon. Stopped with Mr. Taylor near LaGrange.

August 6th. We entered the City, called on Deputy Sheriff, tried to get the court house, said it was not used for services, recommended us to Presbyterian Church trustees, were willing until we told them we were Mormons, then they very soon withdrew their consent. The City is composed of Germans and Bohemians, about one dozen American families. They were not Gospel hungry, so we tracked the City about 3 o'clock. I called at a house of Mr. Dudley. Had a nice time, asked them for dinner, showed them photos of Salt Lake. They were much taken up with S.L., wanted to go there. Two young ladies especially, invited me back again. We left LaGrange about 6 p.m. As we passed Mr. Dudley's within 200 yards of the house, the young ladies waved their handkerchiefs, raised our hats as we went along. We walked out to Mr. J.F. Knights.

August 7th. We walked about 7 miles, held meeting at a private house. Mr. G.D. Baker preached to them. While sitting down on our seats, sang songs. Had a good time.

Aug 8th. We got permission to preach in the Methodist Church, held meeting. Stopped at Mr. S.F.A. Baker's. A preacher.

August 9th. We had quite a time talking on the Gospel, but we could not have the Church anymore, however, we held a good meeting in Mr. Baker's house in the afternoon. Had about 25 present.

Aug. 10th. We called at Mr. Phillip's, had a fine dinner, walked 12 miles that afternoon. Forded the Colorado River at dark, east of West Point, slept on the hard ground all night. Came to West Point Aug. 11th, met Oversen and Tomlinsen in the afternoon, went down to the River and had a bath.

August 12th. West Point gave a Bar-b-que where they roasted Beef, Pork and Goats. Had speeches,

*George Dunbar's Missionary Journal*

political merry go round, ice cream and cake. The Beef and Bread was free to all, people seemed to enjoy themselves.

August 13th. About 5 Elder Tomlinsen and I left for Colony, the only American neighborhood in the county unworked. Walked 7 miles, stopped at Mr. Henry Lughenberg. At Rock Point, Aug 14th, we traveled on walking about 11 miles, stopped at Mr. John Sullivan's in the Colony.

August 15th, procured the schoolhouse, held meeting, stayed all night with Mr. J.W. Adams. Sunday 16th, we went to Sunday school. Christian preacher asked us to preach. Elder Tomlinsen took up the time speaking on Rep. & Babt. In the afternoon it rained and thundered. Cleaned up a little before dark, so we held meeting to small audience of about 12. Stopped again with Mr. Adams. The 17th we left the neighborhood with invitation to come back again. We walked all day taking it as easy as we could under the Texas sun of 100 degrees. Came back to Rock Point, stopped with Mr. Brown. The 18th we came to West Point, walked about 7 miles, met Elder Smith and Oversen. They were glad to see us come back as we were advised to leave the county as we had completed the county. Found six letters awaiting me. Had a good time reading the news from Utah.

August 19th, we left the county at 11:50 for Bastrop, arriving at 1 p.m. Elder Tomlinsen and I proceeded to find a boarding house. Succeeded in getting one at Taylor. Rented a double furnished room for \$3.00 per month. Meals: \$12.00. Good house. In the evening we walked down to the Colorado River, washed our feet against Fayette. Next day we had a class organized as school, held meeting at 9 and 4 in the afternoon.

Aug. 20, we continued having our meetings, found our meetings O.K.

On 22nd, we held the meeting in the morning. Received a letter from my Wife in the afternoon, getting reprimanded very much for my conduct in corresponding with her. Feel very bad over her cutting words. Answered her letter the same afternoon.

August 23rd, we held meeting in the afternoon, decided to go to work in the country. Monday morning the 24th it rained, did not go. Tuesday the 25th stayed in Hotel all day. The 26th we went down to Colo. River, had a bath and sang songs. Thurs. 27th we left for north settlement. Walked along the R.R. Tracks for about 5 miles. Separated, Tomlinsen headed for Sayers, Smith and I walked until dark through the hot sands and clouds. Got lost in the woods. Finally we saw a light in the distance, found a Negro family. They showed us white man's place. Refused entertainment, came back to nigger family and he bade us welcome. Had a good bed. Rain came in torrents. We were sure hungry, had not eaten for 24 hours, so we ate with the Negroes (against the rule of the country). Felt strong again, pushed forward for Oak Hill. On the road, a German came along in a spring wagon, gave us a ride about 4 miles on our way. Also gave us 25 cents. Named Wm. Herms, invited us to come and stay with him when we came where he lived. Called on Cotton Gin to see the trustee of church, Mr. Floyd, said they were going to hold a series of meetings commencing Sat. night. Was very kind showing us about the Gin, how it operated. We went on to the next place, Duck Pond, a small place. Stayed all night with a Mr. Meeks, old gentleman and old Lady about 75 years old who had just gotten married. They treated us very well, cooked spring chicken for us and invited us back again. On the 29th we started for Lawhorn, a distance of 6-7 miles. Passed through Sayer on our way, called at the Coal Mine, had a nice drink of ice water on the Katy Road. Walked on until about 5, came to Lawhorn, decided we could not hold meeting, as we had to leave



*George Dunbar's Missionary Journal*

for conference first of the week. Came to Mr. Meek's, who invited us to stay all night, which was graciously accepted by us. Had a gospel conversation, a good supper, bed and breakfast.

Aug. 30 we left for Bastrop, a distance of 12 miles, arriving about 6:30. Met Elders T. and O. already in. Monday 31st received mail from home, answered same and prepared for a 40 mile walk to Conference.

Sept. 1st. Tuesday morning at 9:30 we all left Hotel, went down to Bridge, but could not get across without paying toll of 5 cents each. We explained our circumstance, no use, so we walked down the river about 2-3 miles and crossed on the Katy R.R. Bridge, stopped on west side and had a bath. Continuing our journey about one mile from Bridge, we then separated, drew straws to determine who should go to Red Rock and Bastrop Road, and who should follow the R.R. Smith and I took the R.R., T. & O. took the wagon road. We walked about 11 miles and stopped at a Mr. Wm. Potter's about two and a half miles south of Upton. On Sept. 2nd we left, following sandy road through Timber, reached Rosanky about 10, continued on our way, stopped a few minutes at a house, did not get dinner, had no bread, proceeded until 6 miles from Red Rock, having walked 13 miles. Tried hard to stay with a Mr. T.J. Huskins, after a little, we talked and sat down, stayed all night, had a good time, good breakfast, left about 7:30. He asked us to come back.

Sept. 3rd. We walked about 2 miles, met a man going our way, he asked us to ride with him, helping us about 2 miles on our journey. Came to R.R. tracks, followed about 9 miles, no dinner, hot sun, muddy water to drink. Asked for entertainment over night. No, his wife powerful sick. Came to Robert Gwin, stopped all night. Sept. 4th we came on, reaching our journey end about 2 p.m. found Elder Chidester fixing bowery (?) no companion. Elder Shirts had gone home. He was homesick, worked too hard, and 38 years old. Introduced to President A.C. Dalley, C.A. Memmit, Jos. Coulam and John Wood. Also found Elder Miner. 15 Elders in all. Pres. K. arrived about 5, put us to work building bowery to hold Priesthood meetings.

Sept. 5th. We met at 8, Pres. K. sure roused us for having money at hotels and having headquarters. Made every one report labors, gave a scoring all thru Conference. Had all speak in Conference. Held 3 meetings Sat. and Sun. We fasted for 2 days, Wed. and Thurs. All appointed new companions to labor with. Pres. Dalley and myself to labor as committee. Elders to travel from city to city, visit among the Elders and capture the county seats from them.

Sept. 14th. We all went to Lockhart, had our photos taken. Miner and Wood going to Austin; Wilcock and Oversen to Guadalupe Co.; Smith and Coulam to Gonzales and Tomlinsen and Maycock left for N.E. Texas, Delton County 300 miles. Sept. 16 Pres. Dalley and I are writing up minutes of Priesthood meeting, the next day Pres. D, Elders Chidester and Hansen and myself started for Lockhart, called at photographers, left our grips, started to see Mayor of City. After an hour, we found him in the cotton yard. A Mr. Storey told him our business, had no objections to us tracting the city, no ordinance against it, said we could see the county Judge about the court house. We conversed with him for 10 minutes about our people and our religion, left a tract with him. Went to see the Minister of the Christian Church, called at railroad. . .

*(pages missing)*

. . .but I kept on until I had gained my point, to tame them down by kind words and charity. We

sure succeeded in changing their views in regard to us as a people for they changed from contending to praising our good works and invited us to lead them in prayer, which we did. They shook hands with us and wished us God speed. At night about 8:30 we approached the square. Pres. D., Elders C. and H. and myself commenced to sing, after which the city Marshall invited us down to the fish pond and said there was fine place to preach, but we heard that they were going to baptise the Mormon preachers, so Pres. D. thanked him and we continued our meeting. Elder C. spoke first, Pres. D. next. As we were singing our song, the Rotten-Eggs began to pour in from all sides. Crowd began to scatter. Man in a determined voice said the man that threw the next egg was a dead man. All was quiet for a short time, they began to crowd around again. When all was quiet, we dismissed our meeting. Soon after, we left the crowd to wrangle among themselves. Stopped at Mr. Albert Smith's in the S.W. part of town that night and the following day it rained (Sept. 20). As night approached we came down town for purpose of holding meeting, but no one came out, but Saloon element willing to dunk us or know why --- so we did not hold meeting. We canvassed all day Monday, holding Gospel conversation with everyone who would accept a pamphlet.

Tues 22nd. We finished up the city and left for the Saints, 2 and half miles east. At Robert Roach we wrote to each pair of Elders and our friends at home. Picked up our photographs. On the 29th went to town for Diamond Dyes and dyed my Suit. It looked fine. On the 30th we left for Gonzales, walking about 6 miles, we came to an old fiend, Mr. Lane, had dinner with him, we then called upon the trustees of neighborhood school house, were permitted to hold meeting at night. We had supper at Mr. Rice, Jr. Went to meeting at 8. I was the first speaker, spoke on Salvation. First time I felt at ease before the people. We stopped at Mr. Lane's all night, fasted in the morning, and had dinner and supper with Mr. Glover, went to meeting, spoke on Faith. Stopping with Mr. Glover all night until noon.

October 2nd. Walked about 13 miles in afternoon. Stayed with Mr. Watts. Oct. 3rd came to Harwood, sent off 30 cents in stamps to office, also Postal Card to inform Pres. K. of our receipt of his card concerning coming of 2 Elders on the 11th. Came on towards Gonzales, being led to Mr. Jas. Botts through wire fence and Mesquite and pasture about the Mill. He entertained us that night, also all next day, Sun and Mon.

Monday 5th, we started for Gonzales 5 miles from J.B. Ranch. At 10 a.m. went to the post office, received mail. While there we were met by Elder Coulam and Smith who are laboring in this county. Made arrangements of days work to see newspaper Editor, subscribed for paper, which they did Free, also induced them to publish our articles of Faith without making any unfavorable remarks about us. Very Good. They asked the Mayor if any objections to tracting the City. No. Pres. D. and I were to see the County Judge to procure court house to preach in. We found him at his office, but he did not have authority without consent of the Commissioners' office, who lived in other parts of the county. We succeeded in making friends with him, he being born in Scotland, and after telling him I was born there, we had quite a pleasant conversation about our people. He shook hands with me when we left and wished us success. We next proceeded to see manager of Opera House. Pres. D. braced him and succeeded in getting house free of charge after telling him our mode of travel. We met with Elders C. and S. and retired to outside of City, had prayers, and ate some candy which we procured on receiving a dollar from H.J. Christians: 25 cents in candy, 25 cents paid for photo and 50 cents sent to office, as we do not travel with money. Decided to hold meeting that night, so we went into every store and notified them all of preaching at 8. Very few came out, but held meeting just the same. We dismissed at 9:30.

Elders E. and S. going to Hotel where they were invited by the Lady of B. House whose



acquaintance they had made previously. We had no place to go, but in a few minutes we determined what to do. We went to the nearest hotel, told them our circumstances. They could not give us a bed, as they were full, but the Lady, on our inquiry as to where the nearest hotel was, said their rates were the same as hers. We thanked her and braced another. They too, were full, (because we had no money) so we thanked them and braced another, this time, the finest house in the City. Met the Proprietor, told him our story and at last we struck the right man. Said he had a room for us, found nice room with fine bed, and in the corner a Foot-Bath water, towel and everything necessary for our comfort. We had not eaten since leaving Mr. B. Ranch early in the morning, but we felt fine on retireing to a fine bed. On the morning at 8, Oct. 6th, we came out to thank the Prop. for his kindness, but he met us in the office and said he supposed we were going to pay for breakfast, but we said we had no money, so he said we were welcome to the bed, but he could not afford to board us. We thanked him for what he had done, and bid him good day. We went to the Opera House Hall and wrote to all the Elders, and did all our corresponding. About 3:30 we started our canvas of the City and giving notice of our meeting about 6 p.m. We thought we would accept an invitation to dine with a Mrs. Annabus, as we had eaten nothing, save candy, since before we came to the City 36 hours before. At 7:30 we met Elder Smith and Coulam at the Hall. They had been canvassing the City all day. We waited until 8:30, no one came, except one, so we parted. After retiring and having prayers, we had no place that we knew of where we could go. Now 9:30 clouding up to rain, we were directed by spirit to a German by the name of Carl Reuder, we approached the house and were invited in. He could not entertain us overnight as he had but two rooms, but he gave us 50 cents to go to Hotel and get a bed. We thanked him and recognized the hand of the Lord in it. It rained all night and in the morning Pres. Dalley paid the Prop. for the room, telling him we did not have any more money, so could not eat breakfast (this was at the first hotel we had visited the night previous, and were refused entertainment). We waited near the office a few minutes when the Lady of the house told us to come into breakfast. We found her very bitter against us, said she had no use for Mormonism. During breakfast we had the privilege of explaining Polygamy and something of our Religion, telling her some facts about it. We thanked her for breakfast, she seemed to soften a little towards us. We felt good for 2 or 3 days now, filled up, stout and in good spirits.

We canvassed all day, meeting with various kinds of people, was very successful in getting gospel conversations. This was what we were working for. We could not get the people out to hear us preach, so we had determined to make them hear. If they would not invite us in, we would give it to them on the doorstep. Finally they would invite us in and where we could get inside we always left them with a hand shake, wishing us success. They are very prejudiced in this town, but we feel we are doing good work. Our Gospel conversation out numbering our tracts delivered. Some places we could not get the opportunity to say a word, or refused to take a pamphlet. Very few, however, sometimes they see us coming, would lock the doors and flee to their neighbors for safety. Night came, had no place to eat or sleep. We were determined to ask someone. We were impressed with a certain part of town. After being rejected two or three times, we struck the right place. A Blacksmith gave us 50 cents to get supper, so we thought we would rather go without supper and get a bed, but on going out upon the street, the spirit prompted us to do otherwise. During the day we heard of a man who had offered \$100.00 for a Bible Reference proving the Soul immortal. I proposed to go and spend the evening with him. We approached the house, I taking lead, knocked at the door, were invited in, they were eating supper. We excused them and took chairs. The Lady presently asked us if we had supper. No. So she ordered two more plates, sat down and done justice to a fine supper without they ever inquiring who we were any more than our names.

Their names were Mr. and Mrs. Phender. After supper we gathered our chairs around the table in the sitting room and spent 4 hours conversing on his hobby. We agreed that the soul did die, and made friends with him. Told him of our religion, how we traveled, had prayers with the family. They said we were welcome to stay all night. We accepted with many thanks and went to rest, wondering

what we got the 50 cents for, being satisfied that it was for some purpose. We ate a hearty breakfast and received a hearty welcome to come back. At 8 we met Elders Smith and Coulam, who had slept all night in a R.R. car and had not eaten for a whole day, so we gave them the 50 cents to get something to eat and then we knew what we had received it for. We commenced work again, meeting with some fine rich, educated people. At night we went back to Mr. Phenders, although we did not intend to do so when we left. After conversing about 4 hours more, Mr. Phender said if he was in Utah he would be a Mormon tomorrow.

Oct. 9th. We were welcome to come back again, so we went out again for another days work. First house we visited was a German Methodist Preacher, young man, very pleasant, quite reasonable. In a few minutes in came a school teacher. Learned in Greek, German and Latin (so he said). After being introduced as Ministers of the Gospel, he inquired to what Church we belonged. We told him Church of Jesus Christ, Latter Day Saints. He straightened his self up. . "Oh, Mormons!" Commenced to push it to us telling us that he was the man that prevented us from having the church at Ridersville, and would prevent us in this town from obtaining a place to preach in. He started in on our Articles of Faith. We held him down on every point, when he could not do anything with us on the Gospel, he turned to our history, our immorality, living in whoredoms, etc. . Joseph Smith, fanaticism and Brigham Young's wives and concubines. While he went on I became aroused somewhat, taking every point, one at a time and proving to him the erroneous views he held of us as people, proving that no man of reason and sense could hold to them. He was stumped on every point. He felt whipped and did not know how to move, could not give in, nor could bring one point out to justify himself. He was mad, but tried to conceal it, called on the Preacher to help him occasionally, the preacher tried once or two times and failed, so thought it best to say nothing. Finally he said he had to go, I told him that if he did raise his voice against the people of God he would not prosper. I told him he ought not to be unfriendly, so he said he was not and to show you that I am friendly--have a cigar!--We thanked him, excusing ourselves, as we did not smoke.

That night we stopped at Mr. Phenders, as we came in we found their little girl in a high fever and her Mother feeling bad. We went up to the girl and took hold of her. I turned to the Father and asked him if he believed that God could heal her through His Servants. He said, yes, His wife said she had never seen anything of the kind. I felt the Spirit prompt me to ask them. As supper was waiting, I thought we would administer it after. . .

*(several pages missing at this point.)*

Oct 17th. . .ride with him the rest of the way to town, we did, went to the post office, received letters from home, also mail from some of the Elders. Read the letters in the post office, passed thru town again, thought we would find Elder Wilcock and O. Walked on all day but did not find them. We heard from them about a week before that they were near Kingsbury, but that was all, so we had to guess where they were. We stopped all night with a Mr. Adams, very tired, had walked over 10 miles on R.R. tracks. Our shoes were getting very thin. Especially Pres. D., he was quite lame as he had worn one shoe entirely out.

Oct. 18th, Sunday. Fast Day. Since we did not eat until noon, then we thought we ought to find the Elders, so we had dinner and walked all afternoon, found their trail, and about dusk they had heard of us. We went to their meeting, but they would have us preach, so Pres. D. and I took up the time, and a good time with them. Pres. D. and Oversen went together, Wilcock and I stopped at Mr. Browns, talked



*George Dunbar's Missionary Journal*

over old times. After breakfast next morning Wilcock was appointed shoemaker, and went to cobbling. Fixed my shoes up pretty well. D. & O. went to Kingsbury for a pair of shoes that had come for Wilcock. He had sent for a pair from home, but thought they would be too late in coming so sent for another. So Pres. D. struck it all right. W. & I went to see the trustees of another neighborhood, procured schoolhouse for Tues. night. We stopped all night with Mr. Thornton, one of the trustees. Oversen and I next day continued canvassing sat under a few old oak trees, where I am now writing up these doings.

Oct. 20. We called on Mr. Elkings, had supper with him, went to meeting at the Sycamore school house. Spoke for about 20 minutes, stopped all night with Mr. Thornton. The 23rd another meeting, stopped with a Mr. Dowdie, met Mr. Haines, a 7th Day Adventist, had a debate for an hour or so, left him feeling okay, went to Baptist meeting, sang for them. Prayed also. Stopped all night with Mr. Delbridge. Had dinner with a Mr. Fisher, left the neighborhood, walked toward Segrum, about 8 miles, stopping all night with Mr. Brown.

Oct. 26th we struck Segrum, procured our mail, came out of town to read our letters, after which Wilcock and I went and called on the Editor of the newspaper telling him of our intention of canvassing the City, subscribed for the paper and talked with him of our people and way of our prophesying, called on county Judge, had a very good conversation with him, found the Mayor of the City, got permission to canvass the City and hold meetings on the street. Pres. D. and I stopped all night with a German Methodist Minister. While eating supper our Parson excused himself long enough to go out and invite his Pres. to come over. A Mr. Dertz, our host and Mr. Havekost. After supper we spent about two hours with the gentlemen discussing the principles of the Gospel, Book of Mormon, etc. having a very pleasant time.

Oct. 27. After breakfast, we visited Father McMahn of the Catholic (Priest), found him jovial, but he said, "Mr. Dunbar, you people came out too late." We told him just in time to save the world from destruction. He wished us success. We next visited the Presby. Minister, young man, spent an hour with him, could not get his church, said he was not very well acquainted with our Doctrine. Stopped all night with a Catholic named Thomas. Next day, Wed, we held meeting on the street in front of the court house. A man named Brigham Young gave us \$1.00. We put up in a hotel with it, and next day, Friday, I preached on the street for FIRST time, laid it down pat. Stopped all night with Mr. La Gette, Catholic, just west of town. We preached once more at our old stand, had a big crowd. Every time they were well pleased. We sold all our "Voice of Warning" and could have sold more if we had them. Next day it rained, so ended our meetings on the street.

Oct. 30. On the night of the 30th, we were invited out of town by a Mr. Browner, about 2 miles, so we walked out with him, had a nice supper bed, and breakfast. Wilcock accompanied me. The 31st, Sat., we canvassed, stopping all night with a Mr. Duke, who was running for County Sheriff.

Nov. 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Sunday, the 1st, we all four went to Catholic church in the morning: abomination, Mother of Harlots. Sure walked out to Mr. Browners for all night. Came in Monday morning, wrote letters to Elders and Home. Pres. D. and I, while Wilcock and Oversen finished the City.

That night we stopped with Mr. Bump, had a nice time with them. Next day we got up before daylight. Election Day. Mr. Bump was one of the Judges. We went out of town about 6 miles, met Elder Dort, laid down in the woods about half a day, shaved, blacked our shoes, discussed politics and Religion

and stopped all night with Mr. Govette. Sat up and talked Religion until after 12, stopped until after chicken dinner. The following day found Elders D. and W. at the Mill Creek church, could not get the school house nor church to preach in, so we went on. Elder O. and I stopped all night with a Mr. Thompson near Kingsbury.

Nov. 5th we walked about 8 miles to Staples Store, laid in wait for Elders D. & W. to meet us, which they did. O. and I stopped with a Mr. Hatfield, next day we met at appointed place, could not hold meeting there as they were going to have a two day meeting in their church, so we went back about 3 miles to Cottonwood, stopped that night with a Mr. Wright. Met D. and W. at 10:30, said we could hold meeting one night. Held Sat. night, 7th. Good crowd. Wilcock and I stopped with Mr. Manning Sun. 8th, fast day. In the evening we went in search of a stopping place, after 3 refusals, we put up with a Mr. Happer, sang songs for them. In the morning they invited us back. Met D. and O., bid them good bye about 11 a.m.

Nov. 9th, came to Staples Store, got a letter from home, wrote while waiting for mail, bought 10 cents candy, chewed on our way to Mr. Tuckers, about 16 miles. Stopped there all night. On the 10th we visited the trustees of Baptist church to procure house to preach in, held meeting at night, only a few came. Stopped with Mr. Harvey all night.

Nov. 11th. We came to Mr. Tuckers, done some writing, had dinner, supper, held meeting in Baptist church. Stopped all night with Mr. Tucker, had breakfast and left for Purgatory Springs, came thru from Stringtown, over the hills. Am sitting on some rocks now, talking about old times. Grand scenery, rolling hills for miles and miles. Bunches of cattle scattered all over the hills, as we pass them by they stick their heads up and circle around us. Weather nice and cool, quite enjoy the scenery. About sundown we came to the Crawfore Ranch, had supper, stopped all nite, after breakfast we came over to Purgatory, stopped at Mr. Williamson, had dinner, call on Zac Williamson to see about school house, went to school house to have the teacher give out our appointment for that night. Elders Mennot and Hess did not appear, held meeting, preached to a few, stopped all night with Can Williamson. Had breakfast while playing and singing. Sat. 14th, Elders M. and H. arrived looking in good health, but Elder M. having some boils the only affliction. Had a fine time singing together, held meeting at night. Stopped again with Can Williamson.

Sunday Nov. 15th. Fast day. Got up, shaved, go to meeting at 11 a.m. also at 4 p.m. and 7 p.m. Had supper with Oscar Owen, stayed over night, with Elder Hess included. Next day 16th, we sang all morning with the people at Mr. Owens'. After dinner we strike out for Wayside. In this County, on the banks of the Blanco, we ford the river, roll up our pants, satchels on our backs and shoes in our hands. Good water. Threw away my old socks or the remains of what used to be socks, on promise of another pair. Come to Mr. Taylors place in company with Elder Minnot, had supper and go to preach at their school house. Here we eat regular three times a day ever since the 10th. We fare fine, have dinner about every day, which is rare for me. I believe I could count all the dinners I have had in this state on my toes and fingers in one round, up until the 10th of November, 1896.

Nov. 17th. Held another meeting, stop at Billy Adair place, sing songs all evening. After meeting have a good time. Next night we hold meeting in the same house, Wayside, and stop again with Sam Adair.



*George Dunbar's Missionary Journal*

Nov. 19th. It rained some, about 11 we all left for Cuffir town, on our way we stopped at M.B. Cochran, had dinner, held a meeting with his family, sang songs, and left about 3:30. Came on to Cuffir town, Elder Hess and I came to Mr. Meaks. Elder Dalley and Mennot to Mr. Mays, I stayed at Meaks all night to next afternoon when D. & M. came up and we sang again. Elder M. and I left for Mr. May, after supper Miss India Cruise came with her brother who plays the Violin. She played Organ. Elder Mennot sang songs, Miss India Cruise sang songs. If Elder Mennot were not a missionary, he would have gone with her. I am a married man, so it would not do me any good. Stopped all night with Mr. Mays.

Nov. 21st. Held meeting at Mr. Meaks, stopping all night with Mr. Mays. Sunday was fast day, held meeting at Mr. Mays Sunday afternoon, stopping all night with Mr. Meaks in company with Elder Hess.

Monday Elder Dalley and Mennot left for Kyle. Hess and I stopped all night with Mr. May.

Nov. 24th, Tuesday, walked toward Kyle, met Elder Dalley and Mennot near the city. Elder Mennot and I came to Buda. Asked Mr. Burlessey for permission to preach. Did so, had a good time with them. Had two invitations home. Went with Mr. Biles.

Next day was Thanksgiving Day. Buda was celebrating. Went out in the country to make appointments for Sunday, walked about 12 or 13 miles. No dinner. Stayed with a Mr. Harbor.

Nov. 27th, 1896. We came on toward Buda. Met my first Northern Gale. Wet through. Chilled. Got shelter for awhile on a porch of an old house. Came to Buda, about 12 a.m. Cold all day. Have dinner.....

*(the rest of this Diary is torn and lost.)*

## GEORGE DUNBAR'S 90TH BIRTHDAY

---



[The following article was taken from "The Herald Journal" Sunday December 15, 1957, Logan, Cache County Utah. Written by M. R. Hovey.]

### Respected Resident To Note 90th Birthday

George Dunbar was born. Dec 16, 1867 in Lumsden Village, Aberdeenshire, Aberdeen Scotland. His parents were Peter Dunbar and Elspeth Shearer<sup>47</sup>. He spent his early life in Scotland. His father was a butcher by trade.

At the age of fourteen, he became a member of the LDS Church. He was baptized in the river Dee by Elder McKay, the father of President David O. McKay, who was serving as a missionary in Scotland. Later he and his three brothers and one sister emigrated to America in charge of Mrs. [Jane] Ross. They arrived at Castle Garden, New York in August 1882.<sup>48</sup> They located at Paradise, Utah and lived with Mrs. Ross.

Mr. Dunbar, being apprenticed as a clerk in Scotland, naturally sought this line of work. He became a clerk in the ZCMI store of Logan, the first co-op store in Cache Valley. The remnant of this building is now occupied by the First National Bank of Logan.

Mr. Dunbar married Lillian Annie Hyde [Lillie Annie Hyde] in the Logan Temple in September,

---

<sup>47</sup>Research of birth (film #44866 in Salt Lake City Gen Library) shows George's mother as Elspet Shiach.

<sup>48</sup>George and sister, Elsie left Liverpool England 29 August 1883 on the ship "Nevada". George's brothers, William and David left 9 April 1884 also on the ship "Nevada".



### *George Dunbar's 90th Birthday*

1892. They became the parents of ten children who are: George Lionel [George Lyle], Ogden; Annie Lorraine Berntsen [Berntson], Jacksonville, Oregon; Lillie who died as an infant; Wallace Eugene, Preston, Idaho; Doris H. Bolger, Yakima Wash.; Irene Ryan, Salt Lake City; Marvin, Logan; Clarice DuBois, San Francisco, Calif.; Eiley Newell, Oroville, Calif.; and Emma Hovey, Bountiful, Utah. He has 19 grandchildren and 21 great grandchildren.

Mrs. Dunbar became an invalid early in her married life. Mr. Dunbar had not only the care of a father of the family, but of a mother as well for a number of years. Mrs. Dunbar died in April 1942. July 10, 1953, Mr. Dunbar married Christine Anderson Dowdle who resides with him at the present time.

He served in the bishopric of the Sixth Ward for several years and then was called on a mission to the Southern States in April 1896.

Mr. Dunbar helped to establish a men's clothing store in Logan under the name of Dunbar and Robinson, later the named Campbell was added. This store was successful for a number of years. In 1912 he and his brother-in-law, J. E. [Joseph Edward Jr] Hyde, established a men's clothing store know as Dunbar and Hyde. It operated with success for a number of years.

As a young man Mr. Dunbar took much interest in livestock, particularly light harness horses. He was instrumental with Thomas Smart, Moses Thatcher Jr., Thomas H. Smith and Riley Kent in the organization of the Cache Valley Driving Association in 1905. They laid out and built the base of the race course in the present Cache County Fair Grounds. For several years annual horse race meets were promoted and conducted by this association.

In 1911 the Logan Chamber of Commerce adopted as a project, the promotion of an annual Cache County Fair. They had an excellent location in the present fair grounds but they had to start from scratch for funds to build an exhibition building and sheds for the livestock. Mr. Dunbar was employed to contact prominent business men and farmers from Logan and the county for contributions to build the buildings and the sheds. This was accomplished in two months time by Mr. Dunbar and \$6,000.00 was raised to construct the building and stalls. The first Cache County Fair of this nature was held in September, 1911. All things considered it was a great success and it was on its way as a going concern.

The next year the contributors organized the Cache County Fair Association with C.M. Harris of Logan as president; George Dunbar of Logan and C.Z. Harris of Richmond as the vice presidents, and M.R. Hovey as secretary.

For the next 20 years Mr. Dunbar and his associates with special appropriations from the county extended the building program and improved the grounds and conducted a successful county fair each year. The main entertainments were the harness and running horse races each afternoon concluded with a balloon ascension, horse pulling matches and other attractions with a lovely midway in full swing day and night.

When the depression days came in 1930's and there were no appropriations from the county, the Fair Association was disorganized and no fair was held until the Cache County Farm Bureau adopted the project. They have made fine improvements and promoted and conducted excellent fairs ever since with the help of the Cache County Commission.

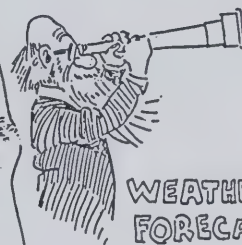
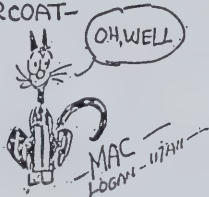
Mr. Dunbar's main hobbies have been the raising of fine Barred Rock chickens and fishing. Over the years he has won numerous trophies from the Utah State Fair and other exhibitions with his Barred Rocks. He enjoys fair health and reminiscing of former years.



ASIDE FROM BEING A LIVE WIRE BOOSTER MR. DUNBAR MANIPULATES AN UP TO DATE CLOTHING EMPORIUM - -



MR. DUNBAR, ALONG WITH THE OTHER MERCHANTS OF LOGAN, KNOW THAT MR. LOGAN WILL HAVE A 1920 SWELL WINTER OVERCOAT-



WEATHER FORECAST FOR SEPT-27-28-29 IS FAIR



MR. DUNBAR AS PRES. OF THE CACHE VALLEY FAIR ASSOCIATION HAS A NICE "DISH" TO SERVE THE CACHE VALLEYITES

George Dunbar Caricature. Drawn in 1920





*Peter Dunbar (1830-1920)*

## THE SEARCH FOR PETER DUNBAR

---



[The following are excerpts from a letter written by Eiley Dunbar to her daughter, Scottie, September 25, 1982.]

". . . . I first heard of Grandpa Peter when I was a little girl. We had gone to Pocatello, Idaho to Aunt Elsie's [Elspe] place. She had on the wall a large round picture<sup>49</sup> of Grandpa. She showed it to me and said that's your Grandpa. He was standing on a hill, held a cane or staff in his hand and had a long snow-white beard. She said he herded sheep. I can't remember if I asked questions, I just remember the picture.

At home I had heard Marvin tease Dad about Grandpa stealing sheep, but Marvin was always teasing and saying things that was far-out so it didn't mean anything to me.. or it didn't register anyway.

Lorraine came to visit us in 1975 and we went to Logan for a couple of days, and I asked her if she knew anything about the Scotland Dunbars, and she said she remembered Dad saying that he got a letter from Grandpa Peter asking for forgiveness for deserting the family, and Dad had written back and forgave him. Doris told me the same thing. No one seems to know what the trouble was or when Dad received the letter. Emma says she had heard about the letter, also she said that Dad told her he remembered his Mother sending him to the fish market to buy fish to feed the Missionaries, but Grandma died before Dad was baptized, so there is a question as to whether it was Grandma or Christine Muirdane.

Doris and Bill [William Bolger] went to Lumsden, Aberdeen, Scotland, where Dad was born and had lunch in the Lumsden Hotel. She asked the manager about any Dunbars and he said there were two old ladies down the street that may remember (85 yrs.old). So they told her that Peter had got a girl

---

<sup>49</sup>Picture of Peter Dunbar made available by Emma Dunbar Hovey.



### *The Search For Peter Dunbar*

pregnant and killed her..well, Doris was shocked, and buried it in a closet! She did ask the hotel manager if he knew of a Dunbar Butcher Shop, but he didn't. In June when Doris was here and got really interested in my records and notes, she noticed a record of 1871 Census Film #103929 in Lumsden, Auchindor & Kearns Parish. At #43 Butchershop House and Shop on Village Street there was Peter 39; Elspet 36; James 13; Alexander 8; William 3 and MARY HENDERSON 19 Servant Domestic. In my notes I had also written down the next place at #42 Lumsden Hotel on Village Street. She about fainted...She had eaten lunch at that hotel... right next door to the Butchershop!

In the 1861 census in Gownie Aberlour, Banff Co. Film # 103808 shows Peter age 31 Domestic Servant; Elspet 27; James 3; Peter 2; John 7 months; and JANET PHIN age 16 unmarried domestic Servant.

Then I wondered if Janet Phin or Mary Henderson the domestic servants were one of the girls he murdered. I searched death records to find the death of either of them, but found nothing.

In 1972 I went to a class in the genealogy building and they had names of Scotland genealogists. One had just came from Scotland to Salt Lake, so I took down her name and called her. She gave me the name of Jessie White in Edinburgh . . . . . She found records for me and ask \$5.00 each time. It cost her money for bus and also to pay to use the books. She sent me 8 long pages, legal size of records of Dunbar, Shiach/Sheach, Shearer, Riach, Bremmer, etc. Bit of this and that.

One of Jessie's records shows a death of Rose Anne 7 months old 13 Oct 1866 died with "Softening of the brain." Informant was Peter Dunbar, father, present and Elspet Dunbar m.s. Shiach.

Another death of Margaret 2 months old died 13 April 1872 of "Pertussis" daughter of Elspet Dunbar m.s. Shiach and informant was Peter Dunbar, father, present.

Then this one- Ann died age 1 year "Dentition Fever 3 weeks" daughter of Peter Dunbar, Flesher, (said to be under Penal Servitude) and Elizabeth Dunbar m.s. Sheach [Shiach]. Informant Jas. D. Donald, Governor, Old Macher Poor House 14 Dec. 1877. Aberdeen.

And another- Elspet Dunbar died 48 years "Disease of Kidney 2 years." Married. Daughter of Thomas Sheach [Shiach], farmer, (dec.) and Elizabeth Sheach [Shiach], m.s. Shearer. Informant Edward Savage, House Steward, Royal L. Asylum. 25 March 1880. Royal Lunatic Asylum, Aberdeen Scotland.

In February 1973 I asked Jessie to find out about Peter's prison record . . . . She searched for 1881 Census Peterhead Prison but found no census for that year, but she said "There seems to be rather a sad story here. My opinion is that Peter got into trouble and the family left in bad circumstances. Elspet in bad health and the children taken to Aberdeen. Some older children had maybe gone on their own....."

I had proof there was trouble. I had proof he was in prison and a close date 1877. I still wondered about a sickly wife and a young servant perhaps available??

Why was he in prison?? I guess I just didn't believe the story told to Doris, or I would have closed the door then, but something or someone was pushing. Every time I went to do genealogy I searched out my notes or clues I had thought up. And I always say a prayer each time I go, because it can't be done without asking help. I searched Aberdeen Scotland Card Catalog files, Scotland books, and when ever running other films I kept an eye for some clue to search, but each a day a blank.. but I just had to know..I couldn't give up. I felt it was there..somewhere.

I had inquired at the desk, and was told there were no records of Scotland prisons. No Records of prisons! With all the millions of records..that's impossible!! When we were in Maryland two years ago I wanted to go to the National Archives, but we didn't make it!!

In early June I talked to a different man at the desk..it wasn't a busy day, and he checked thru the Card Catalog file with me, and he pulled several books and looked at the new files they had, and said he was sorry, there just was not Scotland prison records. I told him I had searched a long time.. and the information would be on a prison record and I would just have to quit searching. (I didn't tell him the story.) He said, "Let me make a call to another office upstairs" and he gave me the address: Scottish

### *The Search For Peter Dunbar*

Record Office, P.O. Box 36 H M General Register House, Edinburgh Scot. EH1 3 YT. He said to write and enclose a self-addressed envelope with in International stamp on it for a reply. . . . . I mailed it the 4th of June 1982 airmail. On July 10th, which seemed forever, and I had the thought of how impossible to find records of prison over 100 years ago.. a letter came from Scotland.

Would you believe it took me 10 days to answer that letter. One thing after another kept me from doing it. I started it several times..I just felt like I would never get it done..... so I finally mailed the money order and letter July 20th.

On August 29 the records arrived. A whole month.. I was beginning to think they were sending it by boat which would take 3 months. Among the records were 9 pages that looked like blanks at first, but then you could see that some faint marks, but couldn't make out even a word. Just one note said the pages were not readable. . . . . Peter pled guilty, having been found with stolen sheep and was sentenced to seven years in prison!

. . . . . Just to know I found out that the two domestic servants were safe, and I believe that the problem was larger than the stealing of the sheep. It could have meant food for a hungry family. Or to keep the Butchershop going. Will we ever know?

It's like you said..the missionaries blessed a family, and brought many blessings. It also means that Peter gave 7 years of his life which resulted in us living in America. Who knows, if he did not go to prison, would he have come also, or would he have closed the door. One of the missionaries was David McKay, the father of David O. McKay our Church president . . . . . "



About 11 A.M. of Friday

20th July 1877

The native Pegusa knocked me up  
told me he had seen a man  
drive off about a score of the  
sheep & I directed him to follow  
him, & and I sent the native  
Matta Henderson to Sumner village  
(about a mile off) to tell Constable  
Locher what had happened

A little past 4 o'clock next  
morning (Saturday 21st July) the  
natives Henderson, Kohar & Constable  
Locher, came to Clona, bringing  
with them

23 sheep (Cross bred Dogs)  
which I identified by the marking  
to be the property of the native  
Mr Wilson.

## PETER DUNBAR INDICTMENT

---



[Editors note: Transcript obtained from the Scottish records Office, H. M. General Register House, Edinburgh, Scotland. Permission for reproduction granted by the Keeper of the Records of Scotland March 2, 1992. All statements from witnesses were hand written and often difficult to read.]

Aberdeen, September 1877

---

INDICTMENT

Against

PETER DUNBAR

---

Theft, particularly Sheep-Stealing,  
and prev con.

PETER DUNBAR, now or lately prisoner in the prison of Aberdeen, you are Indicted and Accused, at the instance of WILLIAM WATSON, Esquire, Her Majesty's Advocate for Her Majesty's interest: THAT



ALBEIT by the laws of this and of every other well-governed realm, THEFT, particularly SHEEP STEALING, and more especially when committed by a person who has been previously convicted of theft, is a crime of an heinous nature, and severely punishable: YET TRUE IT IS AND OF VERITY, that you the said Peter Dunbar are guilty of the said crime, aggravated as aforesaid, actor, or art and part: IN SO FAR AS, on the

20th day of July 1877,            Friday

or on one or other of the days of that month, or of June immediately preceding, from or near a field called or known as "The Quarry Park", on the home farm of Clova, in the parish of Kildrummy, and county of Aberdeen, then and now or lately occupied by Hugh Gordon Lumsden, then and now or lately residing at or near Premnay Castle, in the parish of Premnay, and county of Aberdeen, proprietor thereof, or by George Wilson, farmer, then and now or lately residing at or near Millton of Noth, parish of Rhynie, and county of Aberdeen, you the said Peter Dunbar did, wickedly and feloniously, steal and theftuously away take

Twenty-Three or thereby Sheep,

the property or in the lawful possession of the said George Wilson, or then in the lawful possession of the said Hugh Gordon Lumsden: And you the said Peter Dunbar have been previously convicted of theft: And you the said Peter Dunbar having been apprehended and taken before George Grub, Esquire, advocate, sheriff-substitute of Aberdeen and Kincardine, did, in his presence at Aberdeen, on the

21st day of July 1877,

emit and subscribe a declaration: Which Declaration; As also and extract or certified copy of a conviction of the crime of theft, obtained against you before the Circuit Court of Justiciary at Aberdeen, on the

23d September 1862,

being to be used in evidence against you the said Peter Dunbar at your trial, will, for that purpose, be in due time lodged in the hands of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Justiciary before which you are to be tried, that you may have an opportunity of seeing the same: ALL WHICH, or part thereof, being found proven by the verdict of an Assize, or admitted by the judicial confession of you the said Peter Dunbar, before the Lord Justice-General, Lord Justice-Clerk, and Lords Commissioners of Justiciary, in a Circuit Court of Justiciary to be holden by them, or by any one or more of their number, within the burgh of Aberdeen, in the month September in this present year 1877, you the said Peter Dunbar OUGHT to be punished with the pains of law, to deter others from committing the like crimes in all time coming.

ALEXr. BLAIR, A.D.

LIST OF WITNESSES.

*Peter Dunbar Indictment*

1. George Grub, Esquire, advocate, sheriff-substitute of Aberdeen and Kincardine.
2. Alexander Simpson, junior, advocate in Aberdeen.
3. John Kilgour, now or lately clerk in the sheriff-clerk's office in Aberdeen.
4. James Cran, now or lately superintendent in the Aberdeenshire Police at Aberdeen.
5. James Brandie, sergeant in the Aberdeenshire Police.
6. James Ferguson, shepherd, now or lately residing at or near Clova, in the parish of Kildrummy, and county of Aberdeen.
7. Alexander Ross, farm overseer, now or lately residing at or near Clova, in the parish of Kildrummy aforesaid.
8. George Wilson, farmer, now or lately residing at or near Millton of Noth, in the parish of Rhynie, and county of Aberdeen.
9. James Dawson, shepherd, now or lately residing at or near Rhynie, in the parish of Rhynie aforesaid.
10. Walter Henderson, junior, now or lately farm-servant to, and residing with, the Reverend Andrew Christie, at or near the Manse of Kildrummy, in the parish of Kildrummy aforesaid.
11. John Robson, gamekeeper, now or lately residing at or near Clova aforesaid.
12. Robert Tocher, now or lately constable in the Aberdeenshire Police, and now or lately residing at or near Lumsden Village, in the parish of Auchindoir, and county of Aberdeen.

ALEXr. BLAIR, A.D.

---

[Legible parts of the handwritten transcript of witness follows. The first 5 witnesses are not legible]

James Ferguson

Lumsden 27th July 1877

6. [6th witness] James Ferguson, shepherd residing at Clova in the Parish of Kildrummy and County of Aberdeen aged 27.

Declares. About 11 P.M. of Friday

20th July 1877

while I was on my way home from Mid Clova, and was passing along the road at the Quarry Park on the Home Farm of Clova I observed a man in said Quarry Park amongst a flock of sheep there.

I do not think the man saw me. He seemed to be driving the whole flock towards the gate.

The sheep came as to the road and went along it a short distance, and then turned and began to re enter the Park at the gate.

The man prevented about a score of the sheep as I thought from reentering at the gate, and drove them a short distance along the road & then went and shut the gate of the field upon those sheep that had gone back and he then drove away the score or so sheep.

I lay down at the side of the road and the man passed me driving away the score sheep but I do not think he saw me. At any rate he took no notice of me, and I did nothing to attract his attention.

When he passed me he was within 4 or 5 yards of me but it was pretty dark.



*Peter Dunbar Indictment*

He was alone- He had no dog. I was alone.

The man drove away the sheep in a southerly direction. I did not follow him. He was running & driving the sheep before him.

I went to Clova (4 or 500 yards off) and knocked up the witness Alexander Ross and told him what had happened.

By his direction I went after the man & the sheep, but when I came to the turnpike road about two miles from the field I could not make out in which direction the man & sheep had gone. As we could not discover the footprints on the hard road- I went along the turnpike to Alford (about 9 miles off) but saw no trace of the man or sheep.

Next day (Saturday 21st July) I saw at Aberdeen the prisoner

PETER DUNBAR

but I cannot say if he was the man who drove off the sheep.

All which is truth.

James Ferguson

Alexander Ross

Lumsden 27 July 1877

7. [7th witness] Alexander Ross Farm overseer residing at Clova, Parish of Kildrummy aforesaid aged 56. Declares. I am in the employment of Hugh Gordon Lumsden of Clova residing at Premnay Castle in the Parish of Premnay and County of Aberdeen.

The Quarry Park on the Home Farm of Clova, belonging to Mr. Lumsden, had been let this summer to the witness George Wilson, and he had a flock of about 300 sheep in it.

The gate of the field was not locked.

The whole of said sheep were marked with a W stamped in tar, on the near side near the rump. They had been newly clipped and were stamped after being clipped.

About 11 P.M. of Friday

20th July 1877

the witness Ferguson knocked me up & told me he had seen a man drive off about a score of the sheep & I directed him to follow him, and I sent the witness Walter Henderson to Lumsden Village (about a mile off) to tell Constable Tocher what had happened.

A little past 4 O'clock next morning (Saturday 21st July) the witnesses Henderson, Robson & Constable Tocher, came to Clova bringing with them

23 sheep (Cross bred Hogs<sup>50</sup>)

which I identified by the marking to be the property of the witness Mr Wilson.

They were put into the stock yard at Clova and kept apart from the rest of the sheep and the witnesses have been shewn them in the stock yard.

---

<sup>50</sup>Cross bred hog in British dialect means a sheep about one year old that has not been shorn.

*Peter Dunbar Indictment*

I know the prisoner Peter Dunbar. He is a Flesher and he resided at Lumsden Village for a good many years prior to Whitsunday<sup>51</sup> last when he left and went to Aberdeen.

All which is truth

Alexander Ross

George Wilson

Lumsden 27 July 1877

8. [8th witness] George Wilson, Farmer residing at Millton of Noth Parish of Rhynie and County of Aberdeen aged 61

Declares. I took the Quarry Park as the Home Farm of Clova this summer for grass and I put a flock of about 260 sheep into it. It was fenced for sheep but the gate had no lock.

I had no shepherd in charge of them.

They were clipped about a month (end of June) or five weeks ago, and after that they were all stamped **W** in tar on the near side.

About 9 A.M of Saturday

21st July 1877

I got word that some of them had been stolen, and I went to Clova (about 6 miles off) and found 23 of my sheep by themselves in the stockyard.

I knew them to be my sheep.

I knew the prisoner Dunbar. He was never employed about my sheep.

All which is truth

George Wilson

James Dawson

Lumsden 27 July 1877

9. [9th witness] James Dawson shepherd residing in Rhyie Parish & County of Aberdeen aged 46

Declares. I am in the service of the witness George Wilson and I know his sheep.

I have this day seen in the stock yard at Clova, in presence of the witness Ross & others

23 sheep

which I identified as belonging to my master, and as forming part of the flock that had been put into the Quarry Park.

---

<sup>51</sup>Whitsunday: the seventh Sunday after Easter, celebrated as a festival in commemoration of the descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost.



*Peter Dunbar Indictment*

All which is truth  
James Dawson

Walter Henderson

Lumsden 27 July 1877

10.[10th witness] Walter Henderson Junior son of and residing with Walter Henderson Senior Farmer residing at Longlands Parish of Auchindoir & County of Aberdeen aged 21.

Declares. I am in a day or two to enter the service of the Revd Andrew Christie residing at Manse of Kildrummy Parish of Kildrummy and County of Aberdeen as a Farm Servant and I will then reside there.

About 11-30 P.M. of Friday

20th July 1877

the witness Ferguson knocked me up and by his direction I went to Lumsden Village and told Constable Tocher about the sheep having been stolen.

We got the witness John Robson and he & I & Constable Tocher set off in pursuit of the man & the sheep.

We lighted matches and were able to follow the footprints.

The man & sheep had crossed the turnpike road and gone along a hill road called the March Marr road.

About 2 a.m. we came upon the prisoner

Peter Dunbar

on said road on the hill of Corrin with twenty three sheep driving.

I do not think he saw us till we were close upon him.

I ran on before the sheep to stop them so I did not hear what Dunbar said to Constable Tocker.

We took Dunbar & the sheep to Lumsden Village, where Dunbar was locked up & we then took the 23 sheep to Clova where they were put by themselves into the stock yard.

Said sheep were all stamped with the letter **W**.

I knew Dunbar before.

The spot where we found Dunbar & the sheep was about 9 miles from Clova.

All which is truth

Walter Henderson Junior

John Robson

*Peter Dunbar Indictment*

Lumsden 27 July 1877

11.[11th witness] John Robson gamekeeper residing at Clova aforesaid aged 46.

Declares and concurs with the said Walter Henderson with this addition that when we came upon Dunbar he said "I am done for now"

I knew Dunbar before

All which is truth

John Robson

Robert Tocker

Lumsden 27 July 1877

12. [12th witness] Robert Tocher Constable in the Aberdeenshire Police residing at Lumsden Village, Parish of Auchindoir & County of Aberdeen

Declares and concurs with the witness John Robson

When I came upon Dunbar, I said what are you doing here and he looked round & saw me and said "Oh Police I am done for, it is a bad job"

After the sheep had been put into the stock yard at Clova I took the prisoner to Aberdeen

All which is truth

Robert Tocher

Constable

Mary Ann Watt

Lumsden 27 July 1877

Mary Ann Watt grand daughter of and residing with Catherine Knight a Watt widow, residing at Govals Parish of Auchindoir & County of Aberdeen aged 14

Declares I have known the prisoner Peter Dunbar since ever I recollect.

About half past nine oclock on the evening of Friday

20th July 1877

I saw him on the March Marr road about two miles from Clova and going in the direction of Clova

When I first saw him he was sitting at the side of the road and I passed him. He got up soon after & went away in the direction of Clova.

All which is truth

Mary Ann Watt



*Peter Dunbar Indictment*

James Cran

Aberdeen 30 July 1877

James Cran Superintendent of the Aberdeenshire Police residing in Albert Terrace of Aberdeen

Declares I know the prisoner Peter Dunbar

I was present and saw him convicted of theft by sheepstealing before the Circuit Court of Justiciary held at Aberdeen on

23 September 1862

I just now see & initial an extract of said conviction.

All which is truth

James Cran

---

Declaration

of

Peter Dunbar

At Aberdeen the

21 day of July

1877 Years

In the presence of George

Grub Esq Advocate Sheriff

Substitute of Aberdeen and

Kincardine

Compeared<sup>52</sup> a Prisoner and the charge having been read over and explained to him and he having been judicially admonished and examined thereanent Declares My name is Peter Dunbar, I am a flesher & reside in Skene Street of Aberdeen. I am married and aged 48. On the evening of the 20th day of July current I stole 23 Sheep from the Quarry Park on the home farm of Clova in the Parish of Kildruming and these sheep were found in my possession on the Hill of Corrin early this morning by Constable Tocher. All which is truth

(Sig) Peter Dunbar

George Grub

A.C. Simpson Jr

John Kilgour    Witnesses

James Cran

James Brandie

---

<sup>52</sup>Compeared: Scottish term found in old records meaning, appeared.

## HYDE ROOTS

---



[Editors Note: The following was written by Eiley Dunbar Loosli September 1982.]

My Great-Grand parents, John Hyde [Sr] and Martha Marmoy were married the 13 July 1831 in St. Leonard Shoreditch, Middlesex, England. Martha was a descendant from the Huguenots, the French Protestants that fled France in 1685 during the French Massacre Revolution and escaped to Switzerland, Holland, England and America. It is my understanding that one Marmoy escaped to England and Martha comes from that line.

John and Martha had eight Children: Henry James, John Jr., William Richard, Thomas Robert, Joseph Edward [Sr], Annie Martha, (Eliza Amelia and Lavina died as children.)

Martha passed away 14 months after her youngest child was born. She was 43 years old. She was born in September 1809 and died in August 1852 in London, England.

John, her husband, never married again, and raised his five sons and one daughter by himself. He was born 9 January 1810 and passed away 11 July 1892 in London, England.

The first son, Henry James Hyde went to Toowoomba, Queensland, Australia. He was with the newspaper there. He became involved with some political affair and a newspaper and changed his name to "Symms." He had 12 sons and one daughter. Our second cousin, Lorraine (Laurie) Lineer who lives in Sacramento has visited James' granddaughter.

The second son, John Hyde Jr. was baptized in England at the age of 15. At age 17 he went on a mission from England to the French Mission under Elder John Taylor. He returned from France 2 years later and at 19 decided to go to America and bring his younger brother, Joseph Edward with him. Joseph was 10 years.



They sailed from England 4 Feb 1853 on the Ship "Jersey" and arrived in New Orleans. They left Council Bluff, Iowa with the Mormon Pioneers and came with Captain Joseph W. Young's Company. They arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah October 1853. He married LaVina Hawkins, and was a counselor in the bishopric.

He began to lose faith in the Mormon Church. After talking it over with Elder Orson Pratt he thought going on another mission would restore his faith. In 1856 he left his wife, who was pregnant and went to the Sandwich Isles on his mission. He could not accept polygamy, and became anti-Mormon, left his mission and went to England, he never returned. His wife had a son, Herbert John while he was gone, and John never saw his son. In England he became a Minister of a different religion, and married Annie Holme. He was a writer and wrote many books and one was against Mormonism. John Hyde died in Derby, England 18 Aug 1875 at the age of 42.

Joseph Edward Hyde [Sr] [the 5th son] did not return to England with his brother John. He was only 12 years old, but he made his way. He became a carpenter, and was a supervisor of a sawmill, and school teacher. He took part in the Indian Wars and scouting in Northern Utah. He was with the Salt Lake Theatre Dramatic Company. He went to Logan, Utah and helped build the first house in Logan. He took a grading contract with the railroad and witnessed the joining of the Pacific and Atlantic Railroad and the driving of the Golden Spike at Promatry Point 10 May 1869.

He married Annie<sup>53</sup> Lorraine Farrell in the Endowment House 20 Dec. 1863 and was sealed by Woodrow Woodruff. Annie Lorraine Farrell was a daughter of William Farrell Jr. and Alice Sadler Bird, who were married in England Feb. 1817. They lived in England, and Annie Lorraine was born in Newport, Monmouth, England (on the border of Wales). They were baptized in England and the mother, Alice Sadler Bird Farrell brought her son, George Lionel, and two daughters, Mary and Annie Lorraine to America. They left Liverpool 25 Feb. 1853, on the ship "International" to New Orleans. The mother was age 57. George Lionel was age 24; Mary was 18 and Annie Lorraine was 13 years.

The Farrell family stayed and worked in Iowa for six years, then joined the Mormon Pioneers and came to Utah with Captain James Brown Ox Team, arriving in Salt Lake 29 Aug 1859. Later settled in Logan, Utah.

Joseph Edward and Annie Lorraine had seven children: Joseph Edward Jr., Ezra Taft, George Lionel who died at age one year old, John William, Lillie Annie (my mother), Mary Alice who died at age 13 months, and Emma Loraine.

In April 1878 Joseph Edward was set apart by Orson Pratt to go on a Mission to England, his homeland. Soon after arriving in London, his health gave way, because of an accident he had had early in life when an anvil exploded and he was injured. He decided to return to Utah, but enroute home he died at sea. Elder Bernard H. Schettler brought his body back to Logan for burial. The handsome monument that adorns his grave was bought by contributions of every Sunday School Student in the Valley. These beautiful words were inscribed on the monument that stands high in the Logan City Cemetery. Also on his monument were these words: **"Life's duty done as sinks the day. Light from its load the spirits flies. While heaven and earth combine to say...How blessed and righteous when he dies. Amiable...he won all. Intelligent...he charmed all. Fervent...he loved all. Dead...he saddened all."**

Annie Loraine raised the children by herself. Joseph Edward Hyde Jr. married Sarah Elizabeth Bowen. She died and he married Margaret Larsen who had three children. Joseph E. Jr. died in Logan 15 Aug. 1939.

Ezra Taft Hyde was with the Desert Newspaper in Salt Lake. He married Emma Hansen and later divorced. They had a daughter, Emma Loraine who married Frances Tying; a son, Elmore Truman [Hyde] who married Berniece McCome and a daughter, Nora Genievieve. He was divorced from Emma Hansen. He then married Letha Bell in 1911, and later divorced. They had two daughters, Virginia Bell who

---

<sup>53</sup>Birth Certificate says Ann; Church records, Logan 1st Ward and marriage record says Anna Loraine. Headstone says Annie L.

## *Hyde Roots*

married Robert L. Morris and had a son and a daughter and divorced and married Morton R. Henderson. The second daughter of Ezra's, Eloise Lucy Annie married LaMar Hansen, divorced and married a Mr. McQuarrie, divorced again and married Thurman Taylor. Ezra then married #3 Bertha Raymond Boyd. Ezra died 11 June 1939 at age 74 years.

George Lionel Hyde born 5 Nov 1867 and died 15 Nov. 1868.

John William Hyde married Florence Kimball. They had a son, Lawrence. Lawrence married Cynthia Hope Crippen, who died June 1933. He then married Winifred Mary Hall in 1934. They had a son William Paul in 1936, and a daughter, Sandra, who passed away 1967 at the age of 24 years. Winifred also had a son by previous marriage, who was accidentally killed while skiing.

Lillie Annie Hyde married George Dunbar 28 Sept 1892. They became my parents.

Mary Alice Hyde born 5 May 1874 and died 2 June 1875 age 1 year.

Emma Loraine Hyde married Alfred B. Cates 3 April 1901. They had a son, Alfred, who passed away 21 Oct 1981. They also had a daughter, Lorraine born 1905 who married Charles Blanton and lived in Sonoma, California and whom I have been corresponding. Emma Lorraine passed away in 28 May 1946 and her husband Alfred B. passed away in 1947.

John Hyde [Sr] and Martha Marmoy's third son, William Richard Hyde born in 1835 had an interesting life. He crossed both North and South America on foot, picking up a living here and there. He taught school in the West Indies. He was in the Southern States when war with the Northern States broke out, and joined the Southern Army. He was wounded, so returned to England, and lived with his brother Thomas Robert. He was full of fascinating stories for young people, who called him Uncle Will. He never married. He died in 1922.

The fourth son, Thomas Robert Hyde joined the Army at the time of the Indian Mutiny and went to India. The Mutiny was over when he got there, but he stayed in the army to fulfill his time. He joined a firm of importers of Indian goods and made trips to India buying goods, carpets, silks, brassware, paper-mache, and novelties. He spoke Hindustani.

Annie Martha Hyde [6th child of John Hyde & Martha Marmoy] was a high spirited gal, and got herself in scrapes and her brother John Jr. fought her battles. At one time she was engaged to two men at one time. She later came to America and met Martin Marshall and married him. They had three children: Evelyn Hyde 1873 to 1898; Fredrick Martin 1876 to 1876 (5 months) and Harvey Martin 1881 to 1953.

Harvey Martin Hyde married Laura Marie H. Mellerup. They had three children: Theodore William died 2 days old; Lorraine (Laurie) in 1924; and Jack Wilford 1928. (Laurie and I have been corresponding.)





## JOURNAL OF J.E. HYDE'S UTAH EXPEDITION

---



[With the use of a magnifying glass, Eiley transcribed the following from Joseph Edward Hyde's handwritten journal, some of which Joseph wrote in shorthand and some was not legible. The Journal was approximately 6 x 4 inches in size. It is a journal of travel from Logan, Utah to Southern Utah Territory and "Lost Vagus" area and back. It appears to be a mining expedition. April 18, 1867 to July 7, 1867]

Thursday, April 18, 1867<sup>54</sup>

N.W. Birdno, S. Garnet, J.E. Hyde, C.C. Hurst, L. Steel, and J. Foster started from Logan, Cache Valley with one waggon, four mules for team, three riding horses, and three saddles with about three months provisions, to visit the Southern Portion of Utah Territory.---

Left Logan about two oclock, and after meeting with some few difficulties in the shape of mud holes, but being in the confusion of congratulation. Proverb that "a bad beginning makes a good ending" we overcome the obstacles, but just imagine a Spectator's comments upon it---

There was "Garnet" laboring faithfully with whip and lines, making about 2 rods per "heat", and the rest of the Company carrying from one to two and three bushels of oats, and from 100 to 250 pounds of flour leaving their impression behind them from 1 to 12 inches deep in mud, for about a quarter of a mile. But happy to say we at last arrived between Wellsville and Mendon, and camped for the night, after preparing

---

<sup>54</sup>There appears to be inconsistency in the names used in this journal. Sometimes he uses first names and other times just initials. Because of the legibility and handwriting style, "L" and "S" are often difficult to distinguish.



We started this morning from the Bridge feeling thankful that we crossed as easily as we did, for we had heard many reports concerning the Ogden and

*Sample page of Joseph Edwards Hyde's original journal*

*Journal of Joseph Edward Hyde*

Weber rivers. Some said it was impossible to cross. Others said to the contrary. Some said the river was running over the sides of Plain City bridge, but we were glad to find the water far below the top of the banks nearly 10 feet.

All well this morning to the side of Sand Ridge and have a dry camp. The team started in about an hour. We, J.F., J.H., & L.S. left camp and went --?-- to Farmington and shopped with J. Gleason. We took 5 of our animals to Bro. Ezra Clark's. C.C. Hurst went on to Sessions Settlement from the dry camp at noon with a stranger from Ogden with us. We had a comfortable night's sleep. This morning Sister Gleason is kindly preparing breakfast (as last night also) and has just told us breakfast is ready. So I shall soon be obliged to stop writing this time.

We found good roads as far as anybody could want to travel. We noticed the grain is nicely coming up in the fields. Looks gratifying to the eyes now, and will be to the eye, mind and body in harvest. Came from Farmington to the City today, arrived about 2 o'clock to the home of J.L. Brown, where we considered together, us there, not to go tho we were depending upon [?] to furnish a team. Fortunately we exchanged our flour here in Great Salt Lake City for flour south thru the Tithing Office. 770 pounds. I went to Brother J. Pack where I was kindly treated, as also my horse. The company extended for Sundries articles 65. The President started from the City this morning.

We started from the City this morning where we were joined by Mr. Hickman, the Mineralogist. Mr. Egbert from Rose Ward and Capt. Brown of course, left the City at 8 o'clock, came out about 10 miles and camped for a feed. When we started on again, the horsemen (6 of us in all) are waiting for the wagon letting our horses feed the while. We went to Provo--

*(Note: Several pages too dim to read.)*

The first settlement south of Logan is Wellsville, next thru the mountain is Brigham City. Next is Willow Creek and Kays Ward. --?-- and Centerville and G.S.L. City, Big Cottonwood and Little Cottonwood. Still to the south and east lies the South Willow Creek. --?-- to Provo is south of American Fork, Springville, Spanish Fork and Payson.

Started this morning from Provo... to Payson where we camped for dinner. Passed thru Summet Town. Drove down into Juab Valley to Chenie Ranch and camped for the night. Good feed in the Valley. All Well. The country looks very dull and dry, nothing except the settlement of sage brush and sand banks.

Started this morning. All well from this Ranch. Passed Willow Creek to the right about 4 miles from where we camped, went on to Salt Creek 8 miles further, where President Brigham Young just started south. I like the looks of this place better than any other this side of Springville. Good roads thus far, expecting to get to Fillmore on Sunday.

Capt. not very well this morning. Started in good season. Made the river "Severe" camped for noon, as there is no water this side for 12 miles. Called Round Valley. This river is about 100 feet wide, rather high now and very muddy, runs about 300 miles. Afternoon L. Steel traded his mule for a horse with some horseman in Round Valley Fort. Went into this fort and camped for the night as Capt. was not able to go on. This country is very dry and covered with sage brush. Before coming to the "Severe Bridge"



we cross a small valley called Wash Board Valley.

Sunday morning. Captain Brown some better. The rest of the Company all well. We started about 7 o'clock, drove up a long summit (between Round Valley and Cedar Fort) to a little creek about 7 miles. Pretty country, low rolling hills with Cedar growing all over them. Camped for noon on the summit where we have a magnificent distant view. To the southwest lay the valley of Philmore (Fillmore). Afternoon traveled for about 2 hours and started for Fillmore passing down the west side of the summit. Camped about 13 miles from this city north.

The President (Brigham Young) held meetings in Fillmore to any, the people passing back to Cedar Fort from the City. Fillmore, this is a nice little place, clean and neat. Abundance of Cedar trees growing closely by the place. Several nice springs close by. This Fort the first place in "Millard County." The number of inhabitants is about 60, Walter Stephins, Bishop.

Monday. Hitched up and moved off all first rate. Capt. much better. Went thru Fillmore, a nice place, fine large buildings called the "Stake House" built of stone, two stories high, three windows, very large and light and high. Fine orchards in full bloom, apples, peach, plums, and apricot trees. Number of inhabitants about 1,000; an extensive Valley, about 25 miles long, many hills and mounds in the valley. Passed on to Willow Creek about 6 miles. Went thru "Corn Creek." This place (the story goes) was inhabited by Indians originally, that used to raise corn. One day some gentile immigrants passing and causing their cattle -?- into the cornfields. And in the morning the men hunting for their cattle found them being drove around by the redskins. By saying "Who, who, g--damn you" the men obeying --?-- --?-- --?-- they obeying that also. The Indians were all aroused, that they changed nothing, gave no complaint, and consequently ever since this place has been called "Corn Creek."

A long string of houses nearly a mile, similar to a Fort, only each person has their city lot of one acre. Bought some beef here, and we passed the last water 4 miles from this town where we filled our keg, came on 8 miles further at the rise of the summit. Capt nearly well, good feed, and plenty of Cedar. Birdno and Garnet started out to see what there is to be seen while we were watching the horses. Killed 5 rabbits. Brigham was in Fillmore preaching. I think the people very careless with their work while there are so many Indians watching their opportunities to steal. Very little snow on the top of the mountains here now. We met today a "lousy Miner" all alone who said he was going to "Virginia" and he had been to "Arizona" but they were no account places. He had coffee and flour strapped behind him, a great over-coat, would have been very acceptable this morning it being extremely cold. I long to hear from home. Seems a long while.

Tues. 30, 1867 All well. Camped on dry land, no water. Started by 6 this morning. Passed Cove Creek about 10 o'clock (20 miles from C.C. low rolling hills nearly all the way, sage brush and Cedar the only timber visible). Camped for noon about 3 miles from Cove Creek. Good feed and water. I learned that President Young intends to build a Fort of rocks, and making a church branch, telegraph office and overland state station at Cove Creek.

After dinner traveled about 18 miles and camped 6 miles north of Beaver on Cottonwood Creek after passing down what is called "Wild Cat Canyon" about 4 miles. This is a nice little flat bottom with 15 or 20 pretty good sized Cottonwood trees, a little bit of some farming, not yet put in, but cropped last year. Some old cedar fence constitute the entire improvement here. The mountains all around are very low and

rolling, hardly any valley visible now at any place.

I had a very interesting talk with the Doctor today, a very intelligent and may graduated in medicine. President Young still ahead of us, will be in Beaver tomorrow where we hope to receive our flour. I like Capt Brown very much, he proves to be the man I supposed him. He is almost entirely well now and all to moving early. First Rate.

Wednesday May 1st, 1867. Started off in good season this morning and reached Beaver about 9 oclock. I stood guard last night, the first since I left home as the Capt thought there being no danger. The first guard the front of mountain between S.L. Valley to Utah Valley. The second guard, night ago when L. Steel and J. Foster about 10 miles from Cove Creek. The third guard myself and N.W. Birdno on Cottonwood Creek not having anything to ambush us yet.

After arriving in Beaver City we went to see concerning our flour, the flour not being very good, we took the wheat and had it floured, besides the bran and shorts for horse feed. We got 685 lbs of flour. I had my horse shod in this place. Costs (\$3.00) three dollars, which the Doctor kindly paid for me, and I do not suppose that he ever expects it to be paid back, but I shall pay him sometime and thank him much. After getting some other things done, we started from this City about 6 oclock having the promise of all the requirements we may make to be responded to, and filled by a man by the name of Tanner of his place. We started with the assurance that in a mile, or not more than 2 miles we should find good feed, but no water, thinking to make an early stop we filled our water bags and commenced our journey, after the Doctor and myself searched faithfully for at least 5 miles without finding feed of any consequence at all. We hoped anyhow until the wagon came up, and camped for the night, but unfortunately, after taking care of our animals, we prepared for supper (as some of us had only some crackers for dinner, so we were hungry, but judge our chigrine, and astonishment when we were informed that our water had evaporated, expired and leaked out, or something else. Any how the water was all gone. And we were compelled to take a dry cracker (that chose too) and go to bed. After electing S. Garnet and C. Hurst for guard, we retired to rest, but Bro. Hurst being sick, the Doctor stood in his stead.

May 2nd, 1867. Rose early and started (FASTING) for water and feed, and after traveling some seven miles we gained the welcome point, and camped for breakfast. After partaking heartily we continued our journey calculating to make Parawan this night. Passed through (30 miles from Beaver) Red Creek, the mountains are red. The gardens, farming land and water is also red. Passed on to the Place desired to reach but finding no feed we passed through on the other side about 2 miles. "Parawan" is 4-1/2 miles from "Red Creek" this place is a thriving place, nice fruit trees and shade trees. We purchased some 1 doz. eggs and eat for supper. This is a nice little valley with a little Salt Lake in this valley. We camped and after eating supper and driving off our horses we went to rest (no guards tonight).

May 3rd. Started this morning in good season, passed in a mile from "Parawan" summit and 12 miles from summit Cedar City went about 2 miles from this place and camped for noon. All well today. We are within 36 miles of Tokerville. I had the pleasure of visiting the remains of the Iron Foundry the north side of City about 1/4 mile, it is a structure of about 20 feet square. --?-- three square additions to the first one which is about 12 ft. high, the 2nd about 18 ft square and 8 ft high and to continue to decrease until the top. The first story is arched the width or front about 12 ft. and about 8 ft high leveling into the center of about 4 ft. and on each side of the structure is also arched in the same way, no arches above. I think there is a dome in the center turned upside down, and these arches are to put in the fire under the boiler. I also saw some specimens of the Iron Ore which I gave to the geologist for examination,



which he pronounced very good. This Ore is obtained west of the City about 10 miles bordering on the "Santa Clara Country" this stream heads south--west of this mine, and runs south, and the Rio Virgin heads south-east, and also runs south.

I learned in this city that a train belonging to one Mr. Chitman had killed 3 Indians in consequence of the following: Camping at what is called Mountain Spring the Indians herding the animals of the train (as is customary) when bringing them up to camp in the morning one horse was missing for which this Chitman demanded 4 Indians to bring into the settlement for trial, while coming the Indians trying to escape, 3 of them were shot. This place is about 250 miles from "Kanara." After noon we started for the settlement called "Kanara" which is 7 miles from Cedar City, camping for night about 1-1/2 mi north of this place.

Saturday May 4 /67. Started about 7 oclock this morning from what is called the Summit or the rim of the S.L. Basin as the creek on which we camp runs into the Colorado, as does all the water south of this place, and all water north runs into the Great Salt Lake. Passed through Kanara and on to an herd house at the foot of the "Black Ridge" which is 10 miles from Kanara. This place is called "Old Harmony." Previous to coming to this place we beheld, on our left towards the East, the remains of an old "Crater" a most magnificent sight, the side of the mountain covered with melted Lava (which since has been covered with dirt) and low bushes are growing, while in other places, no soil has stopped, consequently is smooth, rugged, jagged, with eminence bluffs projecting, massive rocks hanging as it were, by a shred. The sunken summit, with towering points indicate a terrible eruption and magnificent overflowing of the matter of earth, there are also perpendicular points of hundreds of feet high, yes, more than a thousand (1,000) I presume, it seems as the very foundation of the mountain were rent and the immense power of this monster had taken away one half of the mountain from the very top to the bottom, consequently left precipices of immense hights. Much more could be said of this, but for want of time, I'll quit.

Continued to assend the "Black Ridge," but our progress was very slow it being terribly rough and rugged, and quite an ascent I assure you. Some 1,000 ft from the bed of the Creek that runs from the foot of this mountain, which I shall call "Ash Hollow." Went down the other side about 4 miles from "Old Harmony" and camp for noon. This mountain we have just crossed has much the appearance that some time was a mass of fire as the stones are, some of them very poreus, while others have still the marks of fire upon them. To our left are high rugged mountains upon the extreme top of which can be seen "Iron Ore" in abundance. All well thus far, nothing occuring to --?-- our progress or to molest our peace. "THANK GOD".

Afternoon we started full speed for "Tokerville" in about 1/4 mile crossing "Ash Creek" and making progress ? an ascent at the rate of 6 or 7 miles an hour, when Lo! and behold! a slight accident occurred. What do suppose it was? Well, it was a very slight thing, nothing but a wagon wheel smashed to pieces, every spoke broke that was not broken before. Yes, there we were with nothing but an "hatchet" to repair the wheel. Well, we turned out our horses to feed. We prepared to make a speedy remedy, we, N.W.B., S.G., and J.E.H. started up this "Ash Creek" to get some Ash wood to make spokes of, we returned bringing with us enough timber to fix the wheel. Doc. and others commence to mend the wheel, and worked hard until night when we quit until morning when we recommenced the wheel, and after some were hunting for horses, and after long search for the Doctor's horse, we commenced to set the tire, and not getting it tight we were compelled to heat it again, and try the second time, finally getting every thing ready, we started about 1/2 past 10 oclock.

Sunday May 5th, 1867 We traveled about 5 miles, we came to the forks of the road the East leading to "Toquerville" the other leading to the right to Cottonwood. Here Captain and myself starting on horse back to the City of "Toquerville" while the wagon and the rest of the boys going with the wagon. After traveling 3 miles from the forks of the road, over very rocky and uneven range of low mountain, we, beheld, from a summit of a low mountain of about 200 ft high from the level of the City, one of the most lovely little Cities of Saints that I every beheld. It is two [roads?] running north and south in the rows of blocks through the center of the City, covered nearly all over with lovely green trees, in front and both sides of the road are very large big leafed Cottonwood trees, indeed they looked as though all nature from the surrounds of rocky hills had concentrated their power to elevate those trees towards heaven in a few years. The houses are only just visible, some of them too, are fine 2 story brick buildings but being surrounded every garden with fine large green trees of all kinds. Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum and large grape vines covering every garden, while on the West is a beautiful wing, altho lastly settled is approaching the first settled portion of this magnificent City, indeed it looks the nearest of a "Paradise" of anything I have seen. Logan not excepted. It is Sunday, all is quiet, all is still, no noise, nothing to disturb the exceeding tranquility of the peaceful little place. All in order, the streets and door yards all nice and clean, the streets and all over the gardens are covered with a beautiful shade, while above you, are hanging peaches, and apples nearly the size of an egg (a small one) (say a pullet egg). After arriving in this Little Paradise, we, the Captain and myself stopped at his Sister in law. the name (blank). We were kindly received and cared for, and our horses were fed on very high and fine Lucren grass, which the horses seemed to enjoy.

The mail has not yet arrived in which I am expecting letters, for which I am now waiting. They have had for several days lettuce and young green onions which is quite a treat. Going to the post office, just after dark when upon enquiring for letters for us, received a reply to the negative, which very much surprised us, as well as feeling very much disappointed in not hearing from home. After leaving our names at the post office for all letters to be forward to St. George, we were well slept this night in a snug feather bed, and feeding our horses feasting upon Lucern grass, we arose much refreshed. In the morning, and after breakfast, we started, over the west over the mountain to catch the boys. Traveling 8 miles, we reached the wagon, the Cottonwood, or "Harrisburg City."

Monday 6/1867 We reached the wagon about 12 oclock, after looking around and enquireing around and visiting several orchards and vineyards, and making some arrangements with one M. or Bro. Charles Counelley for some fine garden seeds which he has agreed to send to me at Logan. Afternoon we went over and endolged in a fine wash in a hole that was washed out by the side of a main creek running through this settlement, every one seems to think this is the best place in all Utah to live, and the most healthy. There is one Bro, Orson Adams and Wm. John Cample that is going to join us from here to visit our place of (blank) homes--The captain not very well, today went to one Doc. Meeks where he took an emetic which much relieved him. This is a fine place, some fine stone houses, and very nice orchards, which they tell me are only about four years old, which is much to their credit. Altho a nice place is not equal to Tokerville in beauty.

Tuesday 7, 1867 Settled in Harrisburg. Captain still at Bro. Adams, boys all well calculated to stay here another day, as the President is expected to preach here this evening, and Capt not able to travel. We want to hear the President preach. It is very warm here. Apricots here as long as, well, one inch and half in diameter, looks very nice. Grapes are in abundance, and prospect of in 2 or 3 years there will be hundreds of bushels of grapes get ripe here. August there are some vines there that have as high as 125 bunches of grapes, some clusters weighing as high as 1 pound and 1/2 each. Cotton Yarn is worth about \$1.80 a bunch. This is rough, rugged and high rocky mountains. All around some queer looking



mountains. Portions of them red, black, white and all shades. St. George is 15 miles from this place, and Washington 7 miles from St. George.

Wednesday 8th Harrisburg. We started this morning in good season, passing in 6 miles Washington City, which is certainly a most lovely place. I visited the Cotton (Jeacdosg ???) of President Young, which certainly was a treat, it is a building about 100 ft long by 40 ft wide. 3 cording machines, 2 reeling, one bailer, besides other machines who's names I do not know. It keeps 16 girls, 2 boys, 6 men in constant employ, turns out from 45 to 50 bunches of yarn per day. Started fully in May 1st 1867.

I made the acquaintance of the Operator of the Telegraph and General Clerk of the establishment by the name of DAVIS, his wife the sister of Jas. Goddard of Logan, who treated me very kindly, and requested me to stop to dinner, which invitation I willingly accepted, as the wagon was yet behind, and was then 12 oclock. His wife is a very nice woman, the perfect Lady. The wagon coming up we started on to St. George when J. Foster and myself getting somewhere behind in consequence of stopping to dinner, went the wrong road up the mountain some 4 or 5 miles and were compelled to come back to the City of course, 6 miles from Washington is St. George. Where Soloman had a mule shod and then moving westward untill we crossed the Santa Clara, which in about one mile below this runs into the Rio Virgin, which we followed down some 3 or 4 miles. Campt for this night about one mile from the crossing of the Santa Clara. Tolerable good feed.

Thursday 9. 1-1/2 miles from St. George good start this morning after traveling some 2 miles we noticed upon an emmence rock which had fallen from the top of the mountain, and split in two pieces on the inside of the piece yet standing are courously shaped Hiorgrighics, cut and made which seem to have been made centuries ago. Traveling after leaving the river, nearly entirely up hill for 10 miles, this road is called the Miller "cut off," rough and rugged road, and 3 miles from the summit is quite a curiosity in the shape of a spring, the only water between the river and what is called "Beaver Dam", this spring comes from a solid rock and the way you get to it is also singular: you go down from the road some 200 ft to the bottom of the hollow where you turn up between 2 sides of massive rock, from 20 to 60 ft high, with solid rock for floor, and the alley is from 4 to 10 ft wide, going up for some 50 to 100 yards you see a small cave in which is the spring, cold and clear. Soloman declares that some person must have been lost when they found this spring.

St. George is a pretty place quite extensive, but not so much so as Logan, as I had heard that it was. Some very nice and large houses, orchards, and vineyards. Jas. and myself writing some letters home and Bro. Adams, also, in this city where we ate supper at the request of the Sister and after giving Bro. Adams the necessary information we started to camp which we reached in due time as I am the ?(shorthand). We are now campt at this spring I have discribed and now joined by Bro. Adams and John Kemple. I saw the President at Harrisburg who advised me to sue ?? out a divource for John. Spoke concerning my father and asked concerning my folks at home. He told me he should not go to Cache Valley untill September.

This spring is 22 miles from St. George 18 miles from here to Beaver Dams. The Rio Virgin below where the Santa Clara runs into it is about 200 [yards] wide, rather swift, and dreadful muddy, not very deep now. The Santa Clara is a small stream some 100 yards wide, very muddy, swift and now some 2 ft deep at the ford. About 1-1/2 mile from the city.

Afternoon "Miller's Spring" After stopping about 2 hours, we continued our journey over very rough and rugged mountains. Going over high mountains and through gullies finally landing on the Beaver Dams 40 miles from St. George we arrived about 12 o'clock nearly all tired out, and the animals, also as they had no feed of leaving the Virgin. This is the place where the folks came to from Providence, they seem well satisfied and say they would not exchange with any place in all Dixie.

BEAVER DAMS Friday 10, Bro. Newton Hall cared for our wagon with some flour, bacon, Bran, Shorts and many other things feeding Bro. O. Adams horses with ours, and hitching the three span to his (O Adams) wagon with full speed we started out with about 20 hundred upon the wagon, enough provisions to last 35 days. We left the Beaver Dams about one in the afternoon, making 12 mile over heavy Sand rough road up hill and down, then when we reached the Rio Virgin and camped for the night. Driving our animals high into a mountain, we, N.W.B. and J.E.H. stood guard. This stream, as we now find it is about as follows, 300 ft wide, 4 ft deep runs at the rate of about 10 miles per hour and the muddy st water that any of our company ever saw, so they express themselves.

Sat. 11. Rio Virgin After rolling out about one mile, we came to a ford of this stream, and when L. Steel and J. Foster stripped themselves all but their garments and shirt, they hunted their horses, and went in the river to try the depth, and the bottom, when arriving at the other side they promised it good. Hitching a rope to the bridle of each leader of the team, we started across and reached the other side in safety. When in about one mile further we came to a crossing of the river back on the north side when the same ceremonies were somewhat similar to the preceeding, they going across one place to try, and I went another way which proved best, we crossed safely and continued our journey 10 miles further rather away from the river over rough rolling hills and returning to the river we camped for noon. Partaking of a cold hasty dinner we hitched up the horses and mules and started on again coming to another ford in 3/4 of a mile. L. Steel rode across (all prepared) and the wagon following made a safe trip this time also. Continued our train down the river some seven miles. We, Bro O. Adams and myself, being first, came to the fourth ford today, we rode in and went across without preparing at all, as we had been so successful the three previous times, we would not wait for ceremony this time, so we went through, and unfortunately just as we were getting in the middle of the current were just in time to get the benefit of the "Breakers" (as the boys call them), they are something like this, the water running so fast washes the sand (quick sand) into kind of ridges and very few moments the water gets to rolling very heavy and making waves 4 and 5 ft high, when all at once the water breaks and flies, rolls, tumbles, and makes a rough time for a few minutes, and then it is smooth again for a few moments, and so it works all the time up and down the river as far as we have been yet, however we got over all right. I then returned with Bro. Adams horse to bring over the Doctor, coming back with him when presently the wagon came, and all having crossed but J. Foster. I went back again with another horse for Mr. Cample, and to lead over the leaders of the team, as I have described. When all got over on this side being good feed here next to river we are now camped for the night. All well and in good spirits, nothing occurring today of any more. Saw 2 little Indian boys at the 3rd crossing, one of them having a large lizard, saw they were going to eat it. I saw there was one up in the brush. That's all.

Came along much better since we left one wagon, and put all the teams on the other wagon, tho, just about a mile before we camped we were compelled to put in "Old Blue" one of C.C.H. mules we took out of the team, and put in Robert Egbert's horse in S.L. Valley. Well, we put in "Old Blue" in the place of one of Bro Adams horse that was give out. This river has the appearance of having washed its way through the mountains instead of a channel having been prepared as are most large rivers. The mountains on both sides are rather low very rolling and seem to indicate having been washed away to make room for this river to run. A terrible desert country. You may travel for miles together and not



see one spear of grass, only a little greesewood and a very little it is to be sure. Sand and little stone for acres as bear as the back of your hand, only very occasionally you can get enough to bait your horse. There are some 5 or 6 Indians that live close to the City of Beaver Dams, and raise corn, they now have planted a large crop of corn, and are very obliging to travelers, they will take out your horses and herd them all night or all day, and anytime you wish them and bring them all back too, and charge very little, just what you feel desposed to give them. They took off our horses the next morning after we arrived there, and herded them till noon, as we wished as we prepared the wagon, and hunted up our other horses that were lost, which, though, we failed to do until we employed the Indians to search them, and promised them the one that found them, a Shirt, which they soon did, after we had been looking for them nearly all the morning.

I feel sorry not hearing from home since we left, when I so much expected to get letters at St. George. We are preparing supper. Just 450 or 475 miles away from home.

Sunday 12th. Camp Crossing Rio Virgin. After resting nicely through the night nothing occuring to disturb. We arose early and made an early start. I came to another crossing of the river in about 2 miles, and crossed back on the north side, which made 6 times crossing so far, but not going but 2 or 3 hundred yards. Robbert Egbert and myself rode in to go across, and getting near the other side I being first getting into a deep hole, where the horse went down until we both came near having a swim, so much so, that the horses had to, anyhow, but striping off and going in, we went to another crossing just below. Came over all right. Crossed again in about 4 miles and camped for noon when we filled our water kegs. And in 1-1/2 miles we started up a very long, and steep hill, which we were 3 hours all but 2 minutes in making the summit where we drove out some 6 miles finding good grass we camped for night, making about 16 miles today. All well.

13th Virgin Ridge, Monday. Getting an early start we made the creek in 12 miles called the "muddy" where we met a very large train loaded with machinery for "Montana" 2 women with them, some nice large mules and with 6 span on a wagon. Before reaching the stream I found an English penny lying in the road. The Indians here are very black and have very poor teeth, black, looks as though they are decaying. 25 or 30 Indians around here. Civil. Great beggars. Start from here to cross the "Vagus" tonight. Desert that is 60 miles long. No water. At 1/2 past five we commenced our journey, by going up a long sandy wash, 8 miles long, when we arose upon an open bench for miles all around where nothing can be seen. Short brush they call "Muscrew." Continued the ascent until about 2 oclock in the night when we struck camp, where we were permitted to sleep 2 hours, and were again to arouse to continue our travel over this "desert." Making 20 miles today.

Mudy Desert, Tuesday 14 We were off by 6 oclock when after traveling some 6 or 8 miles we happened on two springs of water, while such things was not known to be discovered on this Desert before, but mind you, OUR springs happened to be two water barrels full of water. One 15 gal. and the other 20. L. Steel and J. Foster claims the barrels I think, as they went and cashed them behind some "Josh" as they call it. We landed at the "Lost Vagus Springs" about 4 oclock after coming over the desert of 60 miles, no water, some grass about 25 miles south of "Mudy" after that no feed. Picked up several notions today, such as a pr of hobbles, barrel hoops and on the Rio Virgin L. Steel picked up a canteen, also killed a monster of a rattlesnake on Ash Hollow the time we broke our wagon wheel. This stream "Lost Vagus" is made of springs, a small creek, clear, but rather warm. A small "Fort" here with 5 or 6 men, and some women, one Indian squaw, anyhow, for I saw her. Thy have 2 rooms in house made in the side of their walls, this place was owned by Mormons 10 years ago. Rather extensive valley, low mountains all

*Journal of Joseph Edward Hyde*

around, one on the west with snow on the top of it now.

*(Note: Missing page for May 15th)*

...our camp for the Doctor to dress his wounds as he has gladly agreed to do by request of our Captain. Excellent water here, good feed, to the west is one of the most magnificent sights I ever saw. There are six mountains somewhat similar in shape, standing erect, facing the East, with nearly perpendicular line are nice level plains covered with some kind of shrubbery, and the monsters of mountains take an assent the most sublime sight of the sort I ever saw.

Cottonwood Springs May 16. After camping there was four Indians came up to our camp looking very wild and frightened, after talking with them a little while telling them that an American Doctor was with us that would do anything for the Indian (hurt) he could. One of them started off full speed for the camp to bring the wounded man down which they did in about an hour, and a squaw carrying him upon her back in a large basket, when upon examination the wounds had all healed up, one through his head, and the other into his thigh, the holes not going through neither breaking the bone, couldn't do anything for his wounds. His name is Jim Fuller, got this name by working one full year for a revolver for Mr. Fuller of "Harrisburg." He related the cause of his being shot, with one other wounded and 3 killed as follows. 5 Indians taking the horses and mules of one "Christmans Train" while camped on the spot we are now at "Cottonwood Springs" to herd, when last April about 10 o'clock in the evening they missed one horse. When Jim came to the camp and told them (his being able to talk good English) that one of their horses was gone and thought other Indians of another tribe camped below had stolen him. When Christman ordered his men to take care of these Indians, telling them he would kill them in the morning, upon which they got frightened and started to run off when the men started fired on them, killing 3 wounded. 2. At the same time 2 of the other Indians that were herding had followed the track of the horse catching up with the Indians who had stolen him, made them give him to them, and kicking them and breaking their bows and arrows, and getting back so near to camp with the horse, that had heard the reports of the guns and whistling of the bullets, and the hollering of their comrades that had been shot, they were frightened during and running off again for fear of getting served the same, when Jim saw the men shooting those that had fallen dead a second time, he crawled off and some of the squaws that were close came and carried him off. Capt. has the evidence of this Indian "Jim" written, which he intends to send to President Young.

The Indians guarding our horses through the night, while Jim lay in our camp, also their 2 squaws and other Indians who willing gave up their bows and arrows at the request of our Captain, placing them at the head of his bed. In the morning again bidding them goodbye, rolled to the mountain springs, 10 miles where we camped for dinner, after which we rolled out traveling 22 miles to what is called "Slump Creek," where we found good feed, plenty of water and wood, this being the place where "Tom Williams" and "Peno Jackman" was killed, being led off by some Indians in search of water. A little fear of their train when they started to go back, turning their backs to the Indians, they shot them, killing Tom almost instantly. Jackman living to get to "Sandbarndeno" came through. Came through a long canyon today, for which I call "Rock Pass." All right and well, so far.

May 17 Friday "Slump Creek". Double guard last night, S.G. and C.C.H. 2nd guard. C.A. and J.E. Hyde, as we have heard that the Indians in this portion of the county will not be friendly, we thought this step necessary for our safety. Saw no Indians today, only those we left at camp. Another drive, Captain says brings us to "prospecting" ground. Started off in good season after traveling up over rocky hills, down



rocky hills and through Rocky Canyon where we discover some "Copper Mines." The Doctor says they are, he thinks, rich with some silver with it. These mines are about 15 miles from "Slump Creek," about 6 miles south of "Resting Springs." Traveled about 21 miles from "Slump Creek" we find good feed here, plenty of good water, and a beautiful place to camp. Can see the point where Capt thinks we can find good diggings close to water some 15 miles, where we shall go tomorrow, around these springs are immense ? banks.

18 Sat. "Resting Springs" Started off after eating breakfast prepared by myself, where we expected to find good feed and water on a creek called "Mogoash" in about 9 miles where we accordingly reached and continuing down 4 miles down, but the creek drying out had no grass consequently pushed on to the destination 8 miles further where we landed about 6 o'clock all tired out, and about starved. ARRIVED AT LAST to the gold mine, where we all expect to make our fortune, BUT upon examination, we found that somebody has been to work very extensively, making heavy cuts in the mountain 16 ft high, 4 ft wide and some of them 50 and 100 ft straight through the mountains through hard granite. Some curious diggings and maneuvers for gold diggings.

Sunday 19 Salt Springs Mines. Having arrived we looked around to see what had been done, when we find 5 adobie houses. 4 of them 2 rooms each, the other one room. Looks as though it had been used for a quartz mill room, the other one room looks as though the same. A great many old Iron lying about, and a great many old traps, but on the hill where the gold diggin has been done are 2 rock houses, and a great old rock corral, and a blacksmith shop, and lots of old trinkets lying around. This morning J. Kemple, C.C.H., J.F., L.S. started to prospect the south mountains. Doctor, O.J. and E.H. started to prospect the north, and some were taking care of camp, and some were taking care of the horses. About 3 o'clock we all returned and talked about our discoveries. We, the Doctor<sup>55</sup> and I found a very large "lead" of gold and Silver. Nobody finding anything, there was found afterward some gold by some of the boys. Intend looking back in the morning.

Monday 20, S. Springs. Started back this morning after satisfying ourselves that it would profit us nothing to stay longer, as there is no feed, and but little salt water. So we hitched up our team and rolled out just after daylight, all fasting, yes, horses and all for they had had nothing of anything to eat since we arrived there. About 12 o'clock we camped on good feed and an abundance of it also, good water on what is called "Moggoash" about 12 miles from the Salt Springs. After eating dinner, or rather breakfast, we severally went to work prospecting as there are good diggings of gold here. Bro Adams and myself explored the mountains while S. Garnet and C.C. Hurst dug a shaft to wash off from the bedrock. Others other way, so passed off this day. Seen no Indians since Cottonwood Springs where wounded one was. Considerable of symptoms of Indians around here. Intend making a big prospect in the morning.

Tues. 21 MOGOASH. Everything passed off well last night, no disturbance, although expected. Bro Birdno and myself stood guard, rather C.C.H. stood in Bro Birdno's place, as he was not well. I had, while gazing upon the stillness of the night the "NEWS OF HOME." Had across my mind the endearments of one's home. The fond and loving one's that there await my coming. The meeting, the society of my wife and little ones, and my own snug quiet home, in truth as the song says "There's no Place Like Home" when comparing it with the surroundings of the position that I am in now, 600 miles from home and almost 200 miles from a white person in the desert where there is not strength in the soil

---

<sup>55</sup> It appears that the "doctor" referred to may be the mineralogist, Mr. Hickman.

to support a "Sagebrush," even nothing growing at all in the mountains, but nearly all look as though the raging element of Fire has crossed over nearly all of them, and but few have escaped. Some mountains are entirely sand blown together from the plains. Mountains made upon level ground as are some between here and the Salt Springs. Some of them are very high with a continual of sand blowing around and about them. It really looks astonishing to see down this little stream of water, a bottom of about 150 yards to 200 yds wide, and that entirely covered with fine green grass thick to mow. This running to the foot of the mountains and prespices. Some a thousand feet high perpendicular, and as the saying goes. . ."so strait that they lean the other way." On the side of these mountains nothing grows, they are rough, rugged and high and black, and this fresh, pure green looking grass looks as though the Lord in his mercy has caused this to be so, for the sake of the stranger that cross these deserts, for if it were not for these opportune places these deserts would be impossible, but all is for the best. The Lord is merciful, and God is just. We found a skeleton of an Indian yesterday, lying by the side of a rock, and covered up by other small rocks. Looks like it had been lain there some years. Soloman and four of the other boys found gold at the Salt Springs but none here yet. I intend making a big search today and get if there is to get, and we can find more tonight. After eating breakfast, Capt, Birdno, Egbert, Doctor and myself went to the place selected by the Capt to sink a hole about 7 ft deep, found no bottom or bedrock, as it is called, returned to camp about 3 oclock. Birdno and I, just before sun down went with our clean clothes to have a wash, which much refreshed us. I put on a clean shirt, yes, a clean shirt washed by my wife. It seemed quite a treat to see something when last held by her, God bless her, seemed to refresh me, and did me more good just to see myself arrayed in a nice clean shirt washed by her. The appearance of "Home" flitted across my mind and at that time (nearly sundown) I could see my dear home, Annie [Anna/Annie Loraine Farrell Hyde] sitting and thinking where is he, while those dear children would be playing in the shade of the Locust trees standing in front of the house, which I suppose are in full leaf, giving a delightful shade over the front of the house. I feel all is quiet about home, perhaps its not yet up, while the still murmuring of the breeze is gently washing the trees of the Locust, apples, peach and other delightful foliage that these hands have put around my home to make it pleasant, comfortable, and delightful to those I love more than all else upon earth, yes, I can realize it was for them that I "labored" and toiled to make my home delightful, for I can appreciate the society, the company, the happenings that is enjoyed with her, most dear to the heart what is there, what I would not do to make her happy! My very soul prays, "God Help Them All" in their sweet home. Doing her own work and nice too. While here I am 600 miles from that dear home in a desert. Well, I can not say whether I am doing any good or not, but very anxious to get home, for I think I will not be able to do myself any good, nor anybody else, until I get home with those I love.

Wed 22. Mogoash Creek. Hitching up this morning to what is called "Resting Springs" about 10 miles, where I suppose we will campt for the night, consequently be that much nearer home. I have no faith we shall get anything on this expedition, only experience as we shall have learned, considerable by that rule by the time we get home, well, they say, "Experience is a dear school and fools will learn by no other." So I think this is very applicable to us this time. We arrived at Resting Springs at about 2 oclock, when Bro Walling went to work to prepare supper which we have ready about 6 oclock, after which we talked and chatted, and having prayers we retired to rest. All quiet, no Indians since we left Cottonwood Springs, and further I must say we have made it a rule ever since we left home we have made it a point to not neglect praying every evening while we have been out.

Resting Springs. Thurs. 23rd. All peace, this morning, getting an early start we moved back to the "Stump Springs" some 21 miles, after camping about one hour about half way, we arrived at this place at about 6 oclock, all well, but tired, when we passed this place going south, plenty of good water, a stream of a good size, which we find now nearly dried up, except 2 or 3 holes, where we can possibly



find enough to do us this evening. Did intend to go and prospect at the head of this creek, but I do not know how this will be, now, some of the boys saw the tracks of an Indian about here which has been the first Indians.

Stump Springs 24 Friday This morning Capt, Doctor, Adams and Kemple started north east following up this creek to the mountains prospecting about noon. We started with the wagon to make the Forks of the roads, where there is good feed and camp for the night. After camping the Capt and company came in, not meeting with any success, but tired out and not finding any grass nor water. The creek being all dried up, except 2 or 3 holes which served to provide our wants where we camped. Traveling some 12 miles today, making a dry camp except the water we brought in two barrels.

FORK OF ROAD. SATURDAY 25 Started in good time this morning reaching mountain springs in about 10 miles, where we watered our horses and pushed on to Cottonwood Springs 10 miles further where we camped on one that is called "Williams Ranch," where we are now getting dinner but expect to move a little farther on this evening. Seen no Indians yet since we left these springs, and none here yet, seen no game of any kind, only one and that too poor. Started looking rabbits, and one of them Birdno killed. After letting the animals feed about an hour or two, we hitched up and moved down the creek about 3 miles to a good spring of water and good feed, where we camped for the night. Bro Birdno and I guarding.

COTTONWOOD SPRINGS. SUNDAY 26TH Rolled out about 1/2 past 7 and arrived to the "Los Vagus" Springs about 2 o'clock, finding good feed and water. OH!! that I could see those of home for an hour, or that I could hear from them.

Monday, Los Vagus (May 27) Last evening Bro Adams, and S. Garnet went to the Fort to learn what there was to learn concerning the route down to the "Colorado" River, bringing back a favorable report all roads to go that way, we started for the river in good season being some 2-1/2 miles from the fort, passed that, and turning to the East (the desert road turning north) we rolled on to the river 25 miles from the "vagus wash", we found the roads very hard and heavy on the team. Mud holes and swamps, the water running here is called "poisonous." So that animals cannot drink this unless running the risk of dying. We arrived to the river about 10 or 11 o'clock all tired out, it seemed the longest day to me that I have seen since I left home, in consequence of having a kind of a bile on my stomach the day before. The cause of this, coming, I thought, unless drinking too strong coffee, which seemed to burst the night of the 26th, and making me very sick, which compelled me to ride in the wagon. So that I could not eat anything, and I went all day without eating or drinking, only a cup of Comosition that L. Steel made for me, and, it being so late, and all too tired the most going to bed, and some got supper, and kindly eating it themselves, we (Bro Birdno and myself, he believes and I think nearly as sick as I was, We fasted, not feasted) till morning when kind Bro Walling prepared a cup of nice tea and brought it to us in bed which much refreshed me.

COLORADO RIVER May 28th (7 miles below "Calls Landing") Getting up feeling much better, I went to work prepared something to eat to the bed of Birdno where we ate and drank (Birdno aching, very sick) after which we went to relieve the Captain and Robert, they guarded the horses since early daylight, not finding any feed last night, and Adams finding some little this morning, they took the animals to it, the feed they found to be "Salt Grass" about 200 yards below the road next to River. They told us at the fort we would find good roads to the river, and when we got there, good feed, when testing both, found neither as they said. They told us only 25 miles to the river, according to the judgement of our camp, must be at least 30 if not more.

The Colorado River is quite a large river for this country, where we come to it is about 400 yds wide. Still, running, nice looking river, and there has actually been a real Steam Boat up it. Bro Birdno thinks it about another such a river as the "Illinois" River. We are 7 miles from the "Calls Landing" according to the report of the "Vagus", but we will be better able to decide when we get there. Arrived about 12, letting our animals feed until about 4 oclock. So we are now at "Calls Landing" it is quite a desolate looking place. On a high bank where there is a fine large stone building erected by Arison Call of Iessions (?) settlement. This building I think is about 60 ft long, a portion of the end not covered in yet, and a partition wall between the two, and about 25 ft wide. It has a very poor roof, nearly flat it is about 12 ft high the walls, the roof having only, I thought, judge, 18 inches pitch, and only one layer of boards for covering. They have in this building about \$100,000 worth of goods, belonging to one merchant named "Sneath" of San Francisco who has rented the building. There are some 2 or 3 houses occupied, one by eight soldiers from California sent here to protect the place and a board shanty by the overseer of this warehouse. Some other houses have been started, and some of them the walls laid. I should judge some 10 or 12 lots, some whole, other partly fenced in the rock walls, for they can get the rocks immediately out of the lots to build the walls and houses. For the ground has the appearance of being all rock for many feet down. There is also one other man, "Clerk" in this house, who has the appearance of an entire gentlemen, but the rest, I would not much on, for one long gangly from the "Los Vagus" was down here, was seen by some of the boys, hugging and kissing a Sqaw there was around here, very affection which seemed to convince them that he had very close communication with her.

There has been only one Steam Boat up the river since it was opened, they have floated a barge up and down 2 or 3 times and that is all the navigation there has been on this river as yet, so they tell me. But they say that Mr. Sneath is trying to get the contract of all government freight brought up this river to supply the wants of Nevada, Arizona, Utah and joining territories, which if succeeding will make this an important place. There is nothing going on here now, only the extensive supplies of these eight soldiers, these have only just arrived 2 days who released 10 others that have gone back to San Francisco.

The river runs rather swift here, but not so much as below here. Most of these soldiers young men idling their lives away, yes, the prime of their lives, soldering in a desert, doing nothing, living for nothing, no hope, no aspiration in the future, binding themselves, their liberty, their very beings for money, well I will not write my feeling upon this.

Having just sent our animals out to graze by an Indian here they were brought back about 5 oclock. Bidding goodbye to this place we rolled out in search of feed, the distance of four miles, not finding it, as we had been told. We continued up 6 miles long after dark, and still not finding any grass, so we were compelled to fasten our animals up and wait until morning, and taking a little bread and gravy to bed we soon wrapped in the arms of Napleus (?) slumber. Bro Walling and Egbert standing guard it being 1/2 past 11 when we slept.

COLORADO WASH WED. 29 Hitching up early rolled out bound for the grass when after traveling 12 miles came to water, and a little grass, this water salty and soft, at the best, not very good. Feeding and taking dinner here, the Mail Carrier joining us here from St. George. His name is "Hurst," after stopping about 2 hours, drove down to the Rio Virgin 7 miles further where we can now camp for the night, moderate grass, DITO WATER, 12 miles from St. Thomas. Good weather, no rains having reached us as yet, but looks dark and cloudy now. Making no discoveries of any importance, and not much prospect before us. All well.



Rio Virgin Thurs. 30th Drove on this morning in good season for about 7 miles, when we drove to the left about 1/4 mile, when we came to the Salt Mountain where we got some nice pieces of rock salt, and looking around, some drove on to St. Thomas 5 miles farther and driving up to Bro. "Price Nelson" house, where we camped for the night. Good fields of wheat growing, some already cut, others turning, and some small, good crops of Cotton coming on, and good grape vines, and some fruit trees looking very well, besides they have abundance of good hay which is rare in this Dixie Land. This City has about 30 families now living there, the houses built in the shape of the Fort of about 200 yards long and 100 yds wide with the houses nearly touching, and fenced up across the ends by houses and walls. Bro Hubbard of Willow Creek is making good improvements, making stables and yards of Adobie, as this is the only building material accesable. No timber of any kind within 50 miles, except little Mosquete, this they use to serve them as any kind of timber as yet. Very few houses have any floors, as yet, but the grass hatched used as a covering, and the earth being all sand does not require much carpeting.

They have every facilities for supporting 100 families easily. They say good farms and hay lands for all. The Indians have been somewhat troublesome but by chastizing them and whipping them like dogs held fast, and as high as 14 at one time has taught them better, consequently they go to work now and will work faithfully for 5 or 6 pints of flour per day. They also have a farm of their own, where they raise their wheat, and when grown all the Indians gather in from all around and eat it as long as it lasts. A great many Indians are here now, for this purpose. They have some small buckskins for sale for which they ask a blanket. The boys bought some mocacins of them, paying from a shirt to 2.50 per pair. 3 white men can surround 15 of these Indians, and disarm them when caught stealing, and do not dare to resist, altho some attempt of resistance were made on one occasion when 15 of them were caught but sight of a revolver presented toward them soon cowed them. The Indians here do not molest the Settlers now, but are becoming more industerous, and the people here expect a great deal of work from them this coming harvest. They sew some "broom corn" raised on the Mogoash, which was by measure 2 feet 11 inches long, the fibers upon it. This they raise for the people to eat.

Bro Nelson is perfectly satisfied with his operation here, and thinks he can do as better here than he can anywhere else. The junction of this city is on the "Mudy into the Rio Virgin." They also tell us that on the north of the "Virgin into the Colorado" is a most excellent opportunity for making a larger settlement. There is one other down above "St. Thomas" called "St Joseph" about 6 miles up the "Mudy." This is decidedly the most favorable place in the Dixie Land for a Wheat farmer, for he can also raise his Cotton, besides all kinds of fruit.

ST THOMAS, FRIDAY 31st. After bidding goodbye to the kind friends, J. Foster and myself accompanying the wagon, being called to do so by the Captain, started off, and the others going across road to an Indian trail to the river. After taking a good look of the grain and grass that abounds in this place, we rolled down to the river at a distance of 3 miles, then crossing the river 4 times in another 3 miles, coming back to the West side until we came to the other boys, and then continued to some 4 or 5 miles farther, making about 14 miles in all and camped for dinner in sight of the "Virgin Hill" or "California Hill." The "Salt Mountain" is certainly quite a curiosity. A high mountain I should say about 3 or 4 hundred feet high, nearly all solid Salt, some very transparent streaks running through, some of the other not so clear, with some seams of clay running through this combination of Salt matter. Bro Nelson informs us that some 8 miles from this is a mountain in which he has an interest, is a transparent strip of about 15 ft wide. Bro Nelson accompanied the horsemen to the top of the hill for 2 miles where he took his leave of them. Bro Nelson was and is an excellent man, lived neighbors to me in Logan, Cache Valley for 2 or 3 years, and was very glad to see us. We are living sumphously now, and have been for 2 or 3 days, upon bad flour and a few beans served with --?-- well --?-- not anything!! The same thing over

several days, but no fault to find, only glad to get home to the one nearest my heart! After resting about 2 hours, we started on crossing the "California Hills" in about 2 miles further, this hill, by the river road, is 14 miles from St. Thomas, crossing the river 7 times in all, making about 22 miles today. Camped at the third crossing from the Hill. After camping L. Steel and myself went in the Rio Virgin to swim down over the raising waves which we enjoyed very much. After eating a little heavy and dark bread and Coffee for supper, Bro Birdno going on guard, the rest of us going to bed. I shot at a Wolf just before camping that was eating some Red Greecewood berries, but he ran to a top of a high cliff when I shot, and I guess missed him. This is the only animal of a kind since we left S. Lake City. C.C. Hurst traded his blue Mule for a horse and \$40.00 in St. Thomas. Saw the Indian Chief today upon this river. A good looking Indian. At about 1 oclock I was called for the latter guard, when just before reaching, perhaps 6 rods from them, they started off in full speed, seemingly without any cause, but in the morning when inquiring of the Captain "whats the cause of the horses running?" Mr. C.C. Hurst in his infinite and superior and inexhaustible wisdom pronounced a verdict on the cause as follows: HYDE himself was the cause. The horses in the fore part in the night becoming used to a BLACK hat worn by Bro Birdno, and HYDE going down there in a WHITE hat and startled the horses. And this he pronounced the cause up right, and would allow no argument to be brought against his decision! (This gentleman rather felt concieted.)

Sat. RIO VIRGIN June 1st/67 Laid in bed rather late this morning, but started about 8. Rolled up the river about 12 miles where are now camped for dinner. L. Steel and I taking the road ahead of the wagon, and keeping on the south side of the river for several miles, when we forded over the road. Crossed the river twice, the river no more than half as much water as when we came down. After eating dinner, we hitched up and crossed the river, and re-crossed the river until night. Nothing of interest occuring today. Saw an Ox, dead, buried in the quick sand. Crossed the river in all 6 times. Camped next to the 2nd ford below the Beaver Dams Wash to be the Virgin.

RIO VIRGIN June 2nd Sunday. Camped moving across the place where the road comes to this road from the Beaver Dams, crossed two fords, and finding the way out of travel was up the river, crossing 4 times in less than a half mile, went some 7 miles, and camped under a Cliff of Rocks that projected over the bank that made a fine shade where we stopped two hours, and then continued our journey, crossing the river 8 times after leaving the old road, making twenty times crossing the Rio Virgin River from St. Thomas to the Beaver Dams settlement. The weather a little warm, warm enough to feel through your shoes. Now here where we left our wagon, finding our things as we left them. Very good feed all the way up the river. All well in camp. Expect to be detained here repairing our wagon, and start from here sometime tomorrow. After eating our supper, a very little more than we have been having. The last 4 or 5 days having had some bacon, dried peaches, beans and good flour with these, and some onions, milk and good water made a very good supper. Driving off the horses some 2 miles to feed, we then done what choring we could until dark, and agreeing that evening for each one to have certain portions of work allotted to us in the morning.

BEAVER DAMS, June 3, Monday. Accordingly this morning we arose by light and commenced our work, and about 9 oclock we started for "Slink Springs" 25 miles from Beaver Dams on the old California road, finding good roads, we continue some 16 miles (of the 25) and stopping for dinner. After stopping some 2 hours, we rolled in dispatching two men ahead to ascertain this whereabouts of this spring before dark, we continued on until 10 oclock, and coming to the camp fire made by our boys. We camped for night about one mile from the "Santa Clara Stream" after driving our animals to water and back to grass, we all laid down to sleep, having traveled 29 miles today, it being 30 miles from this stream to Beaver Dams and 14 then to St. George. Excellent good roads all day. Many indications of Gold Mines seen today, and good grass on this route.



SANTA CLARA, June 4, Tuesday (Santa Clara River) Finding our animals all safe, and getting breakfast we rolled down a long hill of one mile to the stream, where it deemed it wisdom to reset one of our wagon wheel tires. Setting the front wheels in the Beaver Dam and wedging the other, so that one of the fore wheels getting out of the disc we continued to repair it here where we are not stopped. The water being much higher, and a deal more sandy than when we crossed it nearly south of St. George. Many very nice Cottonwood trees growing on this stream, the "round leaf" kind, making some beautiful shade. Robbert leaving us at Beaver Dams, to visit St. George to visit his Uncle. The road running down the bed of the creek most the way. Crossing and recrossing. I heard 28 times but did not count myself. At noon we camped on what might be called the Summit between the stream and the "Clara" Settlement. After trading Blackhawk to an Indian for a six year old horse, and feeding both ourselves and the animals we rolled on into Santa Clara.

Bro Adams being ahead with his team, being rather anxious to get to the Post Office in St. George, and having a fresh horse, trotted along, leaving them some 3 miles from the place getting to the Office, and when inquired, was informed yes, there were two, but L. Steel had taken them out. Him and J. Foster leaving us early in the morning, consequently was somewhat disappointed and provoked, for I knew not where to find these boys, but fortunately, after leaving the Post Office soon found them. And then to hear from those I so longed to hear from, and from my beloved wife and children the core of my heart. OH! what would there be in Logan to induce me if it were not for those most dear to me. Nothing worth more in other place. I eagerly swallowed the contents of two letters are written May 12th and the first April 28. It filled me with joy to learn all is well, and I thank God they are well, and I pray God to Bless them and preserve them continually. After these over and over I went in search of one "Daniel Hendrix" that used to live in the eleventh Ward in Great Salt Lake City, who in 1858 I worked some three months for, and proved good to me. Finally, after some directions found him, and was very kindly received by Sister Hendrix and family. Santa Clara is the most lovely little place I think, in all of Dixie Country. I did think a lot of Tokerville, but had not seen this City. It is situated on the banks of the Clara Stream, one street running through the City, densely covered on each side with long cottonwood trees and orchards. Almost every city lots, perhaps, a fine Vineyard. Everything really looks inviting. One drawback to this place is that it is subject to the Chills and Fever.

After passing this place, crossed over a stream of what has been some time the melted Lava from a Volcano. It is 200 or 300 yds wide and extends from the mountain to the creek. Brought a piece of this Lava in remembrance of us getting to St. George, which is 15 miles from where we camped. Favoring well in the morning of the 5th rode to Cottonwood.

St. George, June 5th Wednesday. Started for Washington City (6 miles from St. George) where I met the boy at the Cotton Factory. Nooning here and being requested to stay and dine with Bro Davis, did so, reading the Desert News. After dinner started on foot and walked to "Harrisburg" 9 miles, going to Bro Adams house, who had arrived some 2 hours before, where I found well, and Bro Adams glad to get home. Had been sitting and taking about an hour when Mr. Kemple coming up told us that a young man 21 years of age had just killed himself by shooting himself with a Manie Musket, the ball passing through almost exactly between the eye brows, coming out just between the crown. The VERDICT at the inquest was: "Standing, holding the gun in the left hand, the iron rod in the right hand, pressing the gun light against his head, pushing the trigger off with the ramrod". Upon hearing the sorrowful news, Bro Adams, Mr. Kemple, and myself went straight there where the body was still lying as he fell, nothing yet being moved. The crimson stream flowing from the wound with his hair all matted with the same, also covered with the brains that was also coming from the hole, The jury, after passing a thorough examination retired, when nearly all the men went away, also, leaving but no one but Bro Hancock (his Bro-in-law)

*Journal of Joseph Edward Hyde*

and one other young man to attend to the body, when Bro Birdno and myself, being asked to help take care of the body, which we rather unwillingly did, thinking it would look better for some of the inhabitants of the place to do, but we picked up the body and carried it to his Mother's place, her husband being his step-father. Taking him in an open place in the orchard where we washed him, I washing his head and this stranger washing his body, the top of his head being entirely broken from his body, all that held it was the skin, having quite a difficult job of getting the head clean, the blood and brains drying so tight to the hair. After washing his face clean, the mark can be plain seen where he had pressed the muzzle of the gun to his forehead. In truth he was an awful object. His name is John McCleave. His mother's name is now Ellsworth, having a numerance connection here. Seemed as though all the town was in tears, and of all the crying, moaning and groaning, and all other signs of grief I ever before beheld! and Mr. Birdno testifying the same.

We laid the body in the house and covered it with a sheet and went to camp, then nearly dark. The cause of the death is his having kept the company of an Indian girl, raised by Dr. Meeks (of this place) her age 18, his having connections with her, promising her to marry her, now objecting to this union, now she being in the family way, was told it was his duty to marry her, and if he did not, he would be obliged to give up some of his property to her (his being tolerable well off) which he also objected to do, consequently killing himself, this raising quite an excitement.

Harrisburg June 6th Thursday. Rolled out this morning (Bro Brown and Bro Birdno by Tokerville). Nooned about 7 miles from Harrisburg, then went to the place on Ash Creek, about 10 rods from the place where we broke our wagon wheel 14 miles from Harrisburg. About 3 o'clock a tremendous heavy wind coming from the north making it almost impossible to travel, and extremely cold. A buffalo robe around you feeling quite comfortable. After camping about an hour, the Brothorn, Capt and Birdno coming up to us, getting supper, and going to bed, as soon as we could. The wind still blowing, tho not quite as hard. Being in bed some 1/2 hour when up came Brother Adam's boy and a daughter of Doc Meeks (a married lady) and camped with us. (Residents of Harrisburg.)

Friday 7th Ash Creek. Our "company" taking breakfast with us, after which they going south, and we north, rolled out, crossing the Black Ridge, which is called 4 miles from the foot from side to the other side. Camping for noon about 2 miles from "Kanara", and pushing ahead, am camped 4 miles from "Cedar City", and 12 miles from "Kanara" to this place. Am 28 miles from Harrisburg to Kanara. After camping, the Doctor caught us in the mail wagon, he leaving us at Harrisburg and was agreeable surprised in getting a letter from my dear wife, with her's and dear boys like her. (not having room to write them, imaging my feeling of joy).

Sat 8th KANARA. Moving on this morning passed through "Cedar City," 12 miles from Kanara, passing through a small village called "Summit," and on to the same place we camped coming down. About 2 miles from "Parawan." Ice this morning about 1/4 inch thick. The "Little Salt Lake" lies almost west to this place. I am quite unwell, and have been both yesterday and today having the "Diareah," catching a bad cold, settling in my bowels, being compelled to riding in the wagon both days. But the sight of those I love much revive me, and I seem (almost) as though I was at home again. I do wish I was there now, while I am sick, and then travel the journey afterwards, for I think if I had my dear wife to nurse me, I should soon get well. I'm sure Capt, Birdno and Doctor has gone from here in the City. Birdno going to see and old "Spark" of his (of 27 years ago!).

PARAWAN SUNDAY 9th June. Moved on in good season this morning, picking up our boys in Parawan,



except Doctor, who here, left us for good. Buying a little corn here. Pushed on to "Red Creek" 4-1/2 miles, passing through and on to an old herd house 9 miles where we camped for dinner, learning of the herdsman here the story of the "new Son" of the Prophet Jos. Smith, who is heir to a large fortune in England, and has said he was promised by his Father that he should be the leader of the L.D.S. Saints. This information came to a family in Beaver, and having been cut from a paper, printed in the State of Missouri, and sent in a letter. After staying about 2 hours we pushed on to the summit, between Iron county and Beaver County which Summit 11 miles from this Herd house, and 10 from Beaver City here we camped for night. Capt gone on to Beaver in company of an old "Battalion" friend by the name of "John Steel" who we met in Red Creek. After eating supper we retired to rest. I feel some better. The frost has killed nearly all the garden stuff in this place of the three last nights.

Beaver City, Monday 10th June. Rolling out in good season we reached this City about 9 oclock, going to the post office, there, was much pleased having a letter placed in my hands from dear Annie, also one to Birdno, learned all were well. This is indeed the best news I could get. Hope to see them soon, on or about the 26th, I think. Drove to "Indian Creek" where we camped for night, and Birdno and myself first guard (we camp for dinner 6 miles from Beaver City). After dinner we drove up and saw what is called the "Wild Cat Canyon." On the very summit there is a pond of water formed by snow melting. Drove on to "Pine Creek" where we camped for night, there being six other wagons camped here. Some freighters to Baharanagat (?) Mines. One team of L.M. Blair on its way to Santa Clara with the oil cans, and other implements for making Caster Oil, another man going there also, he losing his horses, so our boys and myself went in search of them, presently finding them, we rolled out. Pine Creek is 13 miles from Beaver City, and 30 miles from Corn Creek and 15 miles from there to Philmore.

PINE CREEK. TUESDAY 11th. All well this morning passing Cove Creek about 10. In this place "President Young" is having a stone fort built 100 ft. square and 18 ft. high, which work is rolling on rapidly. Moved on for 6 or 8 miles and camped for dinner (no water) after dinner drove on and reached 4 miles creek ( 4 miles south of Corn Creek) and camped for night. There we were joined by a Brother from St. George on his way to S.L. City. 30 miles from this creek from Corn Creek, and 22 miles from "Cove Creek to Corn Creek."

CORN CREEK WED. 12th. Our horses straying of some 2 miles last night, somewhat prevented our making an early start, but diligently searching soon overcome all obstacles, and we rolled out about 10 oclock passing through Corn Creek City at a distance of 4 miles, noticing the grain and crops in general were looking very backwards, too much rain and cold weather in the past two weeks, it showed the result of frost very much, the potatoes cut down, and the Oak Brush on the sides of the road are all froze, the leaves are falling, and we have had several reports coming of muddy roads, but finding them much better than we had anticipated, but there was heavy signs of there having been heavy roads. Camped for dinner 4 miles from Fillmore.

FILLMORE CITY. A beautiful City, nicely laid out, with many very fine brick homes. Camped surrounded by nice fine orchards. I noticed that "Willard Creek" about six miles from Fillmore, is a very nice little green village, and has the appearance of being settled by striving, industrious and personal set of people, providing happy homes for their families to make them comfortable, that they may be so much blessed, and who will sit under their own fig trees and partake of their fruit. Driving out of Fillmore about 8 miles we camped for night having for company, our St. George friends and two other wagons, and one of which there was a Woman, and I think has just come from "California" and having a very large herd of horses. This place is 160 miles from S.L. City . Have had no rain, only a light shower since we left home. All Well.

*Journal of Joseph Edward Hyde*

Thursday 13th (5 miles of Fillmore) Hitching up and rolled out in good season passing "Cedar Fort" at the distance of 2 miles, drove over the ridge that divides this valley from round valley, noticed that this settlement called "Scipio" looks very dry and desolate. They having taken no pains to plant fruit trees. Camped for dinner about 3 miles from the town. After dinner we moved on and crossed over the river "Severe" and passed for almost one mile and camped for night. This river has risen very much, I should think 6 ft. It's running over side of bridge, making the bridge very unsafe. "Scipio" is 10 miles from "Cedar Fort." All crops look very backward. The frost having made much of the garden stuff looking very sad. Birdno and myself having camp guard. L. Steel and Foster guarding the horses.

SEVERE RIVER. Friday 14th. Rolled out in good season passing Tidwell's about 10 oclock which place is 10 miles from the river, all well, went 5 miles after which we drove through "Salt Creek City" of a distance of 18 miles from "Chicken Creek Bridge" at Tidwells. Passed "Chicken Creek" on the right, drove on to a spring 4 miles from Salt Creek where we camped for night. Making 86 miles from this spring to S.L. City.

SALT CREEK. Sat 15th June. Rolled out, all well, passing through a mountain over a divide to the City called "Sumit" 16 miles from Salt Creek here it commenced raining very hard, driving our wagon into a grove of trees, taking our animals under a shed, and we were made very comfortable, partook of a sumptuous dinner. After it ceased raining we then drove through in 6 miles from Sumit.

PAYSON. And through Pond Town 3 miles farther and on to 6 miles from Payson. Spanish Fork. Here we were ferryed over this stream, the bridge washed away, cost 2 dollars for going. Passed through this City and on to a spring 3 miles where we camped for night, the mosquitos so thick and large, that lots of them would weigh a pound.

SPANISH FORK, Sun 16th. Hitched up and drove out as soon as we could see driving through Springville 3 miles further, here we camped for breakfast. I walked over to Provo six miles and took breakfast with Mrs. Vincent (used to be Mary Larille).

BATTLE CREEK 10 miles from Provo. Camped for dinner on the bench of Provo. On to American Fork. 3 miles passed on to the point of the mountain south of the City, 9 miles from American Fork. Drove over the dugway, finding good feed.

POINT OF THE MOUNTAIN Mon. 17th. Camped with the Henry Mills last night. L and myself not well, but both complaining about our belly's and bowels, the big ones eating up the small ones. . .had breakfast, moved on to the Little Cottonwood stream in the slate road and camped for dinner, and after went through Salt Lake City where we parted with Captain Brown and Bro Walling and Bro Egbert, here having his Mother and being very sick, is to be home this day. Going out of the City just opposite, we both "lousy" and camped for the night. About midnight Bro Birdno came up to us his being over to the Mountain Village.

SALT LAKE CITY Tuesday 18 June. Taking the horse this morning rode through Settlement visiting several of my old acquaintances, taking dinner with John Fisher, the other boys going to Bishop Stokers. Called at Bro J. Gleason's eating a lunch, and then moved on catching the wagon. Camped on the San Ridge.



*Journal of Joseph Edward Hyde*

SAND RIDGE, 19th Wednesday. Rolling out this morning in good season, and we camped for dinner north of Ogden City some 5 or 6 miles, and there over or to the head of "Boxelder Canyon." Brother Thomas Ricks catching up to us tonight. All being tolerable well, and feeling very anxious to get home to the dear ones.

*(note: Three lines of "shorthand" followed, and the rest of the page cannot be read. The writing has either dimmed out, or the page never had been written.)*

May 10, 1867 left Beaver Dam with Company of 12 and Captain J.L. Brown. Supplies taken were as follows:

2 sacks of bacon	butter bucket
2 long handled shovels	10 lbs. salt
1 peck of bushel barley	2 woolen shirts
1 bunch of peaches	1 vest
4 sacks of flour	2 pair shoes
2 sacks of shorts	1 pair gloves
1 sack of bran	1 overcoat
1 bake kettle and lid	1 neck yoke
1 bake kettle	1 quilt
1 bag beans	

Joseph Edward Hyde was born 8 March, 1842 in London, Middlesex, England. Came to Logan, Cache, Utah when he was 14 years old. He was 25 years old during this Journey, and left his wife, Annie L. with two sons, Joseph E. Jr., and Ezra Taft. Annie was also expecting baby George Lionel who was born 5 November, 1867.

Eiley D. Loosli

## JOSEPH EDWARD HYDE BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

---



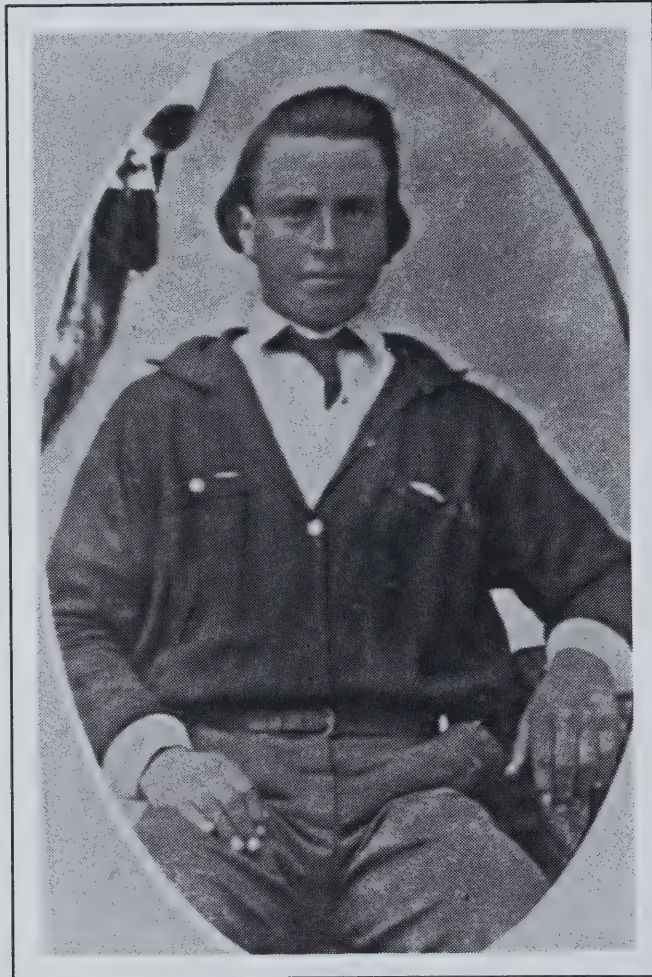
[The following is from "Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia", by Andrew Jensen. Published in Salt Lake City, Utah 1920. Volume III page 653.]

"HYDE, JOSEPH E., a Latter-day Saint Elder who died while filling a foreign mission, was born March 8 1841<sup>56</sup> in London, England, the son of John Hyde [Sr] and Martha Marmoy. He was baptized in 1849 by his father. When but a youth he emigrated to Zion in company with his brother, John [Jr], who a few years afterwards apostatized and left the country. Young Joseph had then to look out for himself and at an early day located in Logan, Cache County, where he became a very useful man in the growing community. He was set apart for a mission to England by apostle Orson Pratt April 6, 1878, and arrived in his field of labor June 8th following; but through sickness he was compelled to leave the land of his nativity and sailed June 29th in care of Elder Bernard H. Schettler on board the steamship "Nevada." He died July 3, 1878 when about twelve hundred miles from New York. The body was washed, dressed and carefully incased in a coffin and taken to his family in Logan, Utah."

---

<sup>56</sup>Birth record states 8 March 1842.





*Joseph Edward Hyde. Age 16*

## NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT OF JOSEPH EDWARD HYDE

---



[The following article was printed in the Logan Herald Journal in July 1931. Author unknown.]

"Joseph Edward Hyde, whose portrait was one of the early pioneer of Utah and Cache Valley. A history of his life reads like a romance from the pen of some novelist. Descendant of the Hyde lines which included the Earl of Clarendon [Edward Hyde 1st Earl of Clarendon<sup>57</sup>], premier under King Charles I and King Charles II, and whose granddaughters, Mary and Anne became Queens of England. Mr. Hyde was born in London, England March 8, 1842. His mother was a daughter of the house of Marmoy, a prominent French family who were driven out of France during the revolution.

Mr. Hyde came to Utah with his brother John in 1853. The ship they sailed on was three months on the ocean and came by way of New Orleans. The party was also three months on the plains. Two years later his brother returned to England leaving him here alone at the age of 14.

Thereafter Mr. Hyde devoted his energies to aiding in the work of subduing the natural conditions and bringing them under control of man. He became adept as a school teacher, carpenter, sawmill supervisor, agriculturist, actor, and managed the U.O.M. & B. Co. in Logan for a number of years. He also took a prominent part in the Indian wars of northern Utah at one time doing important scouting work which made him widely and favorable known, and for which he received his commendation from the colonel of the regiment to which he belonged.

He was the only one of his fathers's family to remain in Utah.

During the celebration of the Fourth of July in Logan in 1864, he was struck by fragments of an anvil which exploded when it was being used for a salute at sunrise, and suffered from the effects of this

---

<sup>57</sup> See *Encyclopedia Americana* 1960 Edition Vol 14 page 537-8



accident during the remainder of his life. He built one of the first houses in Logan, where he lived for many years, and taught school a portion of the time, starting many afterward prominent citizens of that and other towns on their educational careers.

In 1863 he married Miss Annie Farrell, [Annie/Anna Loraine Farrell] and they had a family of seven children, two of whom died in infancy.

In 1868-9 he was a member of the Salt Lake Theatre Dramatic Company and played many prominent parts with leading stars of the country at that time. He had a natural bent for the stage, and was always in great demand in dramatic affairs.

In 1869 he took a grading contract on the C.P.R.R. and witnessed the driving of the last spike.

He took an active part in Sunday school affairs and other church activities. In 1878 he was called on a mission to England and left in April for his old home in London. Upon arrival in England his health, which had been seriously impaired by the anvil accident, gave way, and he decided that it would be best to return to Utah, thinking it might improve his condition. He therefore embarked for Utah, but died when half way across the ocean, on July 5, 1878. His body was brought to Logan and buried in the family plot in Logan Cemetery.

As showing the high esteem in which he was held, a fund was opened in Cache Valley, and contributions were proffered by nearly every Sunday school student in the Valley to buy a handsome monument which now adorns his grave.

Mr. Hyde was of the fibre of those early pioneers who gave their best efforts to help make the mountain region what it is today.

## ANNIE LORAIN FARRELL HYDE OBITUARY

---



[The following was taken from a newspaper clipping. Date and newspaper unknown]

Mrs. Annie L. Hyde, who died in Logan, Utah on June 2, 1918<sup>58</sup> was one of the pioneers of Cache Valley. She was born in England on Nov 5, 1839, the daughter of William and Alice Farrell. Her parents joined the Church when she was a girl. Her father died soon afterward and with her mother's family she came to America in 1853 with a large company of Saints. The family resided in Iowa six years, and came to Utah with James Brown's company in 1859. Mrs. Hyde was then a girl of 19 and walked and rode horseback most of the way across the plains assisting to drive cattle. Early in the spring of 1860 the family moved to Cache valley where Mrs. Hyde has since resided. Her brother's house was one of the very first erected in Logan.

She was married to Joseph Edward Hyde [Sr], Jan. 18 1863<sup>59</sup> and in the following spring moved to their home in Logan, part of which is still in use. Mrs. Hyde's husband died in 1878, while returning from a brief mission to England.

Mrs. Hyde was noted for her steadfast devotion to her religion and to the high principles of right and refinement she early espoused as the guiding star of her life. While she was of a retiring disposition, she was best beloved by those who knew her best. At the funeral services held in the Second Ward hall in Logan on June 5, addresses in tribute to her lofty character were delivered by Elders Anthon Anderson and A. G. Barber, life long friends of the family. Mrs. Hyde is survived by two sons, J. Ed. Hyde [Jr] of Logan, and E. T. [Ezra Taft] Hyde of Salt Lake City; two daughters, Mrs. Lillie A. Dunbar of Logan and

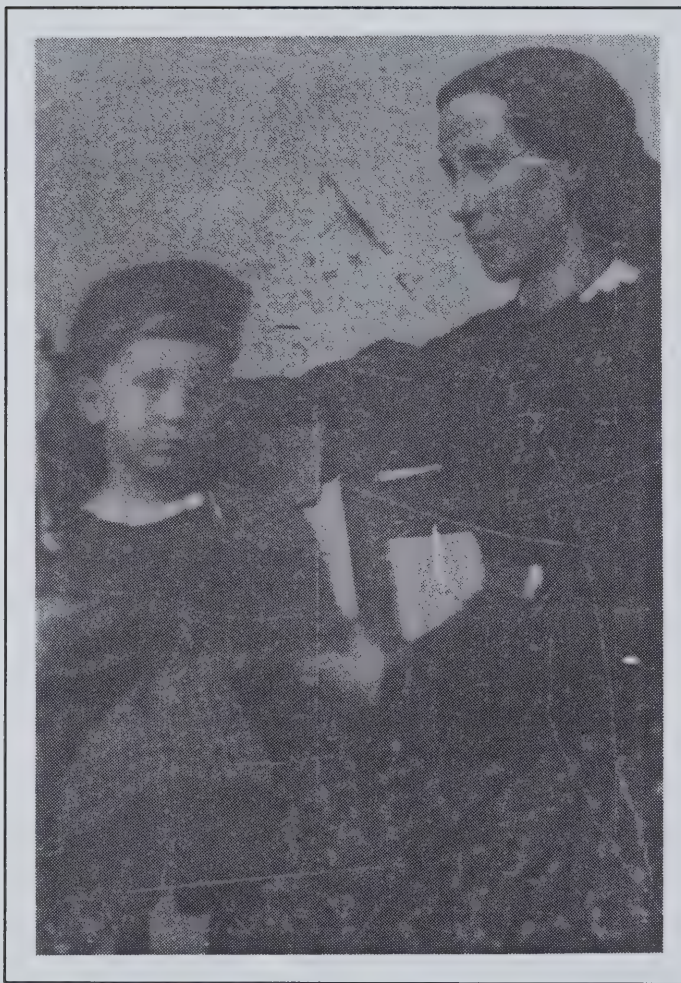
---

<sup>58</sup>Death Certificate of Anna Lorraine Hyde shows death date as 2 June 1919.

<sup>59</sup>Salt Lake Gen Library Film #164612 of Logan LDS records show Anna and Joseph married by William Hyde 28 Dec 1862.



Mrs. Emma L. Cates of Long Beach, Cal.; a brother, George L.[Lionel] Farrell of Smithfield, Utah, and a sister, Mrs. Mary Birdno of Safford, Arizona.



*Annie/Anna Loraine Farrell Hyde and child. (Said to have been  
Joseph Edward Hyde Jr)*

SECTION TWO

GENEALOGY

---





## ABOUT THIS SECTION.....

The following genealogical data has been researched and accumulated by Eiley over many years. She has encountered rock walls and laboriously climbed over them. She still continues searching for her British Isle ancestors.

As research continues, clarification and corrections maybe necessary. Hopefully "typo's" and copy errors have been eliminated, but in the event there are errors or incomplete information, the editor welcomes any documented corrections.

1. Items marked with " ? " indicate documentation was not available to verify, but circumstances indicate it as a probability.

2. Bracketed "[ ]" numbers immediately following given name indicate generation.

Example:

*Eiley[1] Dunbar (George[2], Peter [3], James[4].....)*

Eiley is the 1st generation. George, Eiley's father is 2nd generation. Peter, Eiley's grandfather is 3rd generation, etc. Her direct ancestors will also be enclosed with parenthesis.

3. Bracketed "[ ]" numbers appearing after a place indicate a footnote or reference.

Example:

*Eiley Dunbar.....Born, 4 Nov 1912, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah [1].*

*Baptism: 23 Nov 1920, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah [2].*

Footnote [1] and footnote [2], found at the end of each segment, will show sources or documentation of her birth and baptism.

<p><u>George DUNBAR</u></p> <p>2 b. 16 DEC 1887 at Aberdeen, Scotland d. 4 APR 1959 at Logan, Cache Co, Utah m. 28 SEP 1892 at Logan, Cache Co, Utah</p>	<p><u>Peter DUNBAR</u></p> <p>4 b. 18 Nov 1830 at Banff, Scotland d. 18 APR 1920 at Inverness, Scotland m. 5 SEP 1857 at Banff, Scotland</p> <p><u>Elspet SHIACH</u></p> <p>5 b. 21 MAR 1834 at Banff, Scotland d. 25 MAR 1880 at Aberdeen, Scotland</p>	<p><u>James DUNBAR</u></p> <p>8 b. 10 JUN 1795 at Aberdeen, Scotland d. 4 Jul 1873 at Moray, Scotland m. 23 JUN 1818 at</p> <p><u>Elizabeth SMITH</u></p> <p>9 b. 29 AUG 1794 at Aberdeen, Scotland d. 29 NOV 1855 at Banff, Scotland</p> <p><u>James SHIACH Sr</u></p> <p>10 b. 20 MAY 1787 at Moray, Scotland d. 1 MAY 1871 at Banff, Scotland m. 20 MAY 1816 at</p> <p><u>Elizabeth/ Beatrix SHEARER</u></p> <p>11 ch. 9 JAN 1797 at Moray, Scotland d. 15 FEB 1879 at Banff, Scotland</p>	<p><u>George DUNBAR</u></p> <p>16 CONTINUED ON PAGE 190</p> <p><u>Isabel SIMSON</u></p> <p>17 CONTINUED ON PAGE 191</p> <p><u>Peter SMITH</u></p> <p>18 CONTINUED ON PAGE 192</p> <p><u>Jean STEWART/STUART</u></p> <p>19 CONTINUED ON PAGE 193</p> <p><u>David SHIACH</u></p> <p>20 b. circa 1761 at</p> <p><u>Elizabeth BREMNER</u></p> <p>21 CONTINUED ON PAGE 194</p> <p><u>William SHEARER</u></p> <p>22 b. circa 1773 at</p> <p><u>Beatrice/Beatrix RIACH</u></p> <p>23 CONTINUED ON PAGE 195</p>
<p><u>Eiley DUNBAR</u></p> <p>1 b. 4 NOV 1912 at Logan, Cache Co, Utah d. at m. 17 MAR 1933 at Logan, Cache Co, Utah</p>			
<p><u>V. Jay (Voyd Jolley) RAPPLEYE</u></p> <p>HUSBAND</p>	<p><u>Joseph Edward HYDE</u></p> <p>6 b. 8 MAR 1842 at Middlesex, England d. 5 JUL 1878 at At Atlantic Ocea m. 28 DEC 1862 at Logan, Cache Co. Utah</p>	<p><u>John HYDE Sr</u></p> <p>12 b. 9 JAN 1810 at Dublin, Ireland d. 11 JUL 1892 at London, England m. 13 FEB 1831 at Middlesex, England</p> <p><u>Martha WARMOY</u></p> <p>13 b. Sep 1809 at Middlesex, England d. Aug 1852 at London, England</p>	<p><u>James HYDE</u></p> <p>24 b. circa 1790 at England</p> <p><u>Annie SUTHERLAND</u></p> <p>25 b. circa 1790 at</p> <p><u>Benjamin WARMOY</u></p> <p>26 b. circa 1789 at</p> <p><u>Martha JOHNSON</u></p> <p>27 b. circa 1789 at</p>
<p><u>Lillie Annie HYDE</u></p> <p>3 b. 8 MAY 1872 at Logan, Cache Co, Utah d. 21 APR 1942 at Logan, Cache Co, Utah</p>	<p><u>Anna Loraine FARRELL</u></p> <p>7 b. 5 NOV 1839 at Monmouth, England d. 2 JUN 1919 at Logan, Cache Co, Utah</p>	<p><u>William FARRELL Jr</u></p> <p>14 b. 1 JAN 1785 at England d. 4 Dec 1851 at Newport Mon, England m. 17 Feb 1817 at Gloucester, England</p> <p><u>Alice Sadler BIRD</u></p> <p>15 b. 26 Aug 1796 at Wiltshire, England d. 23 SEP 1876 at Logan, Cache Co, Utah</p>	<p><u>William FARRELL Sr.</u></p> <p>28 b. circa 1765 at England?</p> <p><u>Hannah WALSH</u></p> <p>29 b. circa 1765 at England?</p> <p><u>William BIRD Jr</u></p> <p>30 b. circa 1776 at</p> <p><u>Ann SADLER</u></p> <p>31 b. circa 1776 at</p>



No. 1 on this page is the  
same person as no. 16  
on page no. 189

Patrick DUNBAR ?

2 b. circa 1729  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at  
m. circa 1748  
at Scotland?

4 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

8 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

9 b.  
at  
d.  
at

10 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

11 b.  
at  
d.  
at

5 b.  
at  
d.  
at

George DUNBAR

1 b. circa 1765  
at Scotland  
d.  
at  
m. circa 1785  
at

Isabel SIMSON

WIFE

Magedlena SMITH ?

3 b. circa 1749  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at

6 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

7 b.  
at  
d.  
at

12 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

13 b.  
at  
d.  
at

14 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

15 b.  
at  
d.  
at

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

No. 1 on this page is the  
same person as no. 17  
on page no. 189

George SIMSON

2 b. circa 1732  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at  
m. circa 1751  
at Scotland?

4 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

8 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

16

17

9 b.  
at  
d.  
at

18

19

10 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

20

21

5 b.  
at  
d.  
at

11 b.  
at  
d.  
at

22

23

Isabel SIMSON

1 b. 17 MAY 1752  
at Aberdeen, Scotland  
d.  
at  
m. circa 1785  
at

George DUNBAR  
HUSBAND

12 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

24

25

6 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

13 b.  
at  
d.  
at

26

27

Elspet GEDDIS

3 b. circa 1732  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at

7 b.  
at  
d.  
at

14 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

28

29

15 b.  
at  
d.  
at

30

31



No. 1 on this page is the  
same person as no. 18  
on page no. 189

George SMITH

2 b. circa 1744  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at  
m. circa 1764  
at Scotland?

4 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

8 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

9 b.  
at  
d.  
at

10 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

11 b.  
at  
d.  
at

5 b.  
at  
d.  
at

Peter SMITH

1 ch. Feb 1764  
at Aberdeen, Scotland  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

Jean STEWART/STUART

WIFE

Janet LESLY

3 b. circa 1744  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at

6 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

7 b.  
at  
d.  
at

12 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

13 b.  
at  
d.  
at

14 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

15 b.  
at  
d.  
at

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

No. 1 on this page is the  
same person as no. 19  
on page no. 189

Peter STUART/STEWART

2 b. circa 1746  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at  
m. circa 1743  
at Scotland?

Jean STEWART/STUART

1 b. 8 Jun 1766  
at Banff, Scotland  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

Peter SMITH  
HUSBAND

Janet GARROW

3 b. circa 1746  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at

William STUART/STEWART

4 b. circa 1704  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at  
m. circa 1724  
at Scotland?

Janet FORBES

5 b. circa 1704  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at

William GARROW

6 b. circa 1724  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at  
m. circa 1723  
at Scotland

Jean MOIR

7 b. circa 1724  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at

8 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

9 b.  
at  
d.  
at

10 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

11 b.  
at  
d.  
at

12 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

13 b.  
at  
d.  
at

14 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

15 b.  
at  
d.  
at

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31



No. 1 on this page is the  
same person as no. 21  
on page no. 189

John BREMNER Sr

2 b. circa 1732  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at  
m. 31 Jul 1752  
at Moray, Scotland

4 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

8 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

9 b.  
at  
d.  
at

10 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

5 b.  
at  
d.  
at

11 b.  
at  
d.  
at

Elizabeth BREMNER

1 ch. 25 Feb 1782  
at Rothes, Scotland  
d. 24 Jan 1813  
at Rothes, Scotland  
m. circa 1780  
at

David SHIACH

HUSBAND

6 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

12 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

13 b.  
at  
d.  
at

7 b.  
at  
d.  
at

14 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

15 b.  
at  
d.  
at

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

Isabel GRANT

3 b. circa 1732  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at

No. 1 on this page is the  
same person as no. 23  
on page no. 189

Alexander RIACH Sr

4 b. 26 May 1724  
at Scotland  
d.  
at  
m. circa 1744  
at Scotland?

8 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

16

17

18

19

Alexander RIACH (Younger)

2 b. 17 JAN 1747/8  
at Scotland  
d.  
at  
m. 3 May 1770  
at Rothes, Scotland

9 b.  
at  
d.  
at

20

21

22

23

Mrs. Alexander RIACH Sr

5 b.  
at  
d.  
at

10 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

11 b.  
at  
d.  
at

Beatrice/Beatrix RIACH

1 ch. 17 MAR 1773  
at Rothes, Scotland  
d.  
at  
m. circa 1793  
at

William SHEARER

HUSBAND

John MAGDOCH

12 b. circa 1694  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at  
m. circa 1713  
at Scotland?

24

25

26

27

William MAGDOCH Sr

6 ch. 14 Mar 1713/4  
at Moray, Scotland  
d.  
at  
m. 12 Nov 1744  
at Moray, Scotland

Isabel MITCHEL

13 b. circa 1694  
at Scotland?  
d.  
at

28

29

30

31

Helen MAGDOCH

3 ch. 15 May 1746  
at Moray, Scotland  
d.  
at

Beatrice BRENNER

7 b. circa 1714  
at Scotland  
d.  
at

14 b.  
at  
d.  
at  
m.  
at

15 b.  
at  
d.  
at





## EILEY'S ANCESTORS

### FIRST GENERATION

1. Eiley[1] Dunbar (George[2], Peter[3], James[4], George[5], Patrick ?[6]). Born, 4 Nov 1912, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[1]. Baptism: 23 Nov 1920, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[2].

She married, first, V. Jay (Voyd Jolley) Rappleye, son of Ezra Tunis Rappleye, Jr and Elizabeth Jolley, 17 Mar 1933, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[3]. Born, 25 Mar 1906, in Marysvale, Piute Co, Utah[4]. Died, 6 Jan 1951, in Driggs, Teton Co, Idaho[5]. Baptism: 3 Jul 1915[6]. Burial: 9 Jan 1951, in Hillcrest Cem, Shelley, Bingham Co, Idaho[7]. Occupation: Contractor/Ranch. Children:

- i. Scottie Aloha Rappleye. Born, 24 Apr 1934, in Shelley, Bingham Co, Idaho[8]. Baptism: 1 May 1943, in Idaho Falls, Bonneville Co, Idaho[9]. Occupation: Homemaker. She married Clifford Spence Munns, son of George Henry Munns and La Von "L" Clements, 9 Mar 1955, in Idaho Falls, Bonneville Co, Idaho[10].
- ii. George Bryce Rappleye. Born, 4 Sep 1935, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Baptism: 4 Sep 1943, in Idaho Falls, Bonneville Co, Idaho. He married, first, Myrleen Morgan, 21 Dec 1956, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Divorce, 23 Aug 1983, in Heber City, Wasatch Co, Utah. He married, second, Marilyn Christensen, 7 Jan 1984, in Sandy, Salt Lake Co, Utah. He married, third, Linda Jean Hodges, 20 May 1991, in Elko, Elko Co, Nevada[11].

She married, second, Charles Larson, 18 Oct 1951.

She married, third, Donald Stewart Newell, son of Spencer Newell and Mary Anna Stewart, 14 Dec 1954, in Idaho Falls, Bonneville Co, Idaho[10]. Born, 4 Dec 1911, in Hobson, (now Philbrook), Fergus Co, Montana[7]. Died, 20 Apr 1967, in Oroville, Butte Co, Calif[12]. Occupation: Equip-operator.

She married, fourth, Dwight Wilson Loosli, son of Edward Samuel Loosli and Nellie Mae Price, 21 Nov 1967, in West Jordan, Salt Lake Co, Utah[13]. Born, 20 Dec 1911, in Marysville, Fremont Co, Idaho. Occupation: Sheriff/Teacher.



SECOND GENERATION

2. George[2] Dunbar (Peter[3], James[4], George[5], Patrick ?[6])[14]. Born, 16 Dec 1867, in Lumsden, Auchindoir, Aberdeen, Scotland[15]. Died, 4 Apr 1959, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[16]. Baptism: 10 Nov 1882, in Aberdeen, Scotland[17]. Burial: 7 Apr 1959, in City Cemetery, Logan, Cache Co, Utah[18]. Occupation: Merchandiser.

He married, first, Lillie Annie Hyde (3), 28 Sep 1892, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[3]. Children:

- i. Lillie[1] Dunbar. Born, 18 Aug 1893, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Died, 18 Aug 1893, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[19].
- ii. George Lyle Dunbar. Born, 13 Aug 1894, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[20]. Died, 14 Jul 1962, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[21]. Baptism: 2 Sep 1902, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[22]. Burial: 17 Jul 1962, in City Cemetery, Logan, Cache Co, Utah[23]. Occupation: Merchant. He married Eliza Jane Naylor, 28 Aug 1916, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[24].
- iii. Annie Lorraine Dunbar. Born, 15 Nov 1895, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[20]. Died, 9 Jan 1976, in Salem, Marion Co, Oregon. Baptism: 10 Sep 1903, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[25]. Burial: 11 Jan 1976, in Jacksonville, Jackson Co, Oregon[26]. She married Hyrum Abiff Berntson, son of Richard Berntson and Mary Christina Ljungman, 16 Jun 1919, in Malad City, Oneida Co, Idaho[7].
- iv. Wallace Eugene Dunbar. Born, 7 Dec 1898, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[27]. Died, 21 Mar 1961, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Baptism: 10 Sep 1907, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[27]. Burial: 25 Mar 1961, in City Cemetery, Logan, Cache Co, Utah. He married Anna Emilie Anderson[7], 8 Feb 1922, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[28].
- v. Doris Hyde Dunbar. Born, 13 Dec 1900, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[27]. Baptism: 18 May 1909, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[27]. She married William Stephen Bolger, son of Stephen Bolger and Agnes Mary McCarthy, 18 Jul 1927 (?).
- vi. Irene Dunbar. Born, 13 Oct 1902, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[27]. Baptism: 8 Nov 1910, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[27]. She married Deryl Jerome Boston Ryan[7], son of Ora Leonard Ryan and Lilly Boston, 29 Sep 1923, in Soda Springs, Caribou Co, Idaho.
- vii. Clarice Dunbar. Born, 15 Aug 1906, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[27]. Baptism: 1 Sep 1914, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[25]. She married, first, Melvin O. Wright[7], 25 Sep 1932 (?), in Grants Pass, Josephine Co, Oregon. She married[7], second, Oliver Ovilar DuBois[7], 16 Jul 1947 (?), in Washington DC.
- viii. Marvin William Dunbar. Born, 27 May 1910, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Died, 14 Jun 1963, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Baptism: 27 May 1918. Burial: 18 Jun 1963, in City Cemetery, Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Occupation: Horseman. He married Leah Ann Wood, 14 Jun 1963 (?), in Logan, Cache Co, Utah.
- 1 ix. Eiley Dunbar.
- x. Emma Gayle Dunbar. Born, 8 Jul 1916, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah.

## *Eiley's Ancestors*

### SECOND GENERATION

Baptism: 8 Sep 1924. She married Dennis Rex Hovey, 28 Nov 1940, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah.

He married, second, Christine Anderson Dowdle, 10 Jul 1943, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[7]. Died, Jun 1959, in Hyrum, Cache Co, Utah.

3. Lillie Annie[2] Hyde (Joseph Edward[3], John Sr[4], James[5]). Born, 8 May 1872, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[29]. Died, 21 Apr 1942, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[23]. Baptism: May 1880, in Logan Temple[30]. Burial: 24 Apr 1942, in City Cemetery, Logan, Cache Co, Utah[31].

She married George Dunbar (2).

### THIRD GENERATION

4. Peter[3] Dunbar (James[4], George[5], Patrick ?[6]). Born, 18 Nov 1830, in Gownie, Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[32]. Died, 18 Apr 1920, in Wester Culerback, Inverness, Scotland[33].

He married, first, Elspet Shiach (5), 5 Sep 1857, in Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[34]. Children:

- i. James[2] Dunbar. Born, 31 Aug 1857, in Wardhead, Mortlach, Banff, Scotland[35]. Died, 17 Oct 1934[36]. He married Jane Elphinstone, circa 1877, in Scotland?.
- ii. Peter Dunbar. Born, 5 Feb 1859, in Gownie, Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[35].
- iii. John Dunbar. Born, 17 Aug 1860, in Gownie, Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[35].
- iv. Alexander Dunbar. Born, 7 Apr 1862, in Gownie, Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[35]. Died, 27 Dec 1939[37]. Burial: 28 Dec 1939, in City Cemetery, Ogden, Utah[38].
- v. Rosa Ann Dunbar. Born, 24 Mar 1866, in Lumsden, Auchindoir, Aberdeen, Scotland. Died, 13 Oct 1866.
- 2 vi. George Dunbar.
- vii. William Dunbar. Born, 8 Apr 1869, in Lumsden, Auchindoir, Aberdeen, Scotland[35]. Died, 8 Apr 1888, in City Cemetery, Logan, Cache Co, Utah[39].
- viii. Margaret Dunbar. Born, 30 Jan 1872, in Lumsden, Auchindoir, Aberdeen, Scotland. Died, 13 Apr 1872.
- ix. David Dunbar. Born, 9 Feb 1873, in Lumsden, Auchindoir, Aberdeen, Scotland. Died, 18 Jan 1934.
- x. Elspet Dunbar. Born, 19 Dec 1874, in Lumsden, Auchindoir, Aberdeen, Scotland. Died, 7 Oct 1956. She married August H. Martin, circa 1894.
- xi. Ann Dunbar. Born, 24 Feb 1876, in Lumsden, Auchindoir, Aberdeen, Scotland. Died, 14 Dec 1877.



THIRD GENERATION

He married, second, Jane McIntosh, 4 Dec 1886 (?), in Scotland?. Born, circa 1830 (?), in Scotland?.

5. Elspet[3] Shiach (James Sr[4], David[5]). Born, 21 Mar 1834, in Wardhead, Mortlach, Banff, Scotland[40]. Died, 25 Mar 1880, in Aberdeen, Aberdeen, Scotland[41].

She married Peter Dunbar (4).

6. Joseph Edward[3] Hyde (John Sr[4], James[5]). Born, 8 Mar 1842, in London, Middlesex, England[42]. Died, 5 Jul 1878, in At Atlantic Ocea[43]. Burial: 1878, in City Cemetery, Logan, Cache Co, Utah[43].

He married Anna Loraine Farrell (7), 28 Dec 1862, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[44]. Children:

- i. Joseph Edward[2] Hyde Jr. Born, 28 May 1864, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Died, 15 Aug 1939. He married Sarah Elizabeth Bowen, 5 Jan 1922.
- ii. Ezra Taft Hyde. Born, 18 Nov 1865, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Died, 11 Jun 1939. He married Emma Elizabeth Hansen, 15 Dec 1886.
- iii. George Lionel Hyde. Born, 5 Nov 1867, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Died, 15 Nov 1868.
- iv. John William Hyde. Born, 16 May 1870, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Died, 10 May 1917. He married Florence Kimball, 6 Jun 1895.
- 3 v. Lillie Annie Hyde.
- vi. Mary Alice Hyde. Born, 5 May 1874, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Died, 2 Jun 1875.
- vii. Emma Loraine Hyde. Born, 16 May 1876, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Died, 28 May 1946. She married Alfred B. Cates, 3 Apr 1901.

7. Anna Loraine[3] Farrell (William Jr[4], William Sr.[5]). Born, 5 Nov 1839, in Newport, Monmouth, England[45]. Died, 2 Jun 1919, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[12]. Baptism: May 1858[46]. Burial: 5 Jun 1919, in City Cemetery, Logan, Cache Co, Utah[12].

She married Joseph Edward Hyde (6).

FOURTH GENERATION

8. James[4] Dunbar (George[5], Patrick ?[6]). Born, 10 Jun 1795, in Huntly, Aberdeen, Scotland[47]. Died, 4 Jul 1873, in Rothes, Moray, Scotland.

Occupation: Crafter/Farmer.

He married Elizabeth Smith (9), 23 Jun 1818[47]. Children:

- i. Jean[3] Dunbar. Born, 1818, in Craigwillie, Huntly, Aberdeen, Scotland[47].
- ii. David Dunbar. Born, 28 Apr 1819, in Craigwillie, Huntly, Aberdeen, Scotland[47].
- iii. George Dunbar. Born, 6 Apr 1821, in Craigwillie, Huntly, Aberdeen, Scotland[47].
- iv. Isabel Dunbar. Born, 25 Mar 1823, in Clairsharock, Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[48].
- v. James Gordon Dunbar. Born, 5 Feb 1825, in Clairsharock, Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[49].
- vi. Margaret Dunbar. Born, 7 Jan 1827, in Clairsharock, Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[49]. She married Donald McIntosh, 9 Mar 1855.
- 4 vii. Peter Dunbar.
- viii. Isabel Dunbar. Born, 7 Jul 1833, in Gownie, Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[50].
- ix. Elizabeth Dunbar. Born, 1834, in Gownie, Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[50]. Died, 16 Oct 1855.
- x. John Dunbar. Born, Jun 1837, in Gownie, Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[50].
- xi. Elspet Dunbar. Born, Aug 1839, in Gownie, Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[50].

9. Elizabeth[4] Smith (Peter[5], George[6]). Born, 29 Aug 1794, in Gartly, Aberdeen, Scotland[51]. Died, 29 Nov 1855, in Gownie, Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[52].

She married James Dunbar (8).

10. James[4] Shiach Sr (David[5]). Born, 20 May 1787, in Elgin, Rothes, Moray, Scotland[53]. Died, 1 May 1871, in Mortlach, Banff, Scotland[54].

Occupation: Farmer.

He married Elizabeth/ Beatrix Shearer (11), 20 May 1816[55]. Children:

- i. Elizabeth/Betty[3] Shiach. Born, 8 Oct 1816, in Blackhall, Rothes, Moray, Scotland[55]. She married James Grant, 30 Oct 1841, in Rothes, Moray, Scotland[56].
- ii. William Shiach. Born, 5 Jan 1818, in Blackhall, Rothes, Moray, Scotland[55]. He married Margaret Machie, 2 May 1842, in Rothes, Moray, Scotland[57].
- iii. David Shiach. Born, 12 Feb 1819, in Blackhall, Rothes, Moray,



FOURTH GENERATION

- Scotland[55]. Died, 31 Jul 1831, in Mortlach, Banff, Scotland[58].
- iv. James Shiach Jr. Born, 30 Apr 1821, in Blackhall, Rothes, Moray, Scotland[55]. He married Margaret Dey in Rothes, Moray, Scotland[57].
  - v. Alexander Shiach. Born, 30 Mar 1823, in Blackhall, Rothes, Moray, Scotland[55].
  - vi. John Shiach. Born, 7 Aug 1825, in Wardhead, Mortlach, Banff, Scotland[59].
  - vii. Christine Shiach. Born, 15 Apr 1827, in Wardhead, Mortlach, Banff, Scotland[59].
  - viii. George Shiach. Born, 10 May 1829, in Wardhead, Mortlach, Banff, Scotland[59]. He married Jane Kiel, 19 Dec 1856, in Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[60].
  - ix. Jannet Shiach. Born, 10 May 1829, in Wardhead, Mortlach, Banff, Scotland[59].
  - x. Helen Shiach. Born, 17 Nov 1832, in Wardhead, Mortlach, Banff, Scotland[59].
  - 5 xi. Elspet Shiach.
  - xii. Margaret Shiach. Born, 19 Oct 1836, in Wardhead, Mortlach, Banff, Scotland[59]. She married Alexander Kitchen, 8 Aug 1855, in Mortlach, Banff, Scotland[61].
  - xiii. Isabella Shiach. Born, 18 Aug 1839, in Wardhead, Mortlach, Banff, Scotland[59]. She married Alexander Walker, 15 May 1859, in Mortlach, Banff, Scotland[62].
11. Elizabeth/ Beatrix[4] Shearer (William[5])[63]. Christened, 9 Jan 1797, in Rothes, Moray, Scotland[64]. Died, 15 Feb 1879, in Mortlach, Banff, Scotland[59].  
She married James Shiach Sr (10).
12. John[4] Hyde Sr (James[5])[65]. Born, 9 Jan 1810, in Dublin, Ireland[66]. Died, 11 Jul 1892, in Islington, South East, London, England[12].  
He married, first, Martha Marmoy (13), 13 Feb 1831, in St Leonard, Shoreditch, Middlesex, England[10]. Children:
- i. Henry James (Henry James Symes)[3] Hyde[67]. Born, 17 Oct 1831, in Chetlenham, Gloucester, England[68]. Died, 2 Feb 1916, in Chinchilla, Queensland, Australia[12]. Burial: 3 Feb 1916, in Toowoomba Cem, ?, Australia[12]. Occupation: Accountant/clerk. He married Sarah Thompson, 4 May 1856, in Passauage, Drayton, Australia[10].
  - ii. John Hyde Jr. Born, 25 Feb 1833, in St Leonard, Shoreditch, Middlesex, England. Died, 18 Aug 1875, in Derby, Manchester, England[39]. He married Livina Hawkins, 18 Aug 1875[69].
  - iii. William Richard Hyde. Born, 7 Mar 1835, in St Leonard, Shoreditch, Middlesex, England[70]. Died, Mar 1922, in Edmonton, Middlesex, England[71].

FOURTH GENERATION

- iv. Thomas Robert Hyde. Born, 7 Jan 1840, in Shoreditch, Middlesex, England[45]. Died, Jan 1893, in Wandaworth, London, England[72]. He married Helen Standage, 1865 (?).
- 6 v. Joseph Edward Hyde.
- vi. Annie Martha Hyde. Born, 20 Mar 1844, in Shoreditch, Holywell, Middlesex, England[45]. Died, 16 Feb 1921, in Richmond, Contra Costa Co, California[73]. She married Martin Marshall, 16 Feb 1921, in Canel, St. Pres. Church, New York, New York[73].
- vii. Eliza Amelia Hyde. Born, 20 Nov 1846, in City Road, St Luke, Middlesex, England[74]. Died, 2 Jul 1849[75].
- viii. LaVina Hyde. Born, 8 Dec 1850, in City Road, St Luke, Middlesex, England[45]. Died, 4 Jun 1851, in City Road, St Luke, Middlesex, England[12].

He married, second, Mary Ann Birdseye, 19 Jul 1856, in St Giles, Reading, Berkshire, England[10]. Born, 25 Jan 1832, in Dublin, Dublin, Ireland.

13. Martha[4] Marmoy (Benjamin[5])[76]. Born, Sep 1809, in Stepney, Shoreditch, Middlesex, England[77]. Died, Aug 1852, in London, London, England[78]. Christened, 24 Dec 1809[79].

She married John Hyde Sr (12).

14. William[4] Farrell Jr (William Sr.[5]). Born, 1 Jan 1785, in Leek, or Hendon, Straffordshire, England[80]. Died, 4 Dec 1851, in Eveswell, Christ Church, Newport Mon, England[81]. Occupation: Tailor.

He married, first, Mrs. William Farrell Jr, circa 1815. Children:

- i. Eliza[3] Farrell. Born in St Brevalls, Gloucester, England[81].

He married, second, Alice Sadler Bird (15), 17 Feb 1817, in Hewelsfield, Gloucester, England[82]. Children:

- ii. Ann Farrell. Born, 17 Jun 1818, in St Brevalls, Gloucester, England. Died, 17 Dec 1837. She married Nehemiah Wood Birdno/Beirdneau.
- iii. William Hiram Farrell. Born, 16 Jun 1820, in St Brevalls, Gloucester, England. Died, 9 Aug 1840.
- iv. Enoch Farrell. Born, 6 Mar 1824, in St Brevalls, Gloucester, England. Died, 11 Feb 1826.
- v. Emma Hannah Farrell. Born, 5 May 1826, in St Brevalls, Gloucester, England. Died, 9 Mar 1893. She married Enoch Lewis, 16 Sep 1849.
- vi. George Lionel Farrell. Born, 16 Feb 1829, in Hewelsfield, Gloucester, England. Died, 22 Sep 1921. He married Amanda Adaline Steele, 29 Apr 1860.
- vii. Alice Sadler Farrell. Born, 28 Jul 1831, in Whitebrook, Gloucester, England. Died, 12 Nov 1841.



FOURTH GENERATION

- viii. Mary Bird Farrell. Born, 29 May 1834, in Whitebrook, Gloucester, England[83]. Died, 12 May 1925. She married Nehemiah Wood Birdno/Beirdneau, 3 Apr 1861[84].
  - ix. Susannah Farrell. Born, 5 Nov 1837, in Newport, Gloucester, England[85]. Died, 5 Jan 1838.
  - 7     x. Anna Loraine Farrell.
15. Alice Sadler[4] Bird (William Jr[5])[86]. Born, 26 Aug 1796, in Ashton Keynes, Wiltshire, England[7]. Died, 23 Sep 1876, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[87]. She married William Farrell Jr (14).

FIFTH GENERATION

16. George[5] Dunbar (Patrick ?[6]). Born, circa 1765, in Scotland. He married Isabel Simson (17), circa 1785. Children:
- i. Isabel[4] Dunbar. Born, 27 Mar 1785, in Dumberrand, Huntly, Aberdeen, Scotland[88].
  - ii. Anne Dunbar. Born, 11 Aug 1787, in Dumberrand, Huntly, Aberdeen, Scotland[88].
  - iii. David Dunbar. Born, 31 Dec 1790, in Dumberrand, Huntly, Aberdeen, Scotland[89].
  - 8     iv. James Dunbar.
17. Isabel[5] Simson (George[6]). Born, 17 May 1752, in Tillyarmont, Cairney, Aberdeen, Scotland[90]. She married George Dunbar (16).
18. Peter[5] Smith (George[6]). Christened, Feb 1764, in Drumblade, Aberdeen, Scotland. He married Jean Stewart/Stuart (19). Children:
- i. John[4] Smith. Born, 5 Feb 1785, in Burngarie, Gartly, Aberdeen, Scotland[91]. Died, 26 Mar 1785, in Burngarie, Gartly, Aberdeen, Scotland[92].
  - ii. William Smith. Born, 27 Dec 1786, in Burngarie, Gartly, Aberdeen, Scotland[91].
  - iii. Peter Smith. Born, 14 Sep 1789, in Burngarie, Gartly, Aberdeen, Scotland[92].
  - iv. James Smith. Born, 12 Aug 1791, in Burngarie, Gartly, Aberdeen, Scotland[92].
  - 9     v. Elizabeth Smith.
  - vi. Jean Smith. Born, 25 May 1797, in Burngarie, Gartly, Aberdeen,

FIFTH GENERATION

- Scotland[92].
- vii. Ann Smith. Born, 11 Jun 1799, in Burngarie, Gartly, Aberdeen, Scotland[92].
  - viii. Robert Smith. Born, 21 Feb 1801, in Burngarie, Gartly, Aberdeen, Scotland[92].
  - ix. George Smith. Born, 7 Mar 1804, in Burnorunach, Gartly, Aberdeen, Scotland[92].
19. Jean[5] Stewart/Stuart (Peter[6], William[7]). Born, 8 Jun 1766, in Easter Kirktown, Aberlour, Banff, Scotland[93].  
She married Peter Smith (18).
20. David[5] Shiach. Born, circa 1761.  
He married Elizabeth Bremner (21), circa 1780. Children:
- i. Alexander[4] Shiach. Christened, 31 Dec 1781, in Blackhall, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[94].
  - 10 ii. James Shiach Sr.
  - iii. George Shiach. Christened, 6 May 1789, in Blackhall, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[95].
21. Elizabeth[5] Bremner (John Sr[6]). Christened, 25 Feb 1762, in Mains, Rothés, Scotland[96]. Died, 24 Jan 1813, in Rothés, Scotland[56].  
She married David Shiach (20).
22. William[5] Shearer. Born, circa 1773.  
He married Beatrice/Beatrix Riach (23), circa 1793. Children:
- i. James[4] Shearer. Christened, 2 Oct 1793, in Elgin, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[95].
  - 11 ii. Elizabeth/ Beatrix Shearer.
  - iii. George Shearer. Born, 30 Dec 1798, in Elgin, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[94].
  - iv. William Shearer. Born, 27 Jan 1800, in Elgin, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[95].
  - v. Ann Shearer. Born, 20 Mar 1802, in Elgin, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[95].
  - vi. Isobel Shearer. Born, 13 Aug 1803, in Elgin, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[94].
  - vii. Child Shearer. Born, 6 Aug 1805, in Elgin, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[95].
  - viii. Jannet Shearer. Born, 19 Sep 1807, in Elgin, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[95].
  - ix. William Shearer. Christened, 8 Sep 1809, in Elgin, Rothés,



FIFTH GENERATION

Moray, Scotland[95].

- x. Margaret Shearer. Born, 2 Jan 1813, in Elgin, Rothes, Moray, Scotland[95].

23. Beatrice/Beatrix[5] Riach (Alexander (Younger)[6], Alexander Sr[7]).  
Christened, 17 Mar 1773, in Dundurean, or Barlirach, Rothes, Scotland[96].  
She married William Shearer (22).

24. James[5] Hyde. Born, circa 1790, in England[69].  
He married Annie Sutherland (25), circa 1809 (?). Children:

12     i. John[4] Hyde Sr.

25. Annie[5] Sutherland. Born, circa 1790[69].  
She married James Hyde (24).

26. Benjamin[5] Marmoy. Born, circa 1789.  
He married Martha Johnson (27), circa 1808 (?). Children:

13     i. Martha[4] Marmoy.

ii. Elizabeth Marmoy. Born, 24 Jul 1811, in St Leonard, Shoreditch, England. Christened, 8 Dec 1811, in St Leonard, Shoreditch, England[97].

iii. Thomas Marmoy. Born, 28 Feb 1814, in St Leonard, Shoreditch, Middlesex, England[97]. Christened, 19 Jun 1814, in St Leonard, Shoreditch, Middlesex, England[97].

iv. Joseph Marmoy. Born, 17 Feb 1816, in St Leonard, Shoreditch, Middlesex, England. Christened, 16 Jun 1816, in St Leonard, Shoreditch, Middlesex, England[97].

v. William Marmoy. Born, 10 Jul 1817, in St Leonard, Shoreditch, Middlesex, England. Christened, 9 Oct 1817, in St Leonard, Shoreditch, Middlesex, England[97].

vi. Ebenezer John Marmoy. Born, 10 Oct 1819, in St Leonard, Shoreditch, Middlesex, England. Christened, 31 Dec 1820, in St Leonard, Shoreditch, Middlesex, England[97].

vii. Samuel Joshua Marmoy. Christened, 9 Oct 1825 (?), in Mile End, Old Town, Sion Chapel, ? England?[36]. Died in Nebraska[98].

27. Martha[5] Johnson. Born, circa 1789.  
She married Benjamin Marmoy (26).

*Eiley's Ancestors*

FIFTH GENERATION

28. William[5] Farrell Sr. Born, circa 1765, in England?.  
He married Hannah Walsh (29), circa 1784 (?). Children:

14      i. William[4] Farrell Jr.

29. Hannah[5] Walsh. Born, circa 1765, in England?.  
She married William Farrell Sr. (28).

30. William[5] Bird Jr. Born, circa 1776.  
He married Ann Sadler (31), circa 1795 (?). Children:

15      i. Alice Sadler[4] Bird.

31. Ann[5] Sadler. Born, circa 1776.  
She married William Bird Jr (30).



SIXTH GENERATION

32. Patrick[6] Dunbar ?. Born, circa 1729, in Scotland?.  
He married Magadlena Smith ? (33), circa 1748, in Scotland?. Children:

16      i. George[5] Dunbar.

33. Magadlena[6] Smith ?. Born, circa 1749, in Scotland?.  
She married Patrick Dunbar ? (32).

34. George[6] Simson. Born, circa 1732, in Scotland?.  
He married Elspet Geddis (35), circa 1751, in Scotland?. Children:

17      i. Isabel[5] Simson.

35. Elspet[6] Geddis. Born, circa 1732, in Scotland?.  
She married George Simson (34).

36. George[6] Smith. Born, circa 1744, in Scotland?.  
He married Janet Lesly (37), circa 1764, in Scotland?. Children:

18      i. Peter[5] Smith.

37. Janet[6] Lesly. Born, circa 1744, in Scotland?.  
She married George Smith (36).

38. Peter[6] Stuart/Stewart (William[7]). Born, circa 1746, in Scotland?.  
He married Janet Garrow (39), circa 1743, in Scotland?. Children:

19      i. Jean[5] Stewart/Stuart.

39. Janet[6] Garrow (William[7]). Born, circa 1746, in Scotland?.  
She married Peter Stuart/Stewart (38).

40. John[6] Bremner Sr. Born, circa 1732, in Scotland?.

SIXTH GENERATION

He married Isabel Grant (41), 31 Jul 1752, in Dundurcas, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[56]. Children:

- i. John[5] Bremner Jr. Christened, 8 Jul 1753, in Mains, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[99].
- ii. Alexander Bremner. Christened, 24 Apr 1755, in Mains, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[99].
- iii. William Bremner. Christened, 14 Aug 1757, in Mains, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[99].
- iv. Margaret Bremner. Born, 18 Jan 1760, in Mains, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[100].
- v. Jean Bremner. Born, 18 Jan 1760, in Mains, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[100].
- 21 vi. Elizabeth Bremner.
- vii. James Bremner. Christened, 2 Dec 1764, in Mains, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[100].
- viii. Helen Bremner. Christened, 2 Dec 1764, in Mains, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[100].
- ix. Robert Bremner. Christened, 8 May 1767, in Mains, Rothés, Moray, Scotland[99].

41. Isabel[6] Grant. Born, circa 1732, in Scotland?.  
She married John Bremner Sr (40).

42. Alexander[6] Riach (Younger) (Alexander Sr[7]). Born, 17 Jan 1747/8, in Scotland[7].

He married Helen Maggoch (43), 3 May 1770, in Dundurcas, Rothés, Scotland[101]. Children:

- i. Alexander[5] Riach (3rd). Christened, 12 May 1771, in Barluack, Rothés, Scotland[99].
- 23 ii. Beatrice/Beatrix Riach.
- iii. William Riach,. Christened, 7 May 1775, in Barluack, Rothés, Scotland[99].
- iv. John Riach. Christened, 27 Dec 1777, in Barluack, Rothés, Scotland[99].
- v. Margaret Riach. Christened, 31 Jul 1780, in Barluack, Rothés, Scotland[99].
- vi. George Riach. Born, 9 Feb 1783, in Barluack, Rothés, Scotland[99].
- vii. James Riach. Christened, 28 Apr 1784, in Barluack, Rothés, Scotland[99].
- viii. Grizel Riach. Christened, 27 Dec 1787, in Barluack, Rothés, Scotland[99].
43. Helen[6] Maggoch (William Sr[7], John[8]). Christened, 15 May 1746, in



*Eiley's Ancestors*

SIXTH GENERATION

Sandy Bank, Rothes, Moray, Scotland[55].  
She married Alexander Riach (Younger) (42).

SEVENTH GENERATION

44. William[7] Stuart/Stewart. Born, circa 1704, in Scotland?.  
He married Janet Forbes (45), circa 1724, in Scotland?. Children:

38 i. Peter[6] Stuart/Stewart.

45. Janet[7] Forbes. Born, circa 1704, in Scotland?.  
She married William Stuart/Steward (44).

46. William[7] Garrow. Born, circa 1724, in Scotland?.  
He married Jean Moir (47), circa 1723, in Scotland. Children:

39 i. Janet[6] Garrow.

47. Jean[7] Moir. Born, circa 1724, in Scotland?.  
She married William Garrow (46).

48. Alexander[7] Riach Sr. Born, 26 May 1724, in Scotland[26].  
He married Mrs. Alexander Riach Sr (49), circa 1744, in Scotland?.  
Children:

42 i. Alexander[6] Riach (Younger).

49. Mrs. Alexander[7] Riach Sr.  
She married Alexander Riach Sr (48).

50. William[7] Maggoch Sr (John[8]). Christened, 14 Mar 1713/4, in Sandy Bank, Rothes, Moray, Scotland[56].  
He married Beatrice Bremner (51), 12 Nov 1744, in Rothes, Moray, Scotland[55]. Children:

43 i. Helen[6] Maggoch.

*Eiley's Ancestors*

SEVENTH GENERATION

- ii. John Maggoch. Christened, 12 Jul 1748, in Sandy Bank, Rothes, Moray, Scotland[56].
- iii. William Maggoch Jr. Christened, 12 Feb 1756, in Sandy Bank, Rothes, Moray, Scotland[56].
- iv. James Maggoch. Christened, 20 Jan 1762, in Sandy Bank, Rothes, Moray, Scotland[56].

51. Beatrice[7] Bremner. Born, circa 1714, in Scotland.  
She married William Maggoch Sr (50).

EIGHTH GENERATION

52. John[8] Maggoch. Born, circa 1694, in Scotland?.  
He married Isabel Mitchel (53), circa 1713, in Scotland?. Children:

- 50      i. William[7] Maggoch Sr.

53. Isabel[8] Mitchel. Born, circa 1694, in Scotland?.  
She married John Maggoch (52).

NOTES AND REFERENCES

- [1]Birth Certificate (Delayed) Utah State file #22435 & Logan 11th ward records.
- [2]Baptism Certificate & Logan 11th ward records.
- [3]Marriage License or Certificate Cache Co Utah.
- [4]Birth Certificate (delayed) Utah State File #1544.
- [5]Death Certificate State of Idaho file #30G or 300.
- [6]Baptism Certificate LDS Shelley 2nd Ward & LDS Records, in custody of FHL, SLC, UT film 007229.
- [7]Family records of Eiley D. Loosli, in custody of Eiley D. Loosli, West Jordan, Salt Lake Co, Utah.
- [8]Birth Certificate #232155.
- [9]Baptism certificate.
- [10]Marriage Certificate.
- [11]Informant: Bryce & Jean Rappleye.
- [12]Death Certificate.
- [13]Marriage Certificate & License #179638.
- [14]George baptised in the River Dee.
- [15]FHL, SLC, UT Film #14505 pt 454 & #104149.
- [16]Death Certificate & Affidavit to ammended death cert.
- [17]Film #104149 Old Aberdeen Branch Members, 1848-1881-83-84, in custody of LDS Records person #52 & Film 14516 pt 1 LDS Missonaries Scotland.
- [18]Death Certificate & affidavit to ammended death cert.



*Eiley's Ancestors*

NOTES AND REFERENCES

- [19]Headstone, Logan City Cemetery.
- [20]LDS Records Film #6360 Logan 6th Ward, pt 12.
- [21]Death Certificate #62293703.
- [22]LDS Records film # 22690 Logan 1st Ward pt 304.
- [23]Death Certificate.
- [24]Marriage License.
- [25]LDS Records Film #6360 Logan 6th Ward.
- [26]Family records of Eiley.
- [27]LDS Records Film #6360 Logan 6th Ward pt 15.
- [28]Marriage License or Certificate.
- [29]LDS Records Film #164612 Logan 1st & 2nd & 3rd Wards.
- [30]Baptism Index card 12130 Bk A page 337 Logan Temple.
- [31]Death Certificate states Logan City Cemetery.
- [32]FHL, SLC, UT Film #14505 pt 550 Huntly, Aberdeen.
- [33]Death record 90/151 Inverness Scotland.
- [34]FHL, SLC, UT Film #35405 pt 349 or 14505 pt 454 Banff Scotland parish 135.
- [35]Film #35405 Aberlour, Banff, Scotland pt 349, in custody of FHL, SLC, UT.
- [36]Records of Lorraine Marshall Lineer, in custody of Lorraine Marshall Lineer, Sacramento, CA.
- [37]Headstone & cemetery record.
- [38]Ogden City Cemetery record Lot 19 block 1 platt N.
- [39]Headstone.
- [40]FHL, SLC, UT Film 14505 pt 479 Wardhead, Scotland.
- [41]Death record 168.2/255 Royal Lunatic Asylum, Aberdeen, Scotland.
- [42]Birth Certificate #3 Cumberland Street, Haggerstone, Shoreditch district.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

- [43]Headstone & Ezra Taft Hyde, History of Hyde Family, Manuscript, in custody of Eiley Dunbar.
- [44]LDS Records film #164612.
- [45]Birth Certificate.
- [46]LDS Records Baptism Index card.
- [47]FHL, SLC, UT Film 14504 Huntly, Aberdeen, Scotland pt 549.
- [48]FHL, SLC, UT Film #102395 Aberlour, Banff, Scotland pt 454.
- [49]FHL, SLC, UT Film #102395 Aberlour, Banff, Scotland.
- [50]FHL, SLC, UT Film #993190.
- [51]Births Gartly Co Book 2.
- [52]FHL, SLC, UT Film 103483 Gownie Aberlour Banff.
- [53]FHL, SLC, UT Film #14505 Banff, Scotland, in custody of FHL, SLC, UT pt 103 & Roths Co Elgin book 3.
- [54]Film #14505 pt 479 Mortlach Banff Scotland.
- [55]FHL, SLC, UT Film #14505 Rothes, Moray, Scotland, pt 103.
- [56]FHL, SLC, UT Film #14505 pt 103.
- [57]FHL, SLC, UT Film #102044.
- [58]FHL, SLC, UT Film # 14505 pt 479.
- [59]FHL, SLC, UT Film #14505 Mortlach, Banff, Scotland pt 479.
- [60]FHL, SLC, UT Film # 256518.
- [61]FHL, SLC, UT Film #103592.
- [62]FHL, SLC, UT Film #280216.
- [63]Elizabeth = Betty, Beatrix, Breatridge.
- [64]FHL, SLC, UT Film #14505 Rothes, Moray, Scotland, pt 103 & Rothes Co Elgin Book 3.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

- [65]Ezra Taft Hyde, History of Hyde Family, Manuscript, in custody of Eiley Dunbar, shows birth in London.
- [66]1841 Census, TIB film 438818-087855.
- [67]Changed name to Henry James SYMES in Australia.
- [68]FHL, SLC, UT Film 438816, census, TIB #1267557.
- [69]Ezra Taft Hyde, History of Hyde Family, Manuscript, in custody of Eiley Dunbar.
- [70]FHL, SLC, UT Film 933446.
- [71]FHL, SLC, UT Film 1450154.
- [72]FHL, SLC, UT Film #951367.
- [73]Records of Lorraine Marshall Lineer, Sacramento, CA.
- [74]FHL, SLC, UT Film #13659 Pt 39.
- [75]FHL, SLC, UT Film #13659.
- [76]Records of Lorraine Marshalll Lineer, Sacramento, CA.
- [77]Christ Church Film #592621.
- [78]FHL, SLC, UT, LDS Records TIB Film #1267557.
- [79]Christ Church F# 592621.
- [80]"Pioneers & Prominent Men In Utah" FHL, SLC, UT.
- [81]FHL, SLC, UT, LDS Records.
- [82]FHL, SLC, UT Ancestral File.
- [83]FHL, SLC, UT LDS Index cards.
- [84]FHL, SLC, UT Ancestral records.
- [85]Family records of William Farrell Jr & George Lionel Farrell & Eiley.
- [86]"Pioneers & Prom Men" indicates birth at Minety, Wiltshire, England.
- [87]Deseret News.



NOTES AND REFERENCES

- [88]Huntly Parish records book 1.
- [89]Huntly Parish records book 1.
- [90]Cairney Parish Aberdeen book 1.
- [91]Gartly Co Aberdeen book 2.
- [92]Gartly Co Aberdeen book 2.
- [93]FHL, SLC, UT film 14505 pt 545, 454, 533.
- [94]Rothes Co Elgin book 3.
- [95]Rothes Co Elgin book 3.
- [96]Baptism record Rothes, Scotland.
- [97]Parish film #933433 & 933381 Shoreditch, Middlesex, England.
- [98]Appears in 1860 Nebraska census.
- [99]Baptism records, Mains, Rothes, Moray, Scotland.
- [100]Ibid. (Twin).
- [101]Dundurcas Rothes marriage records book 1.

# Eiley's Descendant Chart

0 1 2 3

Eiley Dunbar (1912- )

+V. Jay (Voyd Jolley) Rappleye (1906-1951)

: Scottie Aloha Rappleye (1934- )

: +Clifford Spence Munns (1932- )

: . Kade Rappleye Munns (1956- )

: . +Leisa Kae Terry (1961- )

: . . Tiffany Kaye Munns (1982- )

: . . Judd Laren Munns (1984- )

: . . Whitney Rose Munns (1987- )

: . KayCee Lee Munns (1957- )

: . +Steven Michael Sawyer (1956- )

: . . Shannon Lee Sawyer (1980- )

: . . Sage Robert Sawyer (1981- )

: . . Race Clifford Sawyer (1984- )

: . . Carlie Quinn Sawyer (1985- )

: . . Mason Michael Sawyer (1991- )

: . Janan Marcene Munns (1960- )

: . +John Edward Willman (1954- )

: . . Aftin Marie Willman (1982- )

: . . Kyle John Willman (1985- )

: . . Ashley Nicole Willman (1987- )

: . . Amber Danielle Willman (1990- )

: . . Raquel Aubrey Willman (1992- )

: . Derric Judd Munns (1966- )

: George Bryce Rappleye (1935- )

: +Myrleen Morgan (1937- )

: . Daniel Bryce Rappleye (1957- )

: . +Audry Lee Lyman (1961- )

: . . Spencer Daniel Rappleye (1982- )

: . . Porter Jay Rappleye (1985- )

: . . Heather Rappleye (1987- )

: . . Tanner Alan Rappleye (1990- )

: . +Beta Marie Laragoza

: . Patricia Lynn Rappleye (1959- )

: . +Eric Linn Millis (1961- )

: . . Jamie Lynn Millis (1986- )

: . . Bradley Evan Millis (1989- )

: . . Alyssa Ann Millis (1990- )

: . Lorrie Ann Rappleye (1961- )

: . +Joel Kenneth Manley, Jr. (1960- )

: . . Jason Levi Manley (1983- )

: . . Tobias Alec Manley (1990- )

: . Dale Alan Rappleye (1962- )

: . +Kim Cappadnia (1966- )

: . Donald Jay Rappleye (1964- )

: . +DeNae Marie Dennett (1967- )

: . . Jay Alan Rappleye (1989- )

: . . Aaron Steven Rappleye (1991- )

: . Wayne Dee Rappleye (1966- )

: . +Annette Beers (1969- )

: . . Alisha Rappleye (1992- )

: . Robert Shane Rappleye (1972- )

: +Marilyn Christensen

: +Linda Jean Hodges (1943- )

+Charles Larson

+Donald Stewart Newell (1911-1967)

+Dwight Wilson Loosli (1911- )





## EILEY'S DESCENDANTS

### FIRST GENERATION

1. Eiley Dunbar, daughter of George Dunbar and Lillie Annie Hyde. Born, 4 Nov 1912, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[1]. Baptism: 23 Nov 1920, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[2].

She married, first, V. Jay (Voyd Jolley) Rappleye, son of Ezra Tunis Rappleye, Jr and Elizabeth Jolley, 17 Mar 1933, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah[3]. Born, 25 Mar 1906, in Marysvale, Piute Co, Utah[4]. Died, 6 Jan 1951, in Driggs, Teton Co, Idaho[5]. Baptism: 3 Jul 1915[6]. Burial: 9 Jan 1951, in Hillcrest Cem, Shelley, Bingham Co, Idaho[7]. Occupation: Contractor/Ranch. Children:

- 2     i. Scottie Aloha Rappleye.
- 3     ii. George Bryce Rappleye.

She married, second, Charles Larson, 18 Oct 1951.

She married, third, Donald Stewart Newell, son of Spencer Newell and Mary Anna Stewart, 14 Dec 1954, in Idaho Falls, Bonneville Co, Idaho[8]. Born, 4 Dec 1911, in Hobson, (now Philbrook), Fergus Co, Montana[7]. Died, 20 Apr 1967, in Oroville, Butte Co, Calif[9]. Occupation: Equip-operator.

She married, fourth, Dwight Wilson Loosli, son of Edward Samuel Loosli and Nellie Mae Price, 21 Nov 1967, in West Jordan, Salt Lake Co, Utah[10]. Born, 20 Dec 1911, in Marysville, Fremont Co, Idaho. Occupation: Sheriff/Teacher.

*Eiley's Descendants*

SECOND GENERATION

2. Scottie Aloha Rappleye. Born, 24 Apr 1934, in Shelley, Bingham Co, Idaho[11]. Baptism: 1 May 1943, in Idaho Falls, Bonneville Co, Idaho[12]. Occupation: Homemaker.

She married Clifford Spence Munns, son of George Henry Munns and La Von "L" Clements, 9 Mar 1955, in Idaho Falls, Bonneville Co, Idaho[8]. Born, 29 Nov 1932, in Lyman, Madison Co, Idaho[13]. Baptism: 31 May 1941, in Rexburg, Madison Co, Idaho[14]. Occupation: Veterinarian. Children:

- 4 i. Kade Rappleye Munns.
- 5 ii. KayCee Lee Munns.
- 6 iii. Janan Marcene Munns.
- iv. Derric Judd Munns. Born, 12 Feb 1966, in Alameda, Alameda Co., CA[15]. Baptism: 2 Mar 1974, in Oakland, Alameda Co, California[16].

3. George Bryce Rappleye. Born, 4 Sep 1935, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Baptism: 4 Sep 1943, in Idaho Falls, Bonneville Co, Idaho.

He married, first, Myrleen Morgan, 21 Dec 1956, in Logan, Cache Co, Utah. Divorce, 23 Aug 1983, in Heber City, Wasatch Co, Utah. Born, 2 Jan 1937, in Price, Carbon Co, Utah. Children:

- 7 i. Daniel Bryce Rappleye.
- 8 ii. Patricia Lynn Rappleye.
- 9 iii. Lorrie Ann Rappleye.
- iv. Dale Alan Rappleye. Born, 23 Jul 1962, in Folsom, Sacramento Co, California[17]. Baptism: 1 Aug 1970. He married Kim Cappadnia, 28 Mar 1986, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[18].
- 10 v. Donald Jay Rappleye.
- 11 vi. Wayne Dee Rappleye.
- vii. Robert Shane Rappleye. Born, 27 May 1972, in Roseville, Sacramento Co, California[17]. Baptism: 3 May 1980, in Heber City, Wasatch Co, Utah[17].

He married, second, Marilyn Christensen, 7 Jan 1984, in Sandy, Salt Lake Co, Utah.

He married, third, Linda Jean Hodges, 20 May 1991, in Elko, Elko Co, Nevada[19]. Born, 27 Nov 1943, in Jonesboro, Craighead Co, Arkansas[7].

*Eiley's Descendants*

THIRD GENERATION

4. Kade Rappleye Munns. Born, 24 Jun 1956, in Rexburg, Madison Co, Idaho[15]. Baptism: 25 Jul 1964, in Oakland, Alameda Co, California[12].

He married Leisa Kae Terry, daughter of Laren G. Terry and Verla Kay Rose, 14 Feb 1981, in Parker, Fremont Co, Idaho[20]. Born, 1 Feb 1961, in St. Anthony, Fremont Co, Idaho[21]. Baptism: 1 Feb 1969, in St. Anthony, Fremont Co. Idaho[21]. Children:

- i. Tiffany Kaye Munns. Born, 12 Dec 1982, in Antioch, Contra Costa Co, California[20].
- ii. Judd Laren Munns. Born, 10 Nov 1984, in Walnut Creek, Contra Costa Co, California[20].
- iii. Whitney Rose Munns. Born, 17 Jun 1987, in Walnut Creek, Contra Costa Co, California[20].

5. KayCee Lee Munns. Born, 21 Sep 1957, in Marysville, Yuba Co, California[15]. Baptism: 9 Oct 1965, in Oakland, Alameda Co, California[16].

She married Steven Michael Sawyer, son of Robert Elmore Sawyer and Irene Ann Quinn, 21 Apr 1979, in Idaho Falls, Bonneville Co, Idaho[20]. Born, 18 Nov 1956, in Plattsburgh, Clinton Co, New York[22]. Baptism: 4 Jul 1976[22]. Occupation: Social-worker. Children:

- i. Shannon Lee Sawyer. Born, 29 Feb 1980, in Provo, Utah Co, Utah[20]. Baptism: 2 Apr 1988, in West Valley City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[20].
- ii. Sage Robert Sawyer. Born, 26 Oct 1981, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[20]. Baptism: 4 Nov 1989, in West Valley City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[20].
- iii. Race Clifford Sawyer. Born, 17 Jan 1984, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah. Baptism: 29 Feb 1992, in West Jordan, Salt Lake Co, Utah[23].
- iv. Carlie Quinn Sawyer. Born, 17 Oct 1985, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[20].
- v. Mason Michael Sawyer. Born, 18 Jan 1991, in West Valley City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[20].

6. Janan Marcene Munns. Born, 23 Jun 1960, in Woodland, Yolo Co, California[15]. Baptism: 7 Jul 1968, in Oakland, Alameda Co, California[24].

She married John Edward Willman, son of John Edward Willman Sr and Sara Orozco, 21 May 1980, in Idaho Falls, Bonneville Co, Idaho[20]. Born, 16 Sep 1954, in Phoenix, Maricopa Co, Arizona. Baptism: 11 Mar 1962. Occupation: Construction. Children:

- i. Aftin Marie Willman. Born, 29 Nov 1982, in Mesa, Maricopa Co, Arizona[20]. Baptism: 1 Dec 1990, in Phoenix, Maricopa Co,



*Eiley's Descendants*

THIRD GENERATION

Arizona[20].

- ii. Kyle John Willman. Born, 6 Dec 1985, in Phoenix, Maricopa Co, Arizona[20].
- iii. Ashley Nicole Willman. Born, 28 Dec 1987, in Glendale, Maricopa Co, Arizona[20].
- iv. Amber Danielle Willman. Born, 24 Aug 1990, in Phoenix, Maricopa Co, Arizona[20].
- v. Raquel Aubrey Willman. Born, 27 Jul 1992, in Phoenix, Maricopa Co, Arizona[20].

7. Daniel Bryce Rappleye. Born, 12 Oct 1957, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[17]. Baptism: 6 Nov 1965[7].

He married, first, Audry Lee Lyman, 8 Oct 1981, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah. Divorce, 1992, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah. Born, 2 May 1961, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[17]. Children:

- i. Spencer Daniel Rappleye. Born, 16 Aug 1982, in Provo, Utah Co, Utah[17]. Baptism: 25 Aug 1990[7].
- ii. Porter Jay Rappleye. Born, 28 May 1985, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[17].
- iii. Heather Rappleye. Born, 19 Oct 1987, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[17].
- iv. Tanner Alan Rappleye. Born, 4 Sep 1990, in Tuscon, Pima Co, Arizona[17].

He married, second, Beta Marie Laragoza, 17 Jul 1992[25].

8. Patricia Lynn Rappleye. Born, 8 Mar 1959, in Sacramento, Sacramento Co., California[17]. Baptism: 1 Apr 1967.

She married Eric Linn Millis, son of Dale Evan Millis and Rita Joan Green, 25 Aug 1984, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[18]. Born, 25 Apr 1961, in Paris, Edger Co, Illinois[26]. Baptism: 31 May 1969[26]. Children:

- i. Jamie Lynn Millis. Born, 19 Oct 1986, in Utah[26].
- ii. Bradley Evan Millis. Born, 22 Jan 1989, in Bountiful, Davis Co, Utah[26].
- iii. Alyssa Ann Millis. Born, 17 Aug 1990, in Bountiful, Davis Co, Utah[26].

9. Lorrie Ann Rappleye. Born, 12 Jun 1961, in Sacramento, Sacramento Co., California. Baptism: 5 Jul 1969.

She married Joel Kenneth Manley, Jr., son of Kenneth Manley and Pat ? Manley, 16 Aug 1986, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah. Born, 6 Jan 1960[7]. Occupation: Carpet-layer. Children:

*Eiley's Descendants*

THIRD GENERATION

- i. Jason Levi Manley. Born, 8 Feb 1983, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[27]. Baptism: 9 Feb 1991, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[7]. Adoption: 1989[28].
- ii. Tobias Alec Manley. Born, 28 Apr 1990, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah[27].

10. Donald Jay Rappleye. Born, 8 Jul 1964, in Roseville, Sacramento Co, California[17]. Baptism: 30 Sep 1972.

He married DeNae Marie Dennett, 20 Aug 1988, in St George, Washington Co, Utah[29]. Born, 1 Dec 1967, in Henderson, Clark Co, Nevada[29]. Children:

- i. Jay Alan Rappleye. Born, 4 Jun 1989, in Provo, Utah Co, Utah[29].
- ii. Aaron Steven Rappleye. Born, 26 Feb 1991, in Payson, Utah Co, Utah[29].

11. Wayne Dee Rappleye. Born, 14 Oct 1966, in Roseville, Sacramento Co, California[17]. Baptism: 1 Feb 1975.

He married Annette Beers, 6 Sep 1990, in Salt Lake City, Salt Lake Co, Utah. Born, 2 Aug 1969[17]. Children:

- i. Alisha Rappleye. Born, 17 Jun 1992, in Bountiful, Davis Co, Utah[7].

*Eiley's Descendants*

NOTES AND REFERENCES

- [1]Birth Certificate (Delayed) Utah State file #22435 & Logan 11th ward records.
- [2]Baptism Certificate & Logan 11th ward records.
- [3]Marriage License or Certificate Cache Co Utah.
- [4]Birth Certificate (delayed) Utah State File #1544.
- [5]Death Certificate State of Idaho file #30G or 300.
- [6]Baptism Certificate LDS Shelley 2nd Ward & LDS Records, in custody of FHL, SLC, UT film 007229.
- [7]Family records of Eiley D. Loosli, in custody of Eiley D. Loosli, West Jordan, Salt Lake Co, Utah.
- [8]Marriage Certificate.
- [9]Death Certificate.
- [10]Marriage Certificate & License #179638.
- [11]Birth Certificate #232155.
- [12]Baptism certificate.
- [13]LaRee Munns Madsen & Marilee Munns Byrne, Munns Pedigrees, Family Group Sheets & Documentation., 3 Volumns, LaRee, Marilee & Clifford Munns have copies. Vol 2 Birth Cert.
- [14]Ibid. Vol 2 Copy of Bap. Cert.
- [15]Birth Certificate.
- [16]Baptism Certificate.
- [17]Informant: Myrleen Rapplepe.
- [18]Wedding announcement.



NOTES AND REFERENCES

[19]Informant: Bryce & Jean Rappleye.

[20]Family records of Scottie Munns.

[21]Informant: Leisa Munns.

[22]Informant: KayCee Sawyer.

[23]Personal knowledge.

[24]Bap Certificate.

[25]Informant: Lynn Rappleye Millis.

[26]Informant: Eric Millis.

[27]Informant: Lorrie Manley.

[28]Jason adopted by Joel Kenneth Manley Jr. Informant: Lorrie Manley.

[29]Informant: DeNae Rappleye.

## SECTION ONE INDEX

CAPITLIZED names are known maiden names. Reference may be found under both married and maiden name.

- Adair
  - Donna 89, 90
  - Tom 82, 85, 89, 90
- Adams
  - Bro 166, 172, 176, 177
  - O. 167
  - Orson 165
- Affleck
  - Bob 104
  - Grant 104
  - Pete 120
  - Sonja 104
- Anderson
  - Anne Amelia 6
  - Anthon 185
  - Christine 58, 122
  - Deborah Howell 114
- Anne
  - Queen 183
- Bahr
  - Joe 65, 67, 69
  - Mary 67, 68, 70
- Bailey
  - Emma 34, 38-40
- Baird
  - Mrs. 2, 7, 21, 37
- Baldwin
  - Floyd G. 53
  - Lucky 53, 54
- Banks
  - Jacqueline 75
  - Reah 75
- Barben
  - Colleen 114
- Barber
  - A.G. 185
- Beard
  - Delpha 75
- Bell
  - Letha 156
- Bennett
  - Al 74
  - Ed 74
- Edna 74
- Benson
  - Ezra Taft 100
  - Flora 100
- Berntson
  - Annie Lorraine DUNBAR 25, 140
  - Eddie 25, 29
  - Eileen 25, 29, 90
  - Hollis 25, 29
  - Hyrum Abiss 8, 11, 25, 29, 30, 90
  - Lynn 25, 29
- Bidleman
  - Mary 82
- Bird
  - Alice Sadler 5, 156
- Birdno
  - Mary FARRELL 186
  - N.W. 159, 163, 170-172, 175, 177, 179
- Black
  - Jane Lucinda 51, 55
- Blair
  - Alexr. 148, 149
  - Carolyn M. 56
  - M.L. 178
- Blanton
  - Charles 157
- Bledsoe
  - Ray 82
- Bocker
  - Sybillie 75
- Bohi
  - Etha 74-76
- Bolger
  - Doris Hyde DUNBAR 90, 140, 143
  - Patricia Ann 116
  - William Stephen 12, 90, 99, 143
- Bowen
  - Sarah Elizabeth 156
- Boyd
  - Bertha Raymond 157

*Section One Index*

- Brandie  
    James 149, 154
- Bray  
    Elspet 99  
    Elspet DUNBAR 116  
    Elspet Irene 99, 116  
    Harry 116  
    Valarie Iris 116
- Brown  
    Capt 161, 163, 171, 172, 177, 179  
    Captain James 156  
    J.L. 160, 161  
    James 5, 185  
    Mary 87
- Burnett  
    David 2, 116
- Burnham  
    Mrs. 120
- Butterfield  
    Ross 93
- Byrne  
    Thomas C. 98
- Call  
    Arison 173
- Campbell  
    Connie 75  
    Lorraine 75  
    Luena 75
- Cample  
    Mr. 167  
    Wm John 165
- Cannon  
    Abraham H. 117
- Cardon  
    Katherine 22, 27, 28, 30-32
- Carlston  
    Elder 123
- Cates  
    Alfred 157  
    Alfred B. 157  
    Emma Loraine HYDE 186  
    Lorraine 157
- Charles  
    King, I 183  
    King, II 183
- Chidester  
    Elder 126, 127, 132
- Chitman  
    Mr. 164
- Christensen  
    Cindy 106  
    Cory 106  
    Marilyn 106  
    Mark 106  
    Sherrie 106  
    Todd 106  
    Valorie 106
- Christie  
    Reverend Andrew 149, 152
- Christman  
    Helen 82  
    Mr. 82, 169
- Clark  
    Ezra 161
- Clements  
    Michael 75
- Clerk  
    Mr 173
- Condie 4
- Cook  
    Ethel 95, 98  
    Sherleen 75
- Coulam  
    Elder 133-135  
    Joseph 132
- Counelley  
    Charles 165
- Cran  
    James 149, 154
- Crippen  
    Cynthia Hope 157
- Cruser  
    Charles Christian 114  
    Jesse Joseph 95, 114  
    Jolyn 114  
    Krisanne 114  
    Merrill Dwight 95, 114  
    Nanette 114  
    Richard Joseph 114  
    Ruth LOOSLI 114  
    Susanne 114
- Dalley  
    Elder 138  
    Pres. 134  
    Pres. A.C. 128, 132
- Datwylor  
    George 31, 103  
    Melba ROSKELLY 103



*Section One Index*

- Davis  
     Bro 176  
     Mr. 166
- Dawson  
     James 149, 151, 152
- Dicker  
     Grant 106  
     Heather 106  
     James 106  
     Van 106
- Donald  
     Jas. D. 144
- Dort  
     Elder 136
- Douglas  
     Donna 75
- Dowdle  
     Christine 13, 117  
     Christine ANDERSON 140
- DuBois  
     Clarice DUNBAR 90, 140  
     Oliver Ovila (Frenchie) 90
- Dunbar  
     Alexander 115, 116, 120, 144  
     Ann 115, 116, 144  
     Ann Amelia ANDERSON 6  
     Annie Lorraine 1, 4, 6, 13, 15,  
         25, 29, 30, 44, 57, 89, 90,  
         99, 116, 117, 121, 143  
     Christine ANDERSON Dowdle  
         58  
     Clarice 2, 4, 6, 8, 11, 15, 19, 20,  
         25, 26, 27, 46, 57, 73, 89,  
         90, 117  
     David 2, 12, 21, 29, 44, 115-117,  
         120, 121, 139  
     Doris Hyde 2, 4, 6, 7, 12, 17, 29,  
         57, 89, 90, 99, 100, 116,  
         117, 144  
     Eiley 1, 4, 13, 117, 143, 155  
     Elizabeth 115  
     Elizabeth SHEACH 144  
     Elizabeth SMITH 115  
     Elspet 115, 116, 144  
     Elspet (Elsie) 2, 6, 73, 116, 117,  
         120, 122, 139, 143  
     Elspet SHACH 116  
     Emma Gayle 2, 4, 6-9, 11, 13-15,  
         19, 20, 22, 21-24, 26, 27,  
         30-32, 37, 38, 57,  
         63, 70, 71, 89-91,  
         95, 99, 103, 117,  
         143  
     George 1-16, 18-22, 24-35, 37,  
         38, 40, 42-44, 46, 50, 53,  
         55, 57, 58, 60, 73, 99,  
         103, 115-119, 121-123,  
         139, 141, 143, 157  
     George Lyle 1, 4, 7, 6, 11, 13,  
         99, 117, 121, 140  
     Irene 2, 4, 6, 8, 11, 23, 89, 91,  
         95, 103, 117, 120, 121  
     Isobel 115  
     James 99, 115, 116, 144  
     James Gordon 115  
     Jane ELPHINSTONE 116  
     Jane Naylor 6  
     Jean 115  
     John 115, 116, 144  
     Leah Ann WOOD 57  
     Lillie (infant) 1, 4, 5, 117, 121,  
         140  
     Lillie Annie HYDE 117, 185  
     Lon 6  
     Lorraine 121  
     Margaret 115, 144  
     Marlene 99  
     Marvin William 2-4, 6-8, 10, 11,  
         13, 14-16, 20, 23, 24, 26,  
         27, 29, 30, 32, 57, 73,  
         117, 122, 140, 143  
     Peter 2, 3, 12, 99, 115, 116, 120,  
         122, 139, 142-144, 147,  
         148, 150-154  
     Peter Jr. 115, 116  
     Rosa/Rose Ann 115  
     Rose Anne 144  
     Wallace Eugene 2, 4, 6, 7, 10,  
         30, 99, 117, 140  
     William 2, 12, 99, 115-117, 120,  
         139, 144
- Egbert  
     Bro. 171, 173, 179  
     Mr. 161, 171  
     Richard 70  
     Robert 167, 168
- Eisenhower  
     Dwight D. 76

*Section One Index*

- Eliason  
    Doctor 49
- Ellsworth  
    Mrs 177
- Elphinstone  
    Jane 116
- Fackrell  
    Judge 71-73
- Farrell  
    Alice Sadler BIRD 5, 185  
    Annie/Anna Loraine 5, 13, 15,  
        117, 156, 184  
    George Lionel 5, 156, 186  
    Mary 5, 156  
    William Jr 156, 185
- Ferguson  
    James 149, 150, 152
- Fisher  
    John 179
- Forbush  
    Harold 71, 74
- Foster 163  
    J. 159, 163, 166-168, 174, 176  
    Mr. 179
- Fuller  
    Jim 169
- Fullmer  
    Lee 69  
    Luella 67  
    Warren 67, 72-75, 80, 87
- Garnet  
    E. 172  
    S. 159, 163
- Gates  
    Elder 123, 126
- Gee  
    Sharon 75
- Gilbert  
    Jack 88  
    Sandra JENSEN 88
- Gilley  
    Elsie 82  
    Scott 82
- Gleason  
    J. 161, 179
- Glover  
    Hazel 90, 91, 94  
    Melissa 95, 96  
    Parley 95
- Goddard  
    Jas 166
- Goodsell  
    Joan 75
- Gowey  
    Nina 78
- Griffin  
    Marlene DUNBAR 99
- Grover  
    James 74
- Grub  
    George 148, 149, 154
- Hall  
    Newton 167  
    Winefred Mary 157
- Hancock  
    Bro 176
- Hansen  
    Bonnie 75  
    Elder 123, 132  
    Emma 156  
    H. A. 121  
    LaMar 28, 31, 157  
    Renee 75
- Harris  
    C.M. 140  
    C.Z. 140  
    Charlie 121  
    Mrs. 121
- Hart  
    Clyde 97  
    Harrit 97
- Hatch  
    H. E. 121  
    Isabell 70  
    Jannette 75  
    Lawrence 70  
    LuAnn 76
- Hawkins  
    LaVina 156
- Heard  
    Sarah Bell 75  
    Temp 75
- Hedrick  
    Budd 81  
    Marge 81
- Heilesen  
    Ralph 67  
    Sara Lee 75

*Section One Index*

- Hemming  
    Bill 34, 36-40, 43-45, 47
- Henderson  
    Mary 144  
    Morton R. 157  
    Walter 149, 150, 153  
    Walter Junior 152  
    Walter Senior 152
- Hendrix  
    Daniel 176
- Hendry  
    John 116
- Hess  
    Elder 124, 126-129, 137, 138
- Hickman  
    Mr. 161
- Hill  
    Mr. 22
- Hillman  
    Carma 77, 78
- Hoff  
    Alvin 41  
    Verda Maud RAPPLEYE 36
- Holme  
    Annie 156
- Hooper  
    Alfred Robert 116  
    Elspet 99  
    Elspet BRAY 116  
    Helen Elizabeth 116
- Hovey  
    Dennis Rex 91, 103  
    Emma Gayle DUNBAR 91, 119,  
        122, 140, 143  
    M.R. 121, 139, 140  
    Susan 99
- Hubbard  
    Mr. 174
- Hunter  
    George F. 2, 116
- Hurst  
    C.C. 159, 161, 163, 175  
    Mr. 173
- Huston  
    Elspet (Elsie) DUNBAR 116  
    Genevieve 117  
    LeRoy 116  
    LeRoy, Jr 117
- Hyde  
    Annie 178  
    Annie Lillie 89  
    Annie Loraine FARRELL 186  
    Annie Lorraine 156  
    Annie Martha 155, 157  
    Annie/Anna Loraine FARRELL  
        30, 156, 185  
    Edward, 1st Earl of Claredon  
        183  
    Eliza Amelia 155  
    Elmore Truman 156  
    Eloise 18, 27, 28, 31  
    Eloise Lucy Annie 157  
    Emma Loraine 1, 156, 157  
    Ezra Taft 19, 27, 156, 185  
    George Lionel 156, 157  
    Henry 155  
    Herbert 156  
    James 155  
    John 157, 183  
    John Jr 155, 157, 181  
    John Sr 155, 157, 181  
    John William 156, 157  
    Joseph Edward 181-183  
    Joseph Edward Jr 13, 117, 121,  
        140, 156, 185  
    Joseph Edward Sr 5, 99, 117,  
        155, 156, 185  
    Lavina 155  
    Lawrence 157  
    Lawrence William 99  
    Lillie Annie 1, 2, 4-6, 8, 9, 11,  
        12, 13-16, 18-23, 26-32,  
        35, 37, 42, 44-46, 55, 57,  
        58, 99, 101, 103, 117,  
        119-122, 139, 156, 157  
    Martha MARMOY 181  
    Nora Genievieve 156  
    Paul William 99  
    Sandra 157  
    Thomas Robert 155, 157  
    Virginia 18, 27  
    Virginia Bell 156  
    William Paul 157  
    William Richard 155, 157  
    Winifred 99
- Jackman  
    Peno 169
- Jacobson



*Section One Index*

- Alta 22, 23, 27, 28, 30-32, 95  
Hazel 23  
Mel 23, 28
- Jennings  
    Patricia Ann BOLGER 116
- Jensen  
    Andrew 181  
    Charlie 88  
    Dee 68  
    Dr. 70  
    Henry (Hank) 68  
    Jack 88  
    Jill 88  
    Jim 80, 82, 88, 89  
    Mary 80, 82, 88, 89  
    Sandra 88  
    Steve 88
- Jenson  
    Jack 41, 43, 45, 47, 49
- John  
    Robson 152
- Johnson  
    Coral 31-34, 37, 38  
    Herman 31-34, 37, 38
- Jolley  
    Elizabeth 40, 68  
    Jack 80, 81  
    Lucille 80, 81  
    Merle Rex 98
- Kemple  
    John 166, 170, 172  
    Mr. 176
- Kempton  
    Naomi 75
- Kent  
    Riley 122, 140
- Kilgour  
    John 149, 154
- Kimball  
    Camilla 100, 102  
    Elder 124  
    Florence 157  
    Pres. 124  
    Pres. E. 123, 132  
    Spencer W. 100, 102
- Knight  
    Herb 76
- Larsen  
    Charles 72-74
- Diana 73  
Dr. 74, 75  
Marcia 73  
Margaret 156
- Lindford  
    James W. 38  
    Mrs. 38
- Lineer  
    Lorraine (Laurie) 99, 155
- Loosli  
    Aaron Dwight 114  
    Blake Matthew 114  
    Colleen BARBEN 97  
    Dell 103  
    Dwight Wilson 19, 32, 36, 74,  
        90, 91-94, 97, 98, 101,  
        102, 103, 113  
    Eiley DUNBAR 93  
    Hazel 92-95, 97, 114  
    Hazel GLOVER 90, 91, 93, 95,  
        113  
    Janali 114  
    Joanne SMITH 95  
    John Roy 92, 94-96, 114  
    Kathleen 92, 95, 114  
    Keith 103  
    Kelly Terry 114  
    Kent 103  
    Larry 103  
    Marianne 92-96, 102, 114  
    Mark 103  
    Melinda 114  
    Monica 113  
    Peter Wade 114  
    Richard Dwight 92, 95, 113  
    Ruth 92, 95, 114  
    Shirl 103  
    Steven Richard 113  
    Summer 114  
    Terry Grant 92, 94, 95, 97, 114  
    Tyler John 114
- Lumsden  
    Hugh Gordon 148, 150
- Lyman  
    Audry 105  
    Richard 98
- Lyons  
    Edna 82  
    Mary 82

*Section One Index*

- Ross 82
- Mackey  
Everett 97  
Ruth 97
- Madrigal  
Andrea Rose 114  
James Anthony 114  
Marianne LOOSLI 114
- Madsen  
Arnold (Wannie) 67, 71, 78, 87  
Sarah 67, 71, 72, 78, 87, 90  
Wilma 90
- Manley  
Jason Levi 108  
Joel Kenneth Jr 108  
Lorrie Ann RAPPLEYE 105, 108  
Tobias Alec 108
- Manning  
Rodney 85
- Marmoy  
Martha 155, 157, 181
- Marshall  
Annie HYDE 99  
Evelyn Hyde 157  
Fredrick Martin 157  
Harvey Martin 157  
Martin 157
- Martin  
August 117  
Elspet (Elsie) DUNBAR 117  
Florence 117  
Harry 117  
Jack Wilford 157  
Lorraine (Laurie) 157  
Theodore William 157
- Mary  
Queen 183
- Maycock  
Elder 126, 127, 132
- McCleave  
John 177
- McCleery  
Alta JACOBSON 32, 101, 103  
Gary 32  
Jean 32
- McCome  
Berniece 156
- McConnell  
Amanda 114
- David Shawn 114  
Elburn Cecil 114  
Kathleen LOOSLI 114  
Terri Anne 114
- McKay  
David 2, 116, 120, 145  
David O. 120, 139, 145  
Elder 139
- McKenzie 3
- McKinsey  
Simon 120
- McQuarrie  
John 120  
Mr 157
- McQuarry  
John 122
- Meeks  
Dr. 165, 177
- Mellerup  
Laura Marie H. 157
- Memmit  
C.A. 132
- Mennot  
Elder 137, 138
- Merrill  
Dr. W.W. 49
- Meyers  
Jimmy 76  
Leonard 81  
Marion 81
- Mickelson  
Myrna 75
- Miller  
Dee 103, 105  
Sharon 103
- Millis  
Alyssa Ann 108  
Bradley Evan 108  
Eric Linn 105, 106, 108  
Jamie Lynn 108  
Patricia Lynn 106  
Patricia Lynn RAPPLEYE 105,  
108
- Mills  
Henry 179
- Miner  
Elder 124, 126, 127, 132
- Minnot  
Elder 137

*Section One Index*

- Minton  
Victor 82, 89
- Mitchell  
Lorraine 75
- Morgan  
Edward Evan 98, 105  
Myrleen 79, 102, 104-106
- Morris  
Robert L 157
- Muirdane  
Christian SHIACH 116  
Christine 143
- Munns  
Budd, see Clifford Spence 83  
Clifford Spence 77, 79, 89, 92,  
98, 103, 109, 111  
Derric Judd 87, 89, 101, 103,  
109, 111  
George Henry 109, 111  
Janan Marcene 87, 96, 103  
Judd Laren 109, 113  
Kade Rappleye 89, 96, 103, 109,  
113  
KayCee Lee 96, 102, 103, 109  
Leisa Kae TERRY 109, 113  
Scottie Aloha RAPPLEYE 109  
Tiffany Kaye 109, 113  
Whitney Rose 113
- Murdane/Muirdane  
Christine SHIACH 2, 116
- Nelson  
Bro 174  
Mary 75  
Price 174
- Newell  
Beth 78, 83, 84  
Donald Stewart 36, 77-89, 91,  
94, 95, 96, 98, 102, 111  
Eiley DUNBAR 77, 140  
Lynn 78, 83, 84, 89  
Margaret 78, 83, 84, 89  
Mary Anna STEWART 78, 82,  
83, 84  
Nina GOWEY 87  
Ruth 83, 84, 89  
Spencer 78, 82-84
- Nieto  
Ed 84
- Oglesby  
Alta 76
- Olden  
Floyd B. 10
- Ott  
Elizabeth JOLLEY 40  
Joseph Alma 36, 90
- Oversen  
Elder 126, 129-132, 135, 137
- Pack  
J. 161
- Patterson  
Elsie 82, 89  
Pat 82, 89
- Pehrson  
Irene 75  
Laura Lee 75
- Penfold  
Delilah Daniels 77, 87, 91  
Virg 77, 87
- Peterson  
Henry 41, 43, 45, 47, 49  
Mrs. Henry 49
- Phin  
Janet 144
- Pickering  
Fran 79  
Jack 79  
Marge 78, 82, 87  
Pick 78, 82, 87
- Pogue  
Mr. 82  
Ruth 82
- Pratt  
Orson 156, 181
- Quinney  
Joe 120
- RAPPLEYE 108  
Aaron Stephen 107  
Annette BEERS 108  
Audry Lee LYMAN 107  
Betty Jean 34, 38, 39  
Dale Alan 103, 105, 107  
Daniel Bryce 104, 105, 107  
DeNae DENNETT 107  
Donald Jay 105, 107  
Eiley DUNBAR 35, 42, 66  
Elizabeth JOLLEY 33  
Emma BAILEY 34  
Ezra Tunis II 33, 36, 51, 54, 55,



*Section One Index*

- 91  
George Bryce 37, 39, 47, 49-53,  
59, 58, 60, 65-68, 70-76,  
79, 80, 82, 87, 89, 92, 95,  
96, 98, 101, 102, 103, 105,  
106  
Gladys 33, 63, 91  
Helen Renee 34, 39  
Jane Lucinda BLACK 51, 55  
Jay Alan 107  
Kim CAPPADNIA 107  
Linda Jean HODGES 106  
Lorrie Ann 105  
Marilyn CHRISTENSEN 102,  
103  
Myrleen MORGAN 79, 89, 98  
Patricia Lynn 105  
Robert Shane 89, 102, 105, 109  
Scottie Aloha 8, 9, 37, 41, 43, 46,  
47, 51-53, 57, 59, 58, 60,  
67, 68, 70, 71, 73-76, 78,  
79, 80, 82, 83, 87, 89, 92,  
95, 96, 98, 99, 101-103,  
109, 111, 143  
Spencer Daniel 105  
V. Jay (Voyd Jolley) 10, 30, 32,  
33, 34, 37-47, 49-61, 63,  
64, 65, 66, 65, 67-72, 74,  
80, 89, 91, 95, 98, 101,  
102  
Verda Maud 33, 36, 41, 47, 51,  
56  
Vermont 33, 40, 47, 51, 56  
Wayne Dee 89, 102, 105, 106,  
108
- Reilly  
Fay 75  
Jerylyn 75
- Reynolds  
Lillis 97  
Sidney 97
- Ricks  
Thomas 180
- Robinson  
E. 121
- Robson  
John 149, 150, 153
- Roosevelt  
Franklin D. 49
- Roskelly  
Melba 31, 95, 103  
Mrs. 31
- Ross  
Alexander 149-151  
Jane 3, 116, 119, 120, 122, 139  
Mr. 120
- Ruegner  
Immanuel G. 98
- Ryan  
Deryl 6, 89  
Irene DUNBAR 89, 140
- Savage  
Edward 144
- Sawyer  
Carlie Quinn 112  
KayCee Lee MUNNS 109, 112  
Mason Michael 112  
Race Clifford 102, 111, 112  
Sage Robert 102, 111, 112  
Shannon Lee 102, 111, 112  
Steven Michael 102, 103, 109,  
112
- Schettler  
Bernard H. 156, 181
- Scott  
Norma 97  
Sidney 97
- Sequest  
Fred 76
- Shaw  
Mae 70
- Sheach  
Elizabeth SHEARER 144  
Thomas 144
- Shearer  
Elizabeth 115  
Elsie 3
- Shiach  
Alexander 115  
Christine 2, 115, 116  
David 115  
Elizabeth 115  
Elspet 2, 3, 12, 99, 115, 116, 139  
George 115  
Helen 115  
James 115  
Janet 115  
John 115

*Section One Index*

- Mary Elspet 120  
William 115
- Shirts  
Elder 132
- Short  
Hoyt 82, 88  
Virginia 88
- Simpson  
A.C. Jr 154  
Alexander 149
- Skanchy  
Bishop 121
- Smart  
Thomas 140
- Smith  
Colleen 75  
Elder 126, 131-135  
Elizabeth 115  
Joanne 113  
Joseph 121  
Rosa 75  
Thomas H. 140
- Sneath  
Mr. 173
- Steel  
John 178  
L. 159, 161, 163, 167, 168, 172,  
175, 176, 179
- Steinfeldt  
David Shawn 114  
Herman 95, 114  
Kathleen LOOSLI 95, 114  
Terri Anne 114
- Stephins  
Walter 162
- Stewart  
Carol 75  
Mary Anna 82, 84
- Stockwell  
Naomi 82  
Vesper 82
- Stokers  
Bishop 179
- Stone  
Bill 60
- Stott  
Claudia 76
- Swainston  
Kay 76
- Tanner  
Mr. 163
- Taylor  
John 155  
Thurman 157
- Terry  
Leisa Kae 109
- Thatcher  
Moses Jr 140
- Thornstrong  
Harold 82
- Tocher  
Robert 149, 150, 152-154
- Tomlinsen  
Elder 129-132
- Tying  
Frances 156
- Van Dam  
Donovan 97
- Vincent  
Mary 179  
Mary LARILLE 179
- Wade  
Margaret 75
- Wadsworth  
Charles Warren 33, 36, 40, 50,  
55, 70, 73, 91  
Charles Woodrow 56  
Elizabeth Jolley 42, 45, 47, 52,  
53, 55, 58, 60, 69, 70, 73,  
90  
Gloria Louise 56  
Kieth Rappleye 56  
Vermont RAPPLEYE 40  
Vernon Chester 40, 56  
William Scott 56
- Walling  
Bro 171-173, 179
- Watson  
William 147
- Watt  
Katherine Knight 153  
Mary Ann 153
- Wells  
Elder 124-126
- Westerburg  
Carl 66, 68, 72  
Wanda 66, 68, 72
- White

*Section One Index*

J.O. 75  
Jessie 144  
Wilcock  
    Elder 126-129, 132, 135-137  
Williams  
    Tom 169  
Willman  
    Aftin Marie 110, 111  
    Amber Danielle 110  
    Ashley Nicole 110  
    Janan Marcene MUNNS 110,  
        111  
    John Edward 110, 111  
    Kyle John 110  
    Raquel Aubrey 110  
Wilson  
    George 148-151  
Wood  
    Elder 132  
    John 132  
    Leah Ann 29  
Woodruff  
    Woodrow 156  
Young  
    Brigham 161-163, 166, 169, 178  
    Captain Joseph W. 5  
    Joseph W. 156



## Section Two Index

- Anderson  
Anna Emilie (1895-1980), 198
- Beers  
Annette (1969- ), 217, 223
- Berntson  
Hyrum Abiff (1891-1972), 198  
Richard, 198
- Bird  
Alice Sadler (1796-1876), 189, 203  
204, 207  
William Jr (b. 1776), 189, 207
- Birdno/Beirdneau  
Nehemiah Wood, 203, 204
- Birdseye  
Mary Ann (1832-dec.), 203
- Bolger  
Stephen, 198  
William Stephen (1898-1972), 198
- Boston  
Lilly, 198
- Bowen  
Sarah Elizabeth (1864-dec.), 200
- Bremner  
Alexander (chr. 1755), 209  
Beatrice (b. 1714), 195, 210, 211  
Elizabeth (1762-1813), 189, 194, 205, 209  
Helen (chr. 1764), 209  
James (chr. 1764), 209  
Jean (b. 1760), 209  
John Jr (chr. 1753), 209  
John Sr (b. 1732), 194, 209  
Margaret (b. 1760), 209  
Robert (chr. 1767), 209  
William (chr. 1757), 209
- Cappadnia  
Kim (1966- ), 217, 220
- Cates  
Alfred B. (1876-dec.), 200
- Christensen  
Marilyn, 197, 217, 220
- Clements  
La Von "L" (1913- ), 197, 220
- Dennett  
DeNae Marie (1967- ), 217, 223
- Dey  
Margaret, 202
- Dowdle  
Christine Anderson (?-1959), 199
- DuBois  
Oliver Ovilar (1919-1973), 198
- Dunbar  
Alexander (1862-1939), 199  
Ann (1876-1877), 199  
Anne (b. 1787), 204  
Annie Lorraine (1895-1976), 198  
Clarice (b. 1906), 198  
David (1873-1934), 199  
David (b. 1819), 201  
David (b. 1790), 204  
Doris Hyde (b. 1900), 198  
Eiley (1912- ), 189, 197, 198, 217, 219  
Elizabeth (1834-1855), 201  
Elspet (1874-1956), 199  
Elspet (b. 1839), 201  
Emma Gayle (1916- ), 198  
George (1867-1959), 189, 198, 199, 219  
George (b. 1765), 189, 190, 191, 204, 208  
George (b. 1821), 201  
George Lyle (1894-1962), 198  
Irene (b. 1902), 198  
Isabel (b. 1823), 201  
Isabel (b. 1833), 201  
Isabel (b. 1785), 204  
James (1795-1873), 189, 201, 204  
James (1857-1934), 199  
James Gordon (b. 1825), 201  
Jean (b. 1818), 201  
John (1860-dec.), 199  
John (b. 1837), 201  
Lillie (1893-1893), 198  
Margaret (1872-1872), 199  
Margaret (b. 1827), 201  
Marvin William (1910-1963), 198  
Patrick ? (b. 1729), 190, 208  
Peter (1830-1920), 189, 199, 200, 201  
Peter (1859-dec.), 199  
Rosa Ann (1866-1866), 199  
Wallace Eugene (1898-1961), 198  
William (1869-1888), 199

## Section Two Index

- Elphinstone  
Jane (1857-dec.), 199
- Farrell  
Alice Sadler (1831-1841), 203  
Ann (1818-1837), 203  
Anna Loraine (1839-1919), 189, 200, 204  
Eliza, 203  
Emma Hannah (1826-1893), 203  
Enoch (1824-1826), 203  
George Lionel (1829-1921), 203  
Mary Bird (1834-1925), 203  
Mrs. William Jr, 203  
Susannah (1837-1838), 204  
William Hiram (1820-1840), 203  
William Jr (1785-1851), 189, 203, 204, 207  
William Sr. (b. 1765), 189, 206, 207
- Forbes  
Janet (b. 1704), 193, 210
- Garrow  
Janet (b. 1746), 193, 208, 210  
William (b. 1724), 193, 210
- Geddis  
Elspet (b. 1732), 191, 208
- Grant  
Isabel (b. 1732), 194, 209  
James (b. 1816), 201
- Green  
Rita Joan, 222
- Hansen  
Emma Elizabeth (1865-dec.), 200
- Hawkins  
Livina, 202
- Hodges  
Linda Jean (1943- ), 197, 217, 220
- Hovey  
Dennis Rex (b. 1912), 198
- Hyde  
Annie Martha (1844-1921), 203  
Eliza Amelia (1846-1849), 203  
Emma Loraine (1876-1946), 200  
Ezra Taft (1865-1939), 200  
George Lionel (1867-1868), 200
- Hyde (continued)  
Henry James (Henry James Symes) (1831-1916), 202  
James (b. 1790), 189, 206  
John Jr (1833-1875), 202  
John Sr (1810-1892), 189, 202, 203, 206  
John William (1870-1917), 200  
Joseph Edward (1842-1878), 189, 200, 203  
Joseph Edward Jr (1864-1939), 200  
Lavina (1850-1851), 203  
Lillie Annie (1872-1942), 189, 198, 199, 200, 219  
Mary Alice (1874-1875), 200  
Thomas Robert (1840-1893), 202  
William Richard (1835-1922), 202
- Johnson  
Martha (b. 1789), 189, 206
- Jolley  
Elizabeth (1878-1970), 197, 219
- Kiel  
Jane, 202
- Kimball  
Florence (1870-dec.), 200
- Kitchen  
Alexander, 202
- Laragoza  
Beta Marie, 217, 222
- Larson  
Charles, 197, 218, 219
- Lesly  
Janet (b. 1744), 192, 208
- Lewis  
Enoch, 203
- Ljungman  
Mary Christina, 198
- Loosli  
Dwight Wilson (1911- ), 197, 218, 219  
Edward Samuel, 197, 219
- Lyman  
Audry Lee (1961- ), 217, 222

## Section Two Index

- Machie  
Margaret, 201
- Maggoch  
Helen (chr. 1746), 195, 209, 210  
James (chr. 1762), 211  
John (b. 1694), 195, 211  
John (chr. 1748), 210  
William Jr (chr. 1756), 211  
William Sr (chr. 1714), 195, 210, 211
- Manley  
Jason Levi (1983- ), 217, 222  
Joel Kenneth Jr. (1960- ), 217, 222  
Kenneth, 222  
Pat ?, 222  
Tobias Alec (1990- ), 217, 223
- Marmoy  
Benjamin (b. 1789), 189, 206  
Ebenezer John (b. 1819), 206  
Elizabeth (b. 1811), 206  
Joseph (b. 1816), 206  
Martha (1809-1852), 189, 202, 203, 206  
Samuel Joshua (1825-dec.), 206  
Thomas (b. 1814), 206  
William (b. 1817), 206
- Marshall  
Martin, 203
- Martin  
August H. (1874-dec.), 199
- McCarthy  
Agnes Mary, 198
- McIntosh  
Donald (b. 1827), 201  
Jane (1830-dec.), 199
- Millis  
Alyssa Ann (1990- ), 217, 222  
Bradley Evan (1989- ), 217, 222  
Dale Evan, 222  
Eric Linn (1961- ), 217, 222  
Jamie Lynn (1986- ), 217, 222
- Mitchel  
Isabel (b. 1694), 195, 211
- Moir  
Jean (b. 1724), 193, 210
- Morgan  
Myrleen (1937- ), 197, 217, 220
- Munns  
Clifford Spence (1932- ), 197, 217, 220  
Derric Judd (1966- ), 217, 220  
George Henry (1911- ), 197, 220  
Janan Marcene (1960- ), 217, 220, 221  
Judd Laren (1984- ), 217, 221  
Kade Rappleye (1956- ), 217, 220, 221  
KayCee Lee (1957- ), 217, 220, 221  
Tiffany Kaye (1982- ), 217, 221  
Whitney Rose (1987- ), 217, 221
- Naylor  
Eliza Jane (b. 1893), 198
- Newell  
Donald Stewart (1911-1967), 197, 218, 219  
Spencer, 197, 219
- Orozco  
Sara, 221
- Price  
Nellie Mae, 197, 219
- Quinn  
Irene Ann, 221
- Rappleye  
Aaron Steven (1991- ), 217, 223  
Alisha (1992- ), 217, 223  
Dale Alan (1962- ), 217, 223  
Daniel Bryce (1957- ), 217, 223, 222  
Donald Jay (1964- ), 217, 220, 223  
Ezra Tunis Jr (1872-1953), 199, 221  
George Bryce (1935- ), 197, 217, 219, 220  
Heather (1987- ), 217, 222  
Jay Alan (1989- ), 217, 223  
Lorrie Ann (1961- ), 217, 220, 222  
Patricia Lynn (1959- ), 217, 220, 222



## Section Two Index

### Rappleye (continued)

Porter Jay (1985- ), 217, 222  
Robert Shane (1972- ), 217, 220  
Scottie Aloha (1934- ), 197, 217,  
219, 220  
Spencer Daniel (1982- ), 217, 222  
Tanner Alan (1990- ), 217, 222  
V. Jay (Voyd Jolley) (1906-1951),  
189, 197, 217, 219  
Wayne Dee (1966- ), 217, 220, 223

### Riach

Alexander (3rd) (chr. 1771), 209  
Alexander (Younger) (b. 1748), 195,  
209, 210  
Alexander Sr (b. 1724), 195, 210  
Beatrice/Beatrix (chr. 1773), 189, 195, 205,  
206, 209  
George (b. 1783), 209  
Grizel (chr. 1787), 209  
James (chr. 1784), 209  
John (chr. 1777), 209  
Margaret (chr. 1780), 209  
Mrs. Alexander Sr, 195, 210  
William (chr. 1775)

### Rose

Verla Kay, 221

### Ryan

Deryl Jerome Boston (1905-1979),  
198  
Ora Leonard, 198

### Sadler

Ann (b. 1776), 189, 207

### Sawyer

Carlie Quinn (1985- ), 217, 221  
Mason Michael (1991- ), 217, 221  
Race Clifford (1984- ), 217, 221  
Robert Elmore, 221  
Sage Robert (1981- ), 217, 221  
Shannon Lee (1980- ), 217, 221  
Steven Michael (1956- ), 217, 221

### Shearer

Ann (b. 1802), 205  
Child (b. 1805), 205  
Elizabeth/ Beatrix (1797-1879),  
189, 201, 202, 205  
George (b. 1798), 205  
Isobel (b. 1803), 205  
James (chr. 1793), 205  
Jannet (b. 1807), 205

### Shearer (continued)

Margaret (b. 1813), 206  
William (b. 1773), 189, 195, 205, 206  
William (b. 1800), 205  
William (chr. 1809), 205

### Shiach

Alexander (b. 1823), 202  
Alexander (chr. 1781), 205  
Christine (b. 1827), 202  
David (b. 1761), 189, 194, 205  
David (1819-1831), 201  
Elizabeth/Betty (b. 1816), 201  
Elspet (1834-1880), 189, 199, 200, 202  
George (b. 1829), 202  
George (chr. 1789), 205  
Helen (b. 1832), 202  
Isabella (b. 1839), 202  
James Jr (b. 1821), 202  
James Sr (1787-1871), 189, 201, 202, 205  
Jannet (b. 1829), 202  
John (b. 1825), 202  
Margaret (b. 1836), 202  
William (b. 1818), 201

### Simson

George (b. 1732), 191, 208  
Isabel (b. 1752), 189, 190, 191, 204, 208

### Smith

Ann (b. 1799), 205  
Elizabeth (1794-1855), 189, 201, 204  
George (b. 1744), 192, 208  
George (b. 1804), 205  
James (b. 1791), 204  
Jean (b. 1797), 204  
John (1785-1785), 204  
Magadlena ? (b. 1749), 190, 208  
Peter (chr. 1764), 189, 192, 193, 204  
205, 208  
Peter (b. 1789), 204  
Robert (b. 1801), 205  
William (1786-dec.), 204

### Standage

Helen, 203

### Steele

Amanda Adaline, 203

### Stewart

Mary Anna, 197, 219

### Stewart/Stuart

Jean (b. 1766), 189, 192, 193, 204, 205, 208

## *Section Two Index*

### Stuart/Stewart (continued)

Peter (b. 1746), 193, 208, 210

William (b. 1704), 193, 210

### Sutherland

Annie (b. 1790), 189, 206

### Terry

Laren G., 221

Leisa Kae (1961- ), 217, 221

### Thompson

Sarah, 202

### Walker

Alexander, 202

### Walsh

Hannah (b. 1765), 189, 207

### Willman

Aftin Marie (1982- ), 217, 221

Amber Danielle (1990- ), 217, 222

Ashley Nicole (1987- ), 217, 222

John Edward (1954- ), 217, 221

John Edward Sr, 221

Kyle John (1985- ), 217, 222

Raquel Aubrey (1992- ), 217, 222

### Wood

Leah Ann (1916- ), 198

### Wright

Melvin O., 198



















